AUGUST
1939

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES
FRED C. KELLY
WILLIAM LA VARRE
MORRIS L. ERNST
ALEXANDER LINDEY
HUBBELL ROBINSON, JR.
MARTIN GRAHAM
THOMAS D. HORTON
GEORGE WELLER
LAWRENCE M. HUGHES
LESTER HUTTER

FICTION
ERSKINE CALDWELL
HENRY ANTON STEIG
PAUL ANNIXTER
MELCHIOR LENGYEL
DAVID CORNEL DE JONG
VERNON J. CLANCEY
WILLIAM E. WILSON
F. A. HARDMAN

ART
JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE

SATIRE
MANUEL KOMROFF
LOUIS PAUL
PARKE CUMMINGS

SPORTS
JOHN R. TUNIS
ILES BRODY
DUANE A. YARNELL
VANCE RANDOLPH

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
LAWTON MACKALL
PATTERSON MURPHY
CHARLES RUTHERFORD

CARTOONS
ABNER DEAN
I. ROIR
JAY IRVING
GARDNER REA
JOHN E. PIEROTTI
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HENRY BOLTINOFF
MISCHA RICHTER
ROBERT HOLLEY
RODNEY DE SARRO
FRANK BEAVEN
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(COVER)

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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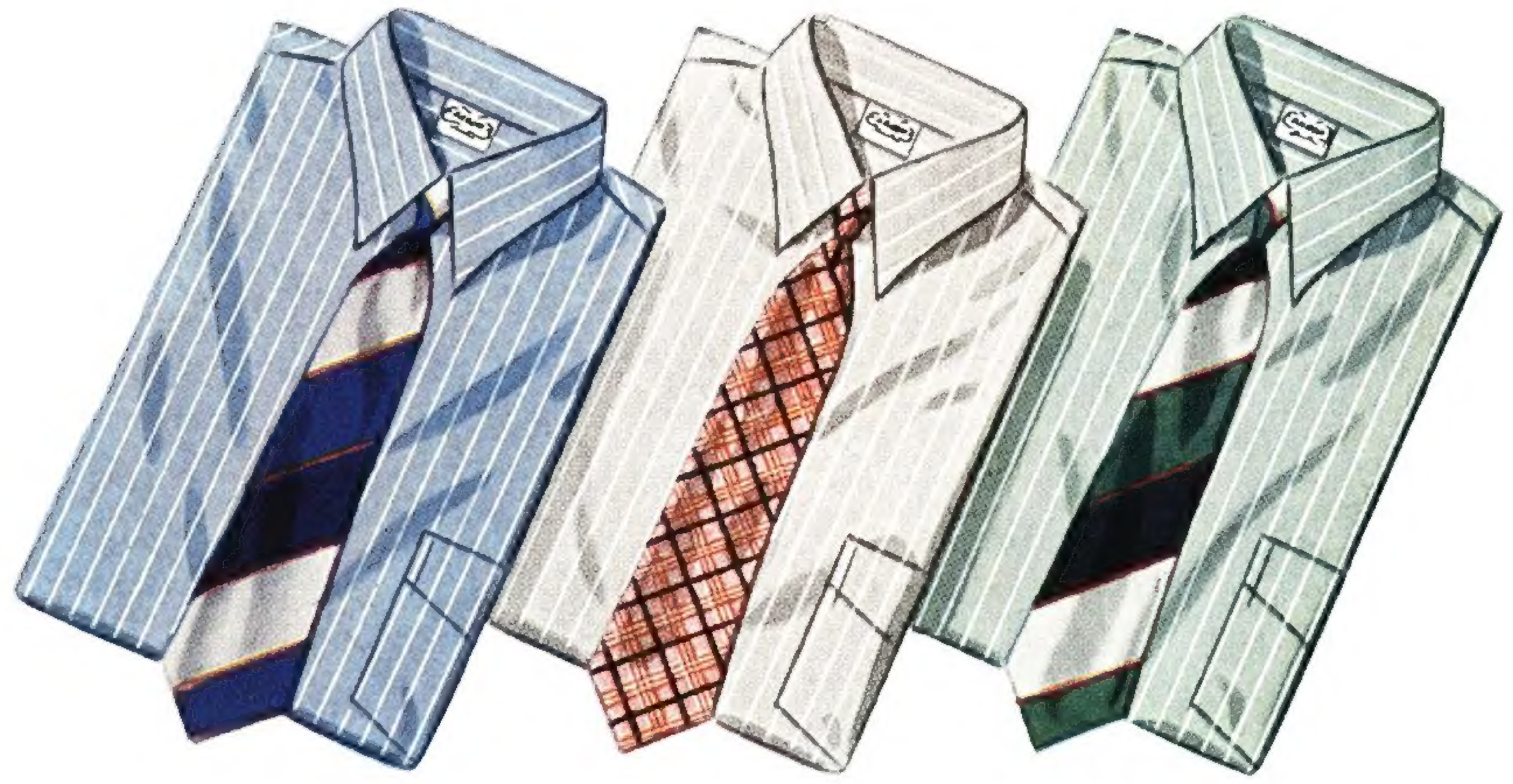
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

Arrow's Choice for this Month: Oxford Stripes



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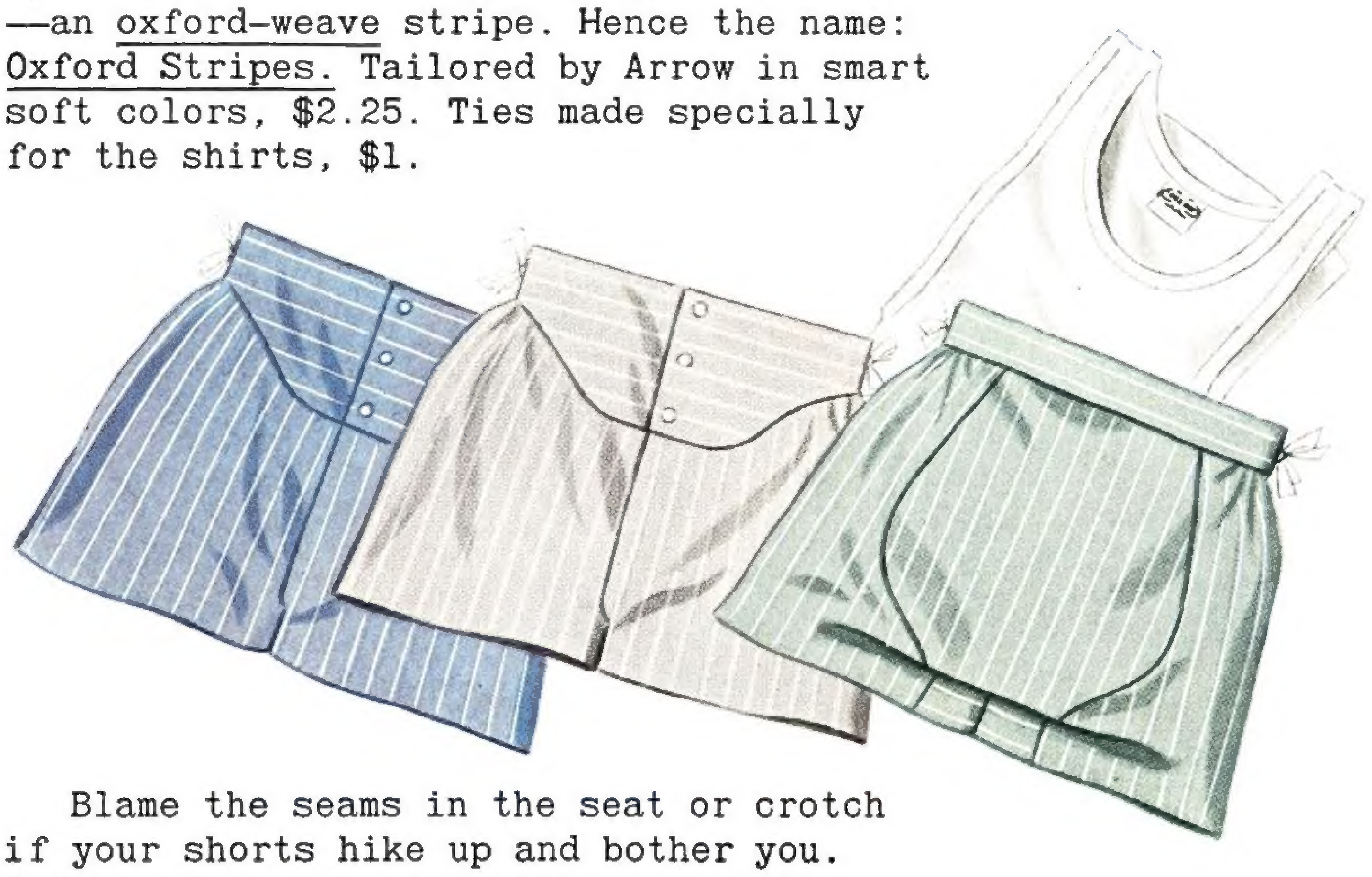

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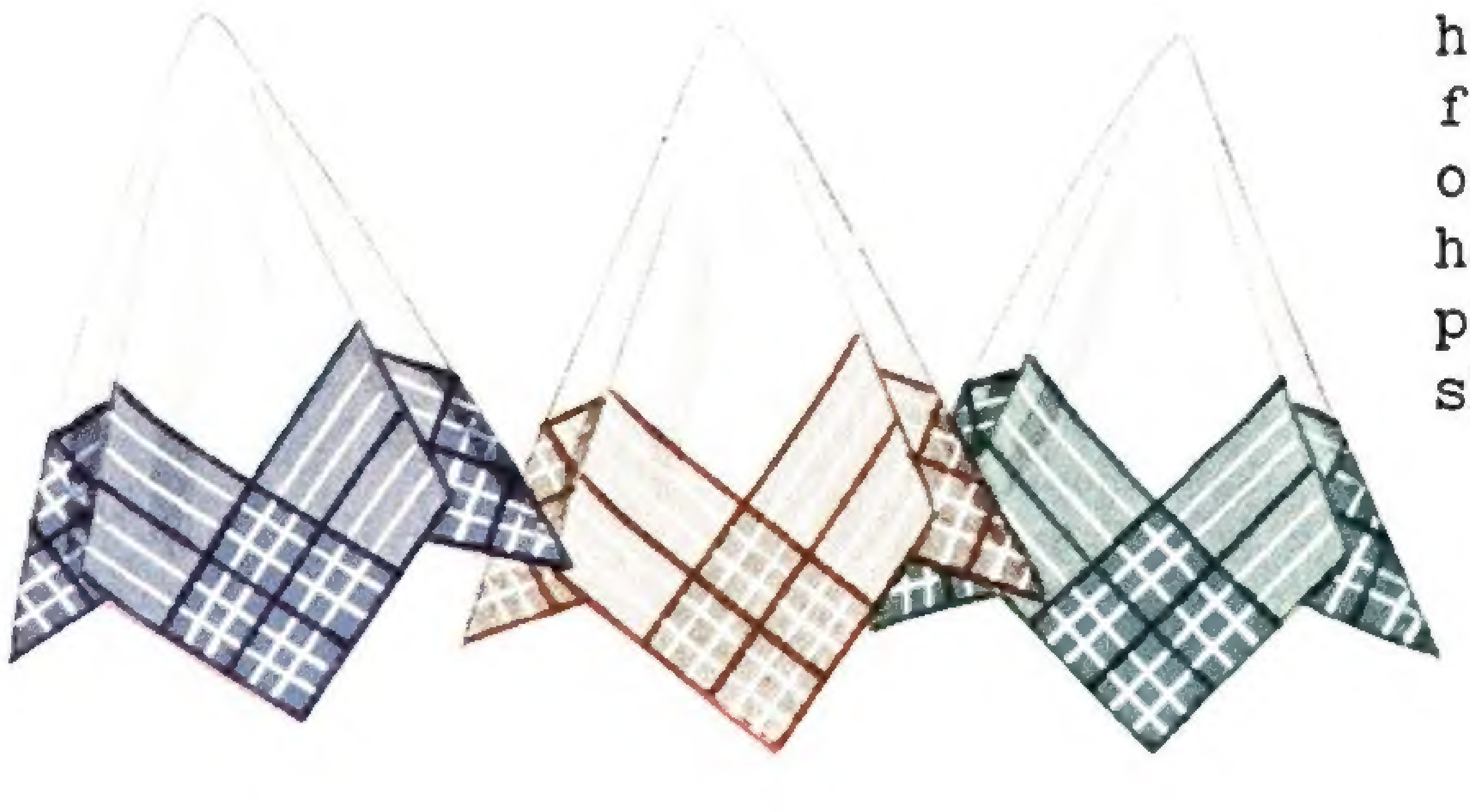

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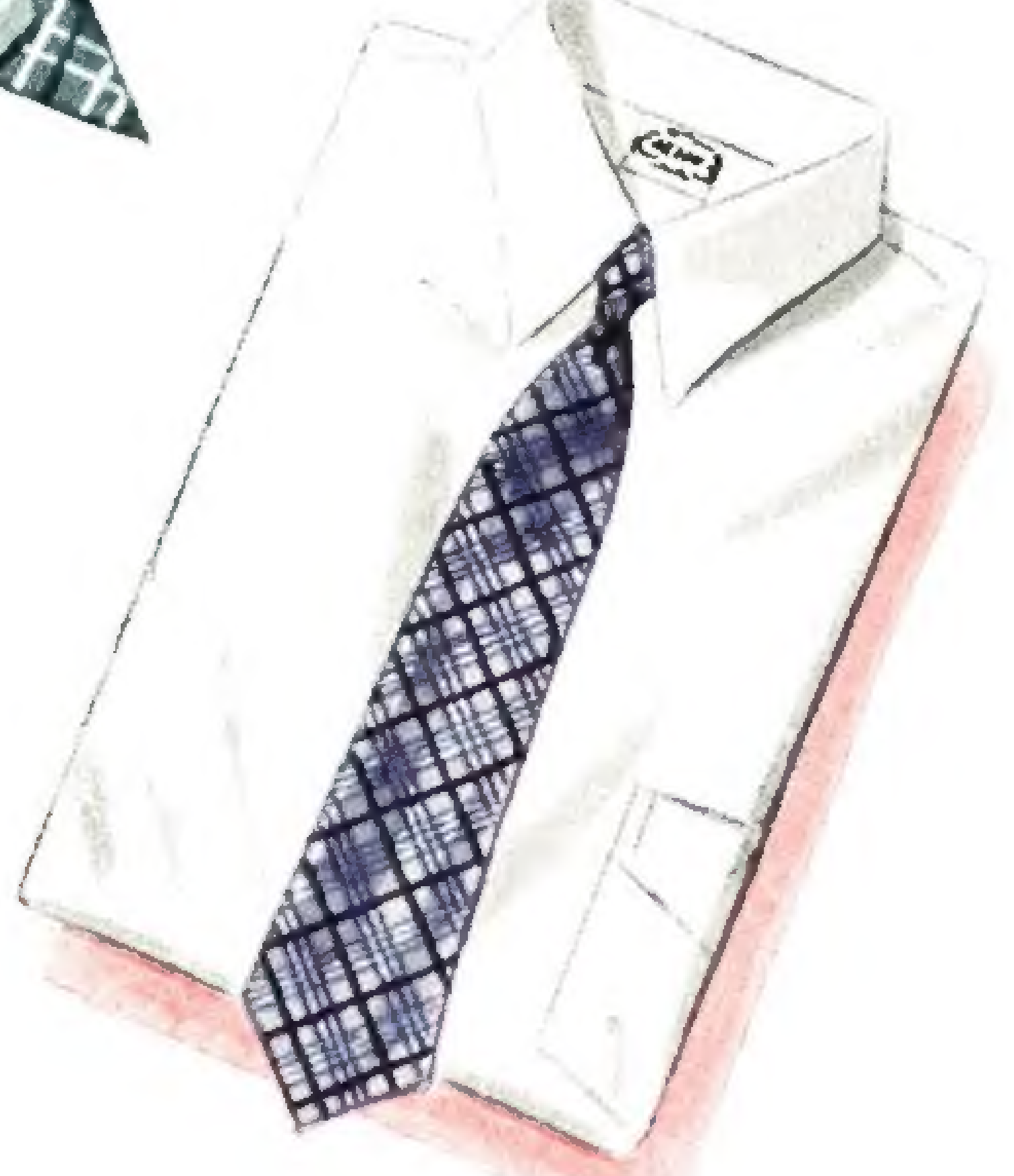

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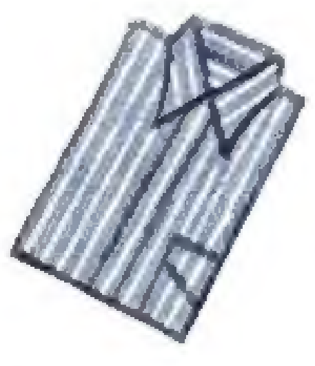
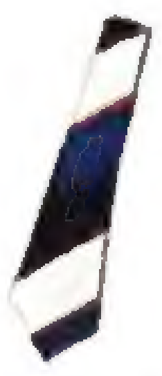
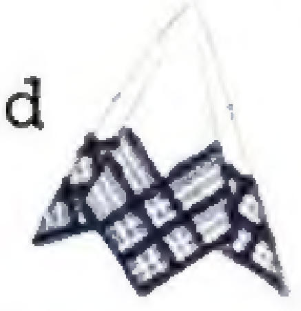
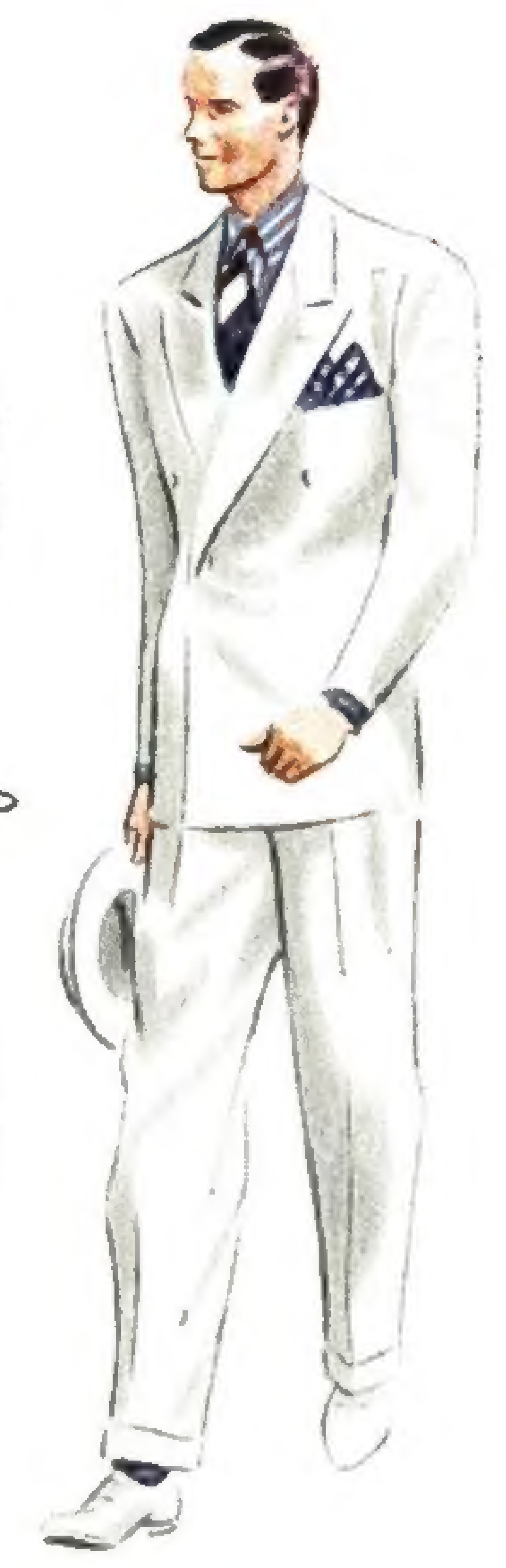
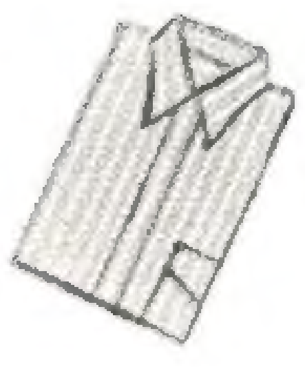
wear  shirt,

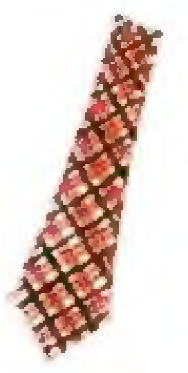
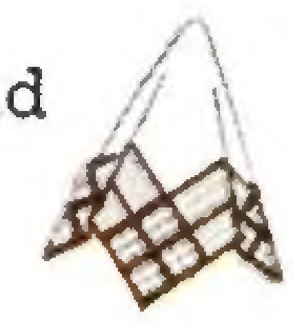
 tie, and 

handkerchief.



With blue suit

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

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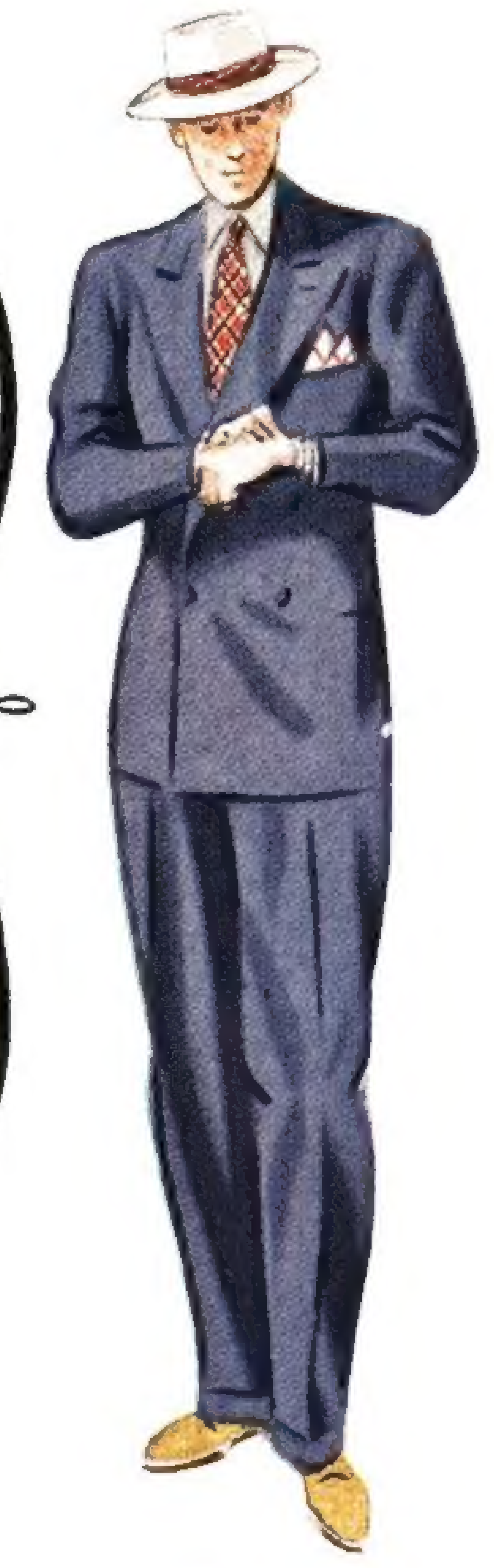
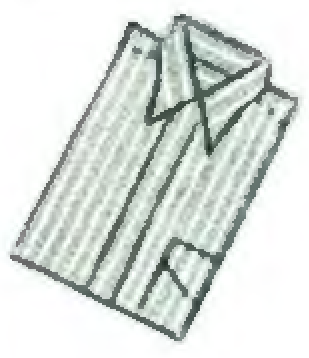
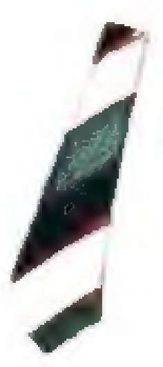
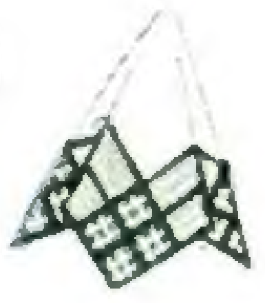


With tan gabardine

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

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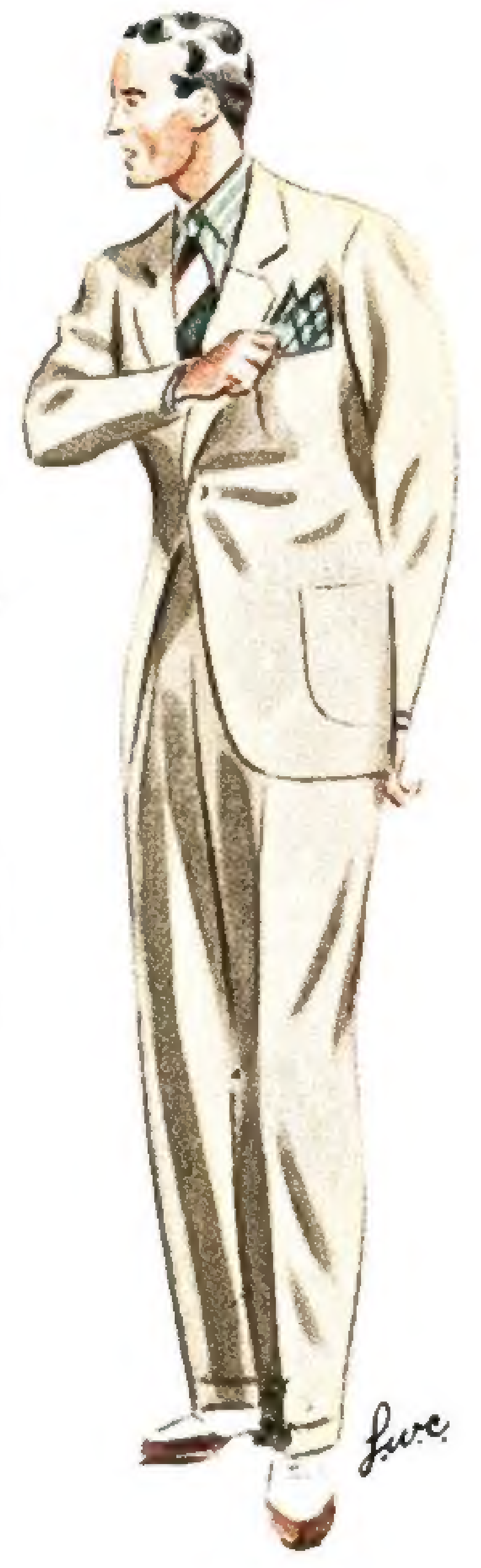

The suggestions above aren't hard and fast rules. Go to your Arrow dealer—tomorrow—and work out the combinations you like best.

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86 PROOF

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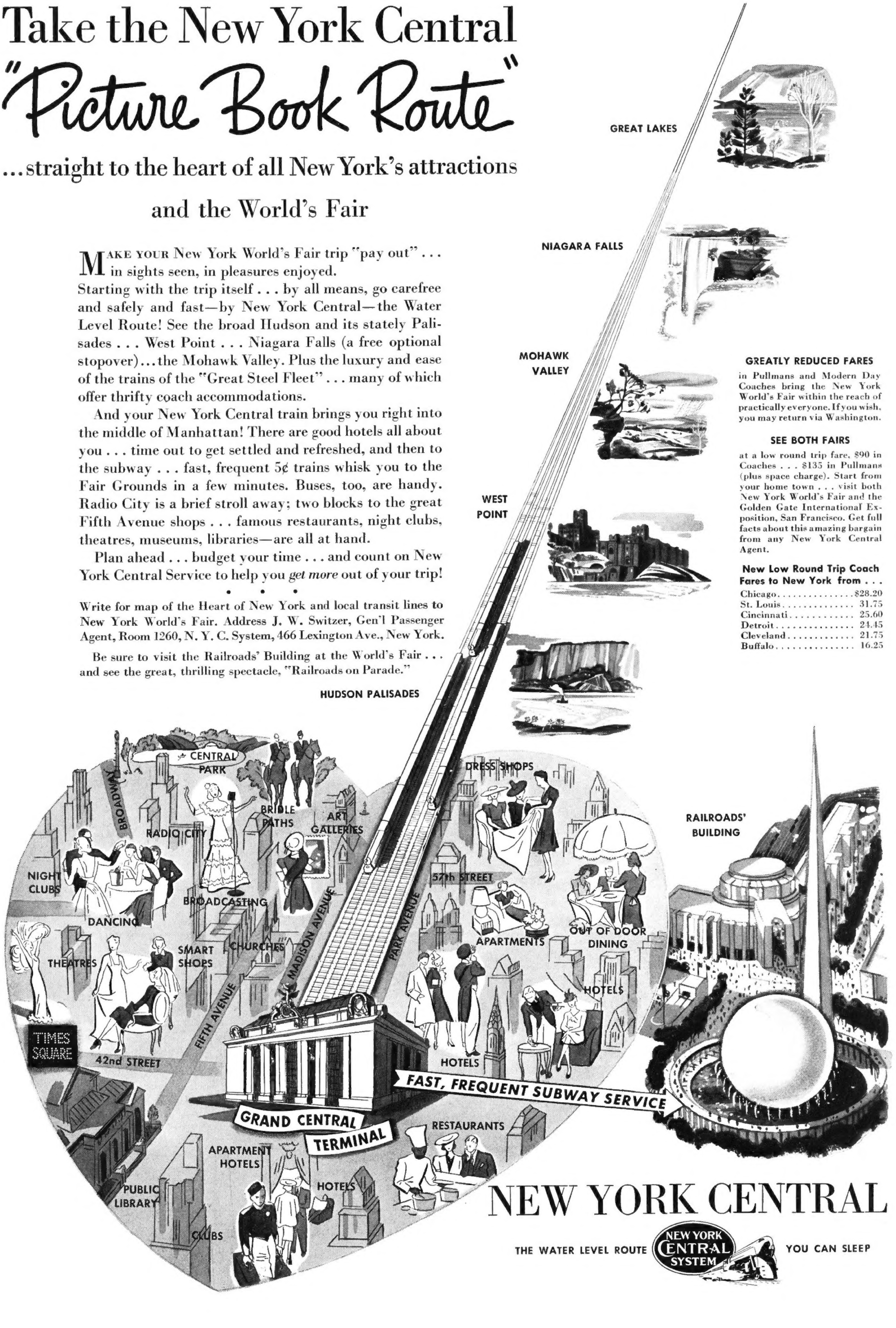
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NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM YOU CAN SLEEP

Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches ....
.... *by* Goodman, Grafstrom and Fellows, beginning on page 93

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

The end of our last affair The last chapter of our investigation into the case of *The Innocent Go-Between* turns out to be tamely anti-climactic. But we give it to you for what it's worth. You will remember, perhaps, that the story was printed, in our May issue, as the work of Ahmed Nury, with a note to the effect that it was a translation of a classic of Turkish literature. In the July issue, to an uproarious obbligato of *Sound and Fury*, we rather wanly admitted in this space that we were apparently alone among readers of this magazine in failing to recognize that *The Innocent Go-Between* was just a rewrite of the Third Story of the Third Day in Boccaccio's *Decameron.*

Remembering that the story had been presented to us as a translation, "direct from oriental script," by Colin Norman Reid, we wrote the latter, asking him, in a word, how come.

Here is his answer, received too late to be worked into last month's apologia in this space:

"Your letter regarding the famous Turkish short story *The Innocent Go-Between* arrived—a very unpleasant shock—this morning. As a result, I went at once to the Guildhall Library in the City of London and looked up Boccaccio's Decameron: The Story of the Third Day. I also referred to Molière's *Ecole des Maris* in which a character (a) by falsely alleging past deeds of a second character (b) to a third character (c) induces (c) to shape, unwittingly, the very actions of (b) which (c) would deplore. In each instance, it is a love story. It was sheer chance that I happened on the very obvious use of the same plot by Molière.

"I think you will have found out by now that Ibnerrifiq Ahmed Nury was, in fact, a very celebrated Turkish playwright and author. He died within the last few years, as I told you in compliance with your request for a *Backstage* paragraph. This, no doubt, you will be able to confirm at once from the Turkish Embassy in New York if you have still not traced him.

"My adaptation was made from the Arabic, *El Waseet el Maghful*, in a small volume of celebrated short stories from Turkish literature prepared by an Arabian author in Baghdad. I enclose the script. There is an Arab colony in New York the educated members of which will vouch for the general fidelity of my English version if your New York representative asks them, I am sure.

"Until today I personally had never heard of, much less read, this particular Third Day story from Boccaccio's Decameron.

"How far Nury may have drawn on that material, or Molière's, granted his use of different characters and setting, is as obvious to me as it must be to you.

"But I do submit, bitterly disappointed as I am to find the plot unoriginal, that it has a quality of its own as a story. The complete segregation of the sexes in Turkey under the sultans (as throughout Arabia today) and the iron rule of the hareem which makes it impossible for a man to speak with his own sister in the street, much less a strange girl, are barriers far greater than Boccaccio's. And to me, the whole story still seems typical of Moslem Turkey and Arabia.

"*Go-Between* has been read by thousands of Turks and Arabs who believe the same. It is a specimen of the kind of story sweeping the Near East today and it is taken from a volume I found in an oriental bookshop in London the rest of the contents of which are so bold in outlook, so cleverly plotted, that they are unmistakably original and the work of famous, named, authors such as Nureddin, Raschid Nury, Mehmet Yisari, and others. I had no reason to believe that *Go-Between* was an exception. But, had I happened to have read the Third Day, I should never have translated it.

"I acted in good faith and the proof is in the oriental script, herewith, from which I worked. I am afraid the possibility of plagiarism never occurred to me; nor would it, I think, to anybody else handling the oriental script of *Go-Between.*"

Well, that's that. And the rest, as we warned you, is pretty dull. We looked at the oriental script that was enclosed with the letter, looked at it upside down and every which way. It didn't help much. We know only four words of Arabic, which we learned off a fellow in a restaurant once. They sounded like *Allah yateek el afie.* But we've long since forgotten how their component letters looked. And we couldn't find them in the script. So we stopped looking at it. We don't, as it happens, know even any of the uneducated members of the Arab Colony in New York, so that clue wasn't any too useful, either. Capt. Reid's other suggestion, about getting in touch with the Turkish Embassy in New York, just didn't sound so hot to us. (If you'd asked us, quick as a wink, to tell you where the Turkish Embassy in America might be, we'd have been more inclined to hazard a bet that it would be in Washington.) So (after trying all the libraries and reference books, to get a line on Ahmed Nury) we called up the Turkish Consulate in Chicago instead. Well, nobody there had ever heard of Ahmed Nury, but they gave us the telephone number of their translator, a literary man who would be sure to know. So we called him. (We warned you that this gets pretty dull, didn't we?) And it seems he was out, but his girl friend was there, and she'd never heard of Ahmed Nury either. That made it so nearly unanimous that we were almost ready to let it go at that. But trying very hard to be helpful she volunteered the fact that *Nury* was a girl's name, and that *Ahmed* was "a sort of greeting." Leaping at the possibility that Ahmed Nury might translate literally as a piquant approximation of "Hi Toots," we hastened to ask about the other word. We said, "Well, how about Ibnerrifiq?" But she didn't answer. We repeated the question. Then, in a voice of dry-ice, she said "Fresh guy, huh!" and hung up.

Maybe she thought we had a bad cold.

So, anyway, we let it go at that, and sent back the book of oriental script. Maybe it's just as well that we couldn't read the stories. We might have bought another!

That reminds us of the story they told about Hindenburg in his last days, when one of his secretaries brought him a sandwich. The old man unwrapped the sandwich, leaving the paper on his desk. "For God's sake," said another secretary, "pick up that paper quick—or he'll *sign* it!"

Now let's not hear that *that's* out of Boccaccio.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AMENDE HONORABLE

COULD YOU PRINT THE FOLLOWING IN NEXT ISSUE QUOTE IN MY ENTHUSIASM FOR GEORGE ABBOTT I GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR DIRECTING SHE LOVES ME NOT. EVEN HIS BEST FRIEND AND PRESS AGENT DOES NOT CLAIM THIS CREDIT. IT'S JUST MY HABIT OF BELIEVING THAT ALL THE BEST THINGS ARE PARTIALLY ABBOTT. ACTUALLY HOWARD LINDSAY WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SHOW UNQUOTE—GILBERT SELDES.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

Mr. Victor Zeier made a suggestion in June 1939 issue of Esquire, Page 14, his idea being to number the pages from back to front and bind along the right hand side.

Now wouldn't this be better: Why not put the numbers on the bottom of the page and bind along the top?

Or put the numbers on the top of the page and bind along the bottom?

Or vice versa or something?

Or why not print the numbers upside down and backwards—or *say*—this *is* an idea—why not print the whole magazine upside down and backwards and furnish each reader with a mirror to read it with? This ain't never been done either.

Or why not bind all four edges and furnish each reader with a hammer and cold chisel to whack off the edges he don't want bound?

Or maybe you could use round pages and bind along the edges and if you would put a little cup in them one could use the pages for pie plates or picnic plates after reading.

Or maybe you could bind exactly in the center of the page and wad the magazine up like a ball in which case one could peel the pages off like peeling an onion. And if you would put a rock in the center of the magazine before wadding up then the reader could take it to the forks of the river and throw it in and so wouldn't have to read it at all—and one copy would be removed from circulation for all time to come.

All these are good ideas.

And all these things have never been done before, except maybe plenty of Esquires have been thrown in the river.

I don't see why I don't go into the publishing business. Me and Mr. Zeier.

Do you?

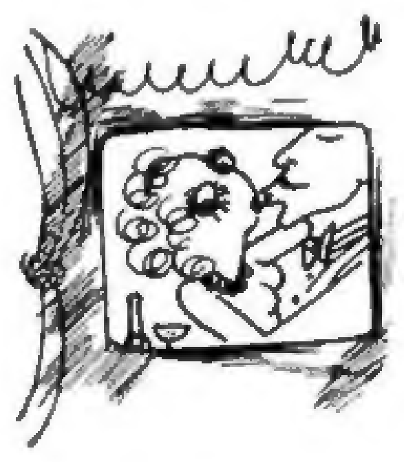
Yours truly,

Birmingham, Ala. Frank Immler

WHAT MAKES HORSE RACES

Lest some poor misguided soul take your esteemed Mr. Murphy and his "higher level of criticism" too seriously we'd like to fire a couple of broadsides.

Mr. Murphy is either unimaginative, elephant hided, or we might infer from some of his criticisms, a publicity man for the veddy, veddy British (art for art's sake) cinema; just trying to be an American screen critic as a side line.



One might think, to listen to Mr. Murphy that the actress, Bette Davis, goes to the studio, stands in the middle of the set, plays some swing band recordings, does a jitter-bug dance, and thereby acts. The most jittery of her two performances rating the much sought after Motion Picture Academy "Oscars."

How any one can call a great performance like Miss Davis turned out in *Dark Victory*, a jitter performance remains one of the minor mysteries of the critics. Mr. Murphy doesn't seem to realize that Miss Davis has to be two personalities in such a play. In this she has to step from her own personality to that of Judith. Maybe Mr Murphy thinks changing of a whole personality can be accomplished by listening to the latest swing tune. How naïve! Mr. Murphy doesn't seem to appreciate the great amount of intelligence and honest effort such a performance takes.

We never saw one man give such constructive criticism as Mr. Murphy did in the reviews of *Blackwell's Island*, *Ice Follies of 1939*, and *Never Say Die;* and then go completely whacky on Miss Davis and *Dark Victory*. We maintain that we go to see pictures to watch people act, and that acting is the actress or actor living the part he or she is portraying; making the audience feel that the character is a living and breathing person and not just words off of a page of script. After seeing *Dark Victory* we came away convinced by Miss Davis that Judith was a real person, not just a "reel shadow." We do not claim that Miss Davis is a raving beauty, the ultimate in glamour and charm or an umph girl with tons of sex appeal, but that she is a great actress. As long as she can portray characters as well as Judith in *Dark Victory* she gets our money even if she looks like the 'Hunch Back of Notre Dame'.

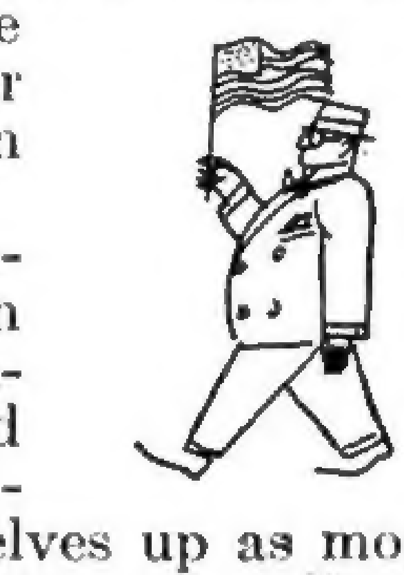
We wonder how Mr. Murphy missed Geraldine Fitzgerald as 'Anne' in *Dark Victory?* Maybe he was listening for some swing music. Or perhaps he was thinking up a plug for *Prison Without Bars*, and a French accent named Corinne Luchaine who has everything? Said picture is going to bring flocks of foreign gals to Hollywood, despite the thousands of good American girls already there.

We wonder again is Mr. Murphy a critic for American or British films?

Shelbyville, Ind. H. R. Blackburn

SEZ JOHN BELL TO JOHN BULL

Because I'm full of fury and sound, here is a nice big "rassberry" to those pedantic Britishers who are continually criticizing our speech, manners, movies, etc. And what adds to my fury is the fact that they spout their supercilious, critical blabber in a real American magazine, the Esquire (the editor is a tolerant person indeed).



These would-be-English gentlemen with their vocabularies, education and polish, all ornamented, set themselves up as models in propriety expecting other English speaking nations to follow. When a nation or individual shows some originality which does not conform to these tradition-loving stick-in-the muds they become incensed and highly critical. They reprove and scold reminding one of a prudish woman correcting the manners of other people's children in public.

They are especially rabid on the American's speech particularly a person who signs himself "Miles" and who wrote in the June issue of Esquire's S & F. He started out by criticizing Gilbert Seldes and wound up criticizing everything American including the American speech. He referred to the English language as *our* mother tongue, *our* words this and *our* words that. I wonder if this fellow realizes that the English language is a conglomeration of many languages. So, why the exclusive monopoly of the British on the English language?

Well, they can have their "clawss" and their supercilious airs, I'll stick to the good American Democratic speech and Democratic manners. And, if we like our slang and print it, that is our affair; we don't like Britishers who try to tell us how to behave.

Yours emphatically,

Fallon, Nev. John Bell

WHAT IS SO RARE AS AN ESQ IN JUNE?

"What Men Don't Like About Women"
Is
"Neither Flesh, Fish, nor Fowl,"
Yet,
"The Censor Marches On"
While
"Nippon Covers the War,"
And
"Uncle Randolph's Buried Treasure"
Finds
"No Peace with the Sea,"
But
"Bird Songs at Eventide"
In
"The Garden of Femadia,"
Together with
"A Late Cup of Tea"
'Neath
"The Monument,"
Leads me to wonder
"Why I Am Faithful to My Wife"
I must needs add, however, an
"Obituary Note"
Anent my
"Racing Luck at Epsom"
For, with me,
"Sport Goes to the Dogs,"
Even
"My Life With a Stuffed Sailfish"
Was
"Hell on Wheels"
And
"Petermen's Saint"
Might ejaculate, cussedly,
"I Say It's False!"
But,
"Them Was the Days"
And, here I am
"Still an Archduke"
"Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches,"
Gathering from here and there
"A Collection of Paintings,"
Mingling with
"Café Society"
And listening to
"The Sound and the Fury"
Whilst evading
"The Candid Cameraman"
Who tells you
"How to Look Before You Leap"
Or
"How to Launch a Bride"
All of which is like
"First Nights & Passing Judgments"
"Backstage with Esquire."
Whilst turning
"On the Record"
I hear
"Roulades and Cadenzas,"
Then, with nonchalance, fill my pipe,
Turn to Jinx Falkenburg and say:
"Give Us a Song,"
For which there is no cover charge or
"Cover Design."

Chicago, Ill. Bennett Treloar

HELL ON SAGENDORPH

Re a story in your June issue called *Hell on Wheels*, and written by a sadist by the name of Kent Sagendorph. In it Mr. Sagendorph bemoans the fact that drivers of modern race cars are not considerate of the spectators' enjoyment enough to get themselves killed with the same bloody regularity as in the days of Ray Keech and Gaston Chevrolet. I wonder if it ever occurred to the author that this might be a commentary on the skill of today's drivers who pilot their juggernauts at a much greater speed, withal with a lower rate of fatalities than in the dear, dead days for which he yearns, and in which he took evident delight in watching the bodies of men skid along race-tracks bathed in their own gore.

This frenzied addict of sudden death also states that at midget tracks one may see spills, and flip-flops, but "you know it's staged for the spectacle value." One cold horrible afternoon not so long ago, Mr. Sagendorph would probably have gotten a great kick out of watching Henry Guerand decapitated by the overhanging guard-rail at the Nutley, N. J. midget race-track. He would undoubtedly have drooled with pleasure to see Eddie Staneck crushed to a bloody pulp at the Castle Hill Stadium in the Bronx. There have been two other recent deaths on midget tracks in the east. Four deaths in less than six months! Staged for the spectacle value, of course!

And yet, Sagendorph beats his breast because racing, as he says, is no longer what it's cracked up to be. What the hell does he want anyway, mass suicide?

Very truly yours,

Newark, N.J. Daniel Carangi

FORM FAN LETTER

I don't know if an Esquire author is let into *The Sound and The Fury* pages of your book—but if he is—turn these pages over to them.

Since you printed *No Peace With The Sea*, I have had to almost go into a hermit's hut. There seems to be no peace with your readers. Even before the fearful disaster of the *Squalus*, I was not opening my mail because of people asking me how the crew felt after they got home and found Franco in the saddle—and what happened to them. And since our own submarine disaster, I have been under pressure answering questions.

As I am deep in a novel—I think it only fair you give me space to answer for my writing sins, so that I can again retire into private life. *No Peace With The Sea*, the story Esquire printed in the June issue—like all the stories of mine you have printed to date—are all based on fact, most of them from eye witness accounts.

No Peace With The Sea was told to me in a little Spanish eating place, right here in New York, by a man who had read my story, *Let The Day Perish*, and which you printed at some date that I have forgotten. The man who told me the story was Torpedoer, the leader of the mutiny in *No Peace With The Sea*. He was on his way to Mexico—and he told me the story—not as you printed it—but with a dreadful realism of oaths and details that you would not have printed. He is now in Mexico, captain of a fishing boat the last I heard of him.

He told me that the submarine got back to a safe port long before the Moors and Nazis and Italians beat down the Spanish clerks and farmers and millhands. The crew drifted apart, and three were later captured by Franco, and *without* trial beaten to death in their cells. He told me all the details of their deaths—but I will spare you all that. The rest of crew are somewhere—and Torpedoer will not tell.

So that is the story of *No Peace With The Sea*. It was of course written long before the *Squalus* disaster and had nothing to do with that ill-fated ship and her brave crew. I might as well add—that I have no plans about writing another submarine story—but plans can be changed. Authors are put together in strange ways—and there is no knowing what will come out of the typewriter. I have often sat down to write a love story (how editors beg for them) and ended up with a war yarn that would scare even a general.

I hope this letter answers all the questions that have been popped at me—and that the readers understand that the author loves his public—but must have time for writing too—for authors must eat—don't ask me why.

Cordially,

Brooklyn, N. Y. Paul Haggard

Continued on page 147

The makers of
Four Roses
cordially invite you to
try another distiller's
whiskey

This is probably the strangest invitation you have ever received

CURIOUS as it may seem, we who make Four Roses urge you, sincerely, to try *another* distiller's whiskey—*any other whiskey* you care to choose.

Why do we ask this?

Because it is the easiest way we know for you to prove the surpassing excellence of Four Roses!

All the whiskies in Four Roses—and *several* straight whiskies go into it—are at least 4 years old . . . old enough to be bottled in bond, and *would* be, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But instead, we think it better to reduce these whiskies to 90 proof . . . to make them lighter, milder. Then we bring these separate whiskies together, so as to unite *all* their individual virtues in *one* whiskey that is finer by far than any of them could be alone.

Ask for Four Roses—today—and make the comparison we've suggested. We think you'll agree it's America's finest whiskey! *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF • THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD

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THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

● Neat, useful, durable. Stainless steel frame. Blade of finest razor steel ..slides out of frame and locks at 3 lengths..really 3 blades in one. Once used, you can't get along without it. Order one and be convinced. At your dealer's or use coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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I enclose $1 for Sport Knife. I'll get my dollar back if not pleased. (Offer good in U.S.A. only. Ohio orders add 3c sales tax.)

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Don't suffer from insomnia any longer! Shur Sleep Eye Shade . . . the new, scientifically-designed sleep mask has given thousands the bliss of sound, undisturbed sleep. Shur Sleep cuts out all light . . . electric or sun. Ideal for daytime naps, for snoozing on the beach, for workers who sleep days. Because of its unique construction, Shur Sleep cannot touch your eyelids or lashes.

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"Parker"

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SAFE—SIMPLE

Safe for Tooth Enamel

FOR BEAUTIFUL TEETH

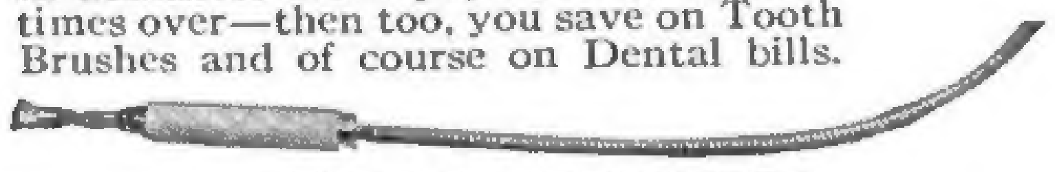
You've probably often wondered how MOVIE STARS keep their teeth so sparklingly brilliant. Now YOU can have bright, shining lusterful teeth just like the Stars, every day. Cleaner, healthier, brighter than you ever dreamed of with ordinary brushing. The "DENTIST-CLEAN" quality of this ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH will amaze you even after the first day's use. Your friends will notice the change instantly.

Brush your teeth just like the dentist does

One unit for entire family. Separate brushes for each member changed in a jiffy. Sterilized separately. Extra brushes in full range of hardness only 10 cents each. Rubber suction gum massage—a real tonic to your mouth, 25c.

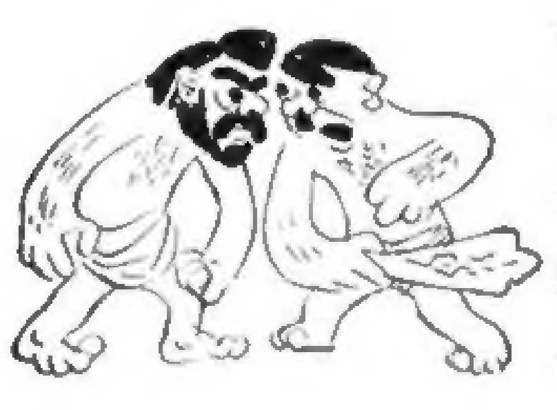
EASY TO USE—Every day; as pleasant as it is beneficial, even the youngest can benefit by its daily use. Reaches every tooth easily—gets out all particles between teeth. Use only 1-20th of your favorite tooth paste or powder. Savings in dentifrice alone pays for itself many times over—then too, you save on Tooth Brushes and of course on Dental bills.

$5.00 Post paid. Including a Year's supply of brushes for the average family (this alone repays you the entire cost of the Instrument).



PARKER BRUSHES
122-130 W. North Ave. • Chicago, Ill.

THE CASE OF SUN GLASSES VS. HAIR. The caveman was a lucky and very hairy man. His head somewhat resembled the modern floor mop and his eye brows were nice and bushy. To protect his eyes from the sun all he did was push his overgrown cowlicks down over his face, ruffle up his eyebrows, pull up his whiskers and squint. But modern custom has abandoned us to the barber—therefore sunglasses, with their conveniently dark tinted lenses to cover up equally dark circles and to foil Old Sol. But a recent investigation of ours revealed that sun glasses aren't as consistently effective as our prehistoric ancestor's hair was—it seems there are sun glasses and *sun glasses*. In the lenses of the inferior type may lurk unsuspected defects which unquestionably tire the eyes and may sometimes do them serious harm. They often have minute imperfections in the nature of air-bubbles, dirt specks and waves which produce harmful light distortion and unnecessary and unlooked for eye strain. Using such sun glasses is, in a minor degree, the same as wearing someone else's eye glasses.



The first rule of summer eye comfort is to procure sun glasses with fine ophthalmic lenses. These lenses are not only scientifically made to control light, but are of the same flawless optical quality as that used in the finest "white" lenses. These lenses are precision ground and polished, a scientific grooming which removes any possibility of refractive error and assures the straight comfortable passage of subdued light to the eyes. There are many types of these safety-first, ophthalmic sun glasses in a host of attractive styles and colors. One group has lenses that are delicate light amber in color which tones down all light rays and which may be had with the additional property of filtering out ultra-violet rays. Another has lenses of an attractive light green shade which tone down light rays and filter out both ultra-violet and infra-red rays. Still another type is made with two lenses with a laminated filter in between which polarizes the light rays. All these are particularly a boon to the regular glass wearer, for individual prescriptions can be ground into the tinted lenses, thus obviating the wearing of sun glasses over eye glasses. One pair is therefore doubly corrective—both for eye errors and unwanted light.

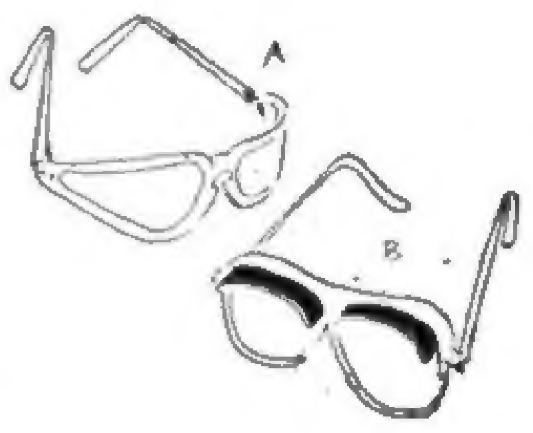
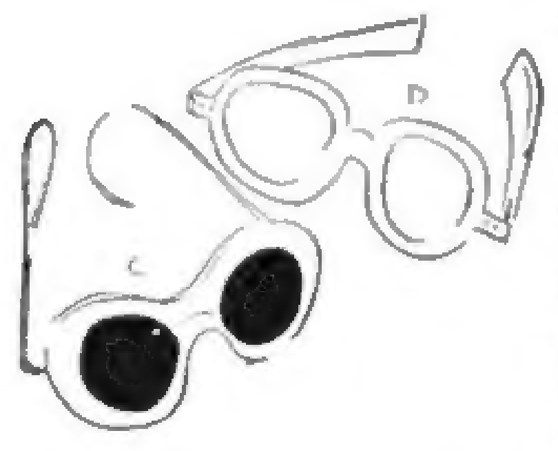
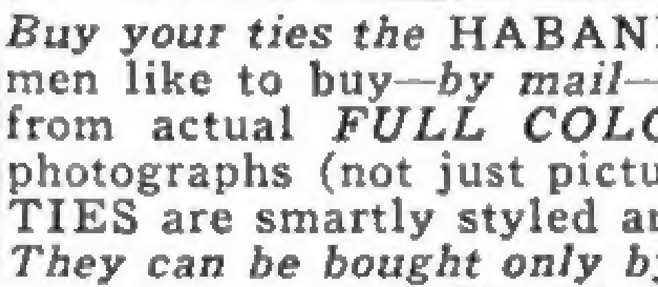


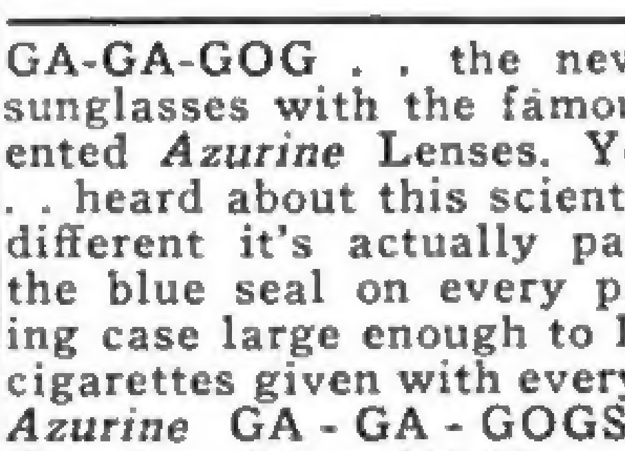
Exhibit A is of such design. The lens is shaped to fit snugly into the eye orbit and the frame has a very definite curve that fits it right around the face. These are glasses for the yachtsman or fisherman as they eliminate the water glare seen out of the side of the eye. B is the glass for side-line spectators, the black opaque protectors being a sunshade for the eyes and the orbit shaped lenses allowing plenty of visibility. C and D are radical departures from ordinary sun glass mountings. The wide frame on C is of transparent, flesh-toned material and D has translucent rims in vermilion and other colors. These were designed by Bea Lillie and are female favorites as the wide ear-pieces keep unruly hair in place.





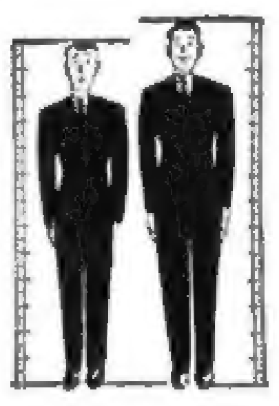
TIES

Buy your ties the HABAND *way*—the way men like to buy—*by mail*—at your leisure, from actual *FULL COLOR* true-to-life photographs (not just pictures). HABAND TIES are smartly styled and fashion-right. *They can be bought only by mail.* Send for our *free* portfolio of these *COLOR PHOTOS* and see why millions of men have been buying their ties this easy economical way—(at a price that does not outrage your sense of proportion). Write to the
HABAND COMPANY, Paterson, N. J.
Selling ties by mail since 1925



SUN GLASSES

GA-GA-GOG . . the new *"OOMPH"* in sunglasses with the famous, scientific Patented *Azurine* Lenses. You've read about . . heard about this scientific lens that's so different it's actually patented. Look for the blue seal on every pair. Novel carrying case large enough to hold a package of cigarettes given with every pair of Patented *Azurine* GA-GA-GOGS. Other *Azurine* Goggles, 69¢ to $25.00 per pair at drug and dept. stores. American Spectacle Co., Inc., 136 West 52nd Street, N. Y.



BUILT-UP SHOES

Increase your height with Joseph Burger's STATURAIDS. the special built-up shoes. Smart, attractive, normal looking. Built up feature does not show—no heavy soles or high heels. Used by actors, professional men, salesmen, statesmen, and well dressed men everywhere. Wide assortment of styles. *Not only increase stature but also give better posture.* Send for illustrated catalog.
JOSEPH BURGER'S *STATURAIDS*
2067-N Third Ave. At 113 St., New York, N. Y.
Mail orders our specialty *(Plain Wrappers)*
When in N. Y. visit my store near the Fair

CAMERAS

The new Focusing Brilliant Camera which features the remarkable Magic Circle Focusing whereby you tune in your picture just as you'd tune in your radio is a sensation. You simply turn the dial 'til the image is focused to a point of greatest clarity. F4.5 Voigtar lens in Compur Shutter with speeds up to 1/300th part of a second. Takes 12 pictures 2¼ x 2¼ on 120 film. Price $48.50. Mail orders filled. Write Dept. E.F.O.
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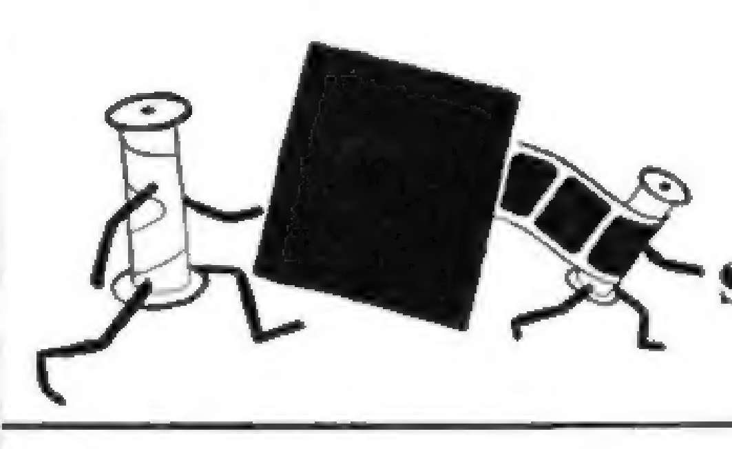

FILM SERVICE

After you've snapped those clever poses . . . picturesque scenes . . . assure yourself of getting your film rolls developed right! Our service includes eight *guaranteed* prints and two beautiful professional enlargements—all for 25 cents. Expert workmanship—very quick service—you cannot fail to be pleased. Send your rolls to us and get the pleasant experience of *perfect* prints.
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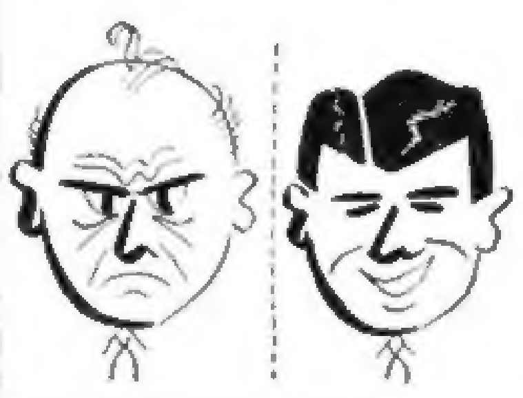
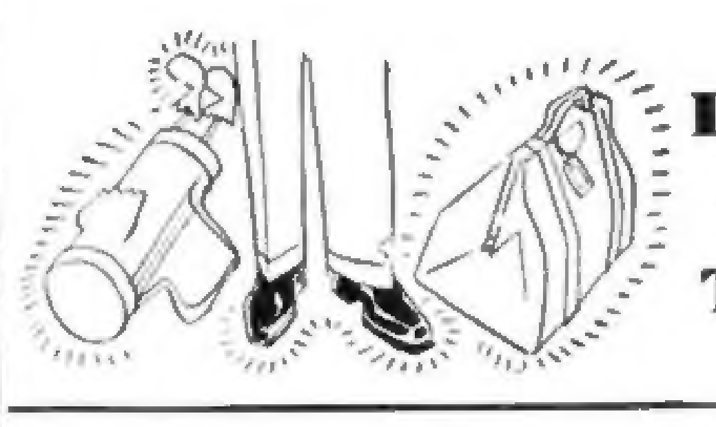


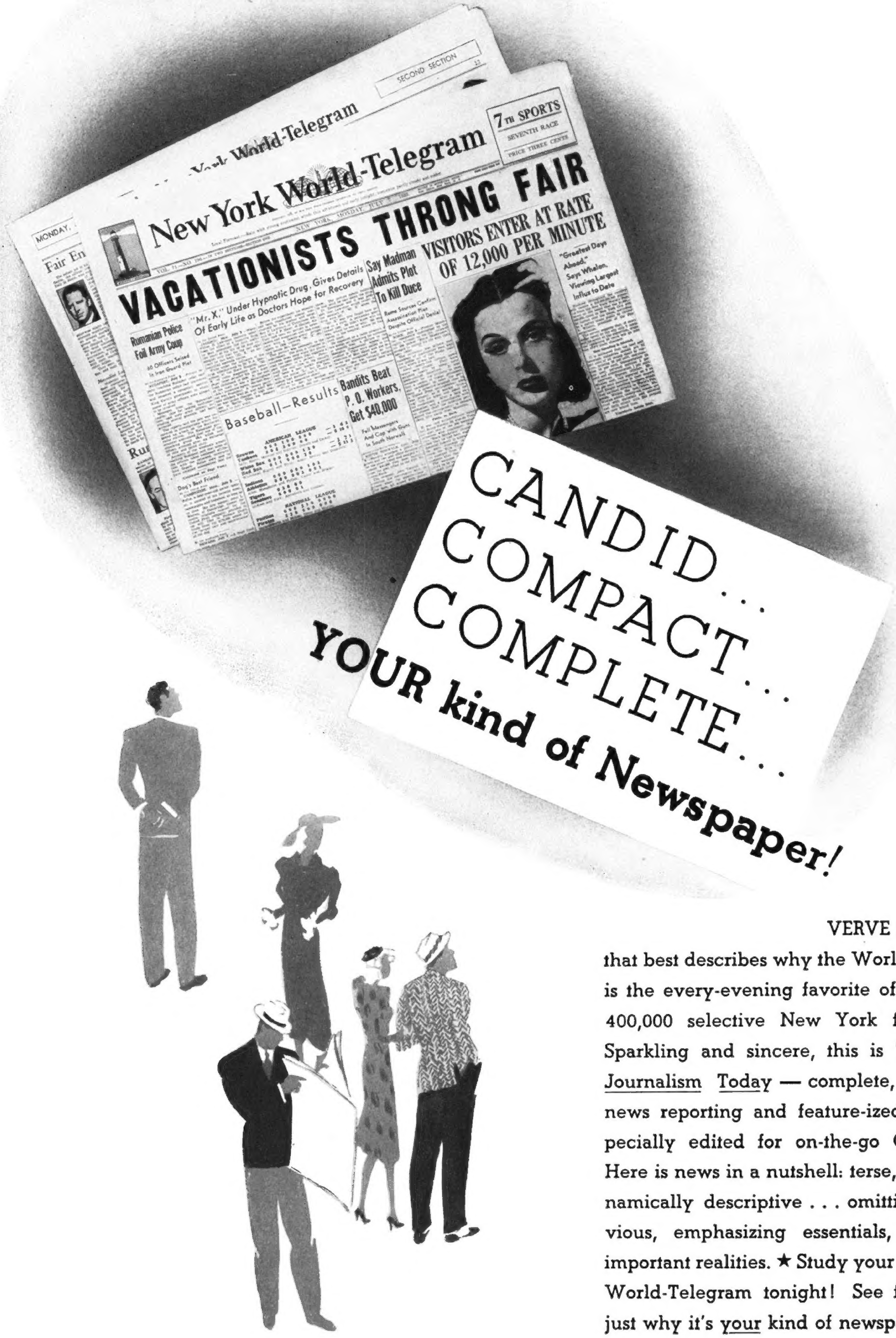
HERB HAIR TONICS

Our cave-dwelling ancestors weren't worried about baldness . . . unless it was the result of a scalping party. Not so with us moderns—our way of living makes us prone to hair disorders. A daily rub with LUCONE, the all-herb, non-greasy, non-alcoholic tonic promotes a healthy abundant head of hair. Masculine good looks demand robust hair growth. *Insure yourself now with LUCONE HERB TONIC.* If your druggist or barber can't supply you, send $1 to
LUCONE, Inc., 36 E. 23 St., New York, N. Y.



LEATHER CONDITIONERS

Now you can oil *and* polish shoes. LEXOL penetrates completely into leather, softens and preserves it. After LEXOL, apply any good polish. Especially good for white, buckskin and suede leathers. Use LEXOL on golf bags, club grips, luggage and all other genuine leather things. Your dealer has LEXOL or can get it for you. Or sent direct. Pint $1.00; Quart $1.75; Gal. $4.00.
THE MARTIN DENNIS CO.
855 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J.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"Mr. X" Under Hypnotic Drug, Gives Details Of Early Life as Doctors Hope for Recovery
Say Madman Admits Plot To Kill Duce
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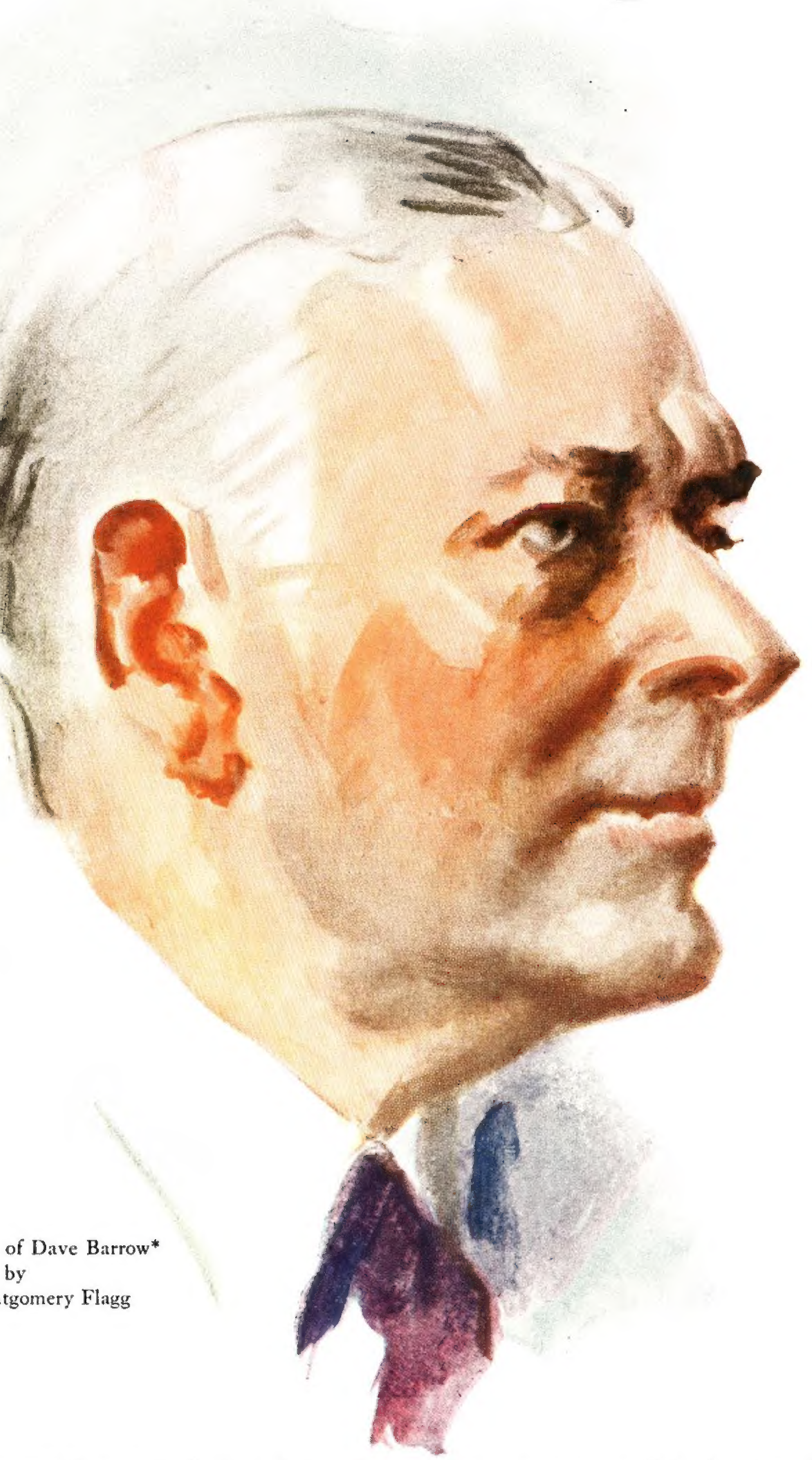
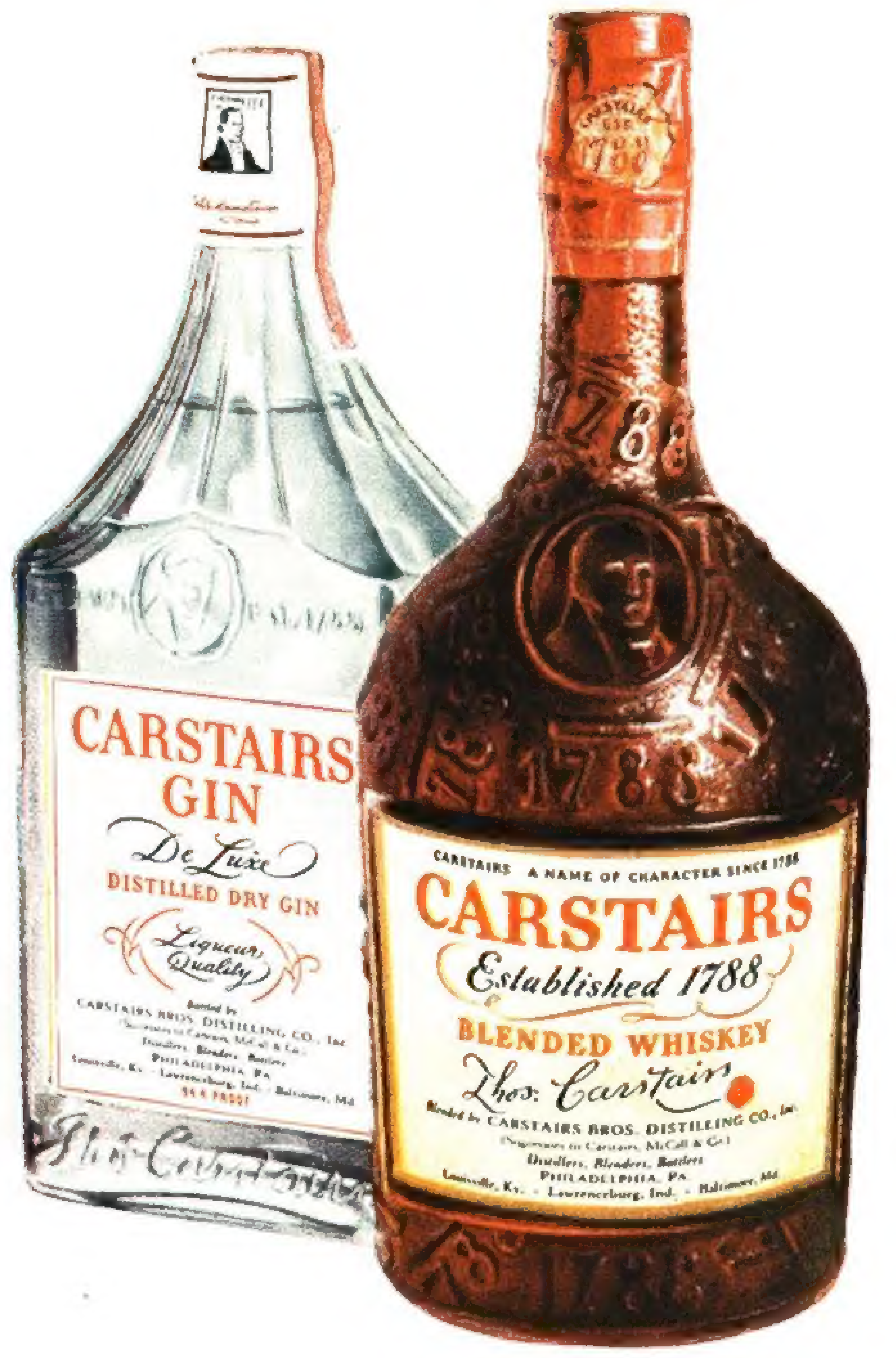
Dave is a "One-Highball Man!"



An impression of Dave Barrow*
by
James Montgomery Flagg

...but the whiskey in that
highball has to
be worth lingering over!



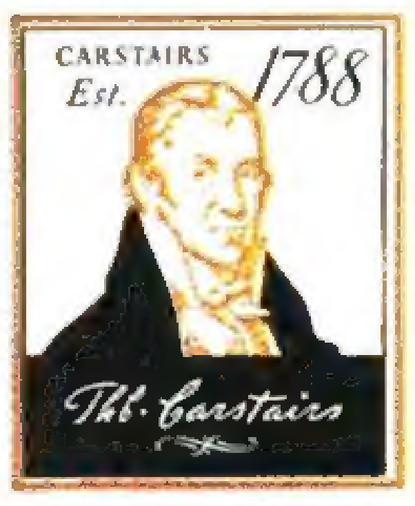
The Highball of Character
"CARSTAIRS *and* SODA"

DAVE BARROW's* pals josh him for nursing one highball all evening. But Dave claims that when drinks come too fast, you don't get acquainted with the charm of a fine whiskey.

Lately, Dave's switched his affections to Carstairs. He'll tell you it's *different* from other whiskies. Smoother . . . richer . . . yet *light-bodied.*

And it isn't mere aging that does it either, although every drop in Carstairs is aged 4 years or more. It's the superb blending of great straight whiskies, chosen for mellow richness of flavor, with rare and exquisite *special whiskies* —specially distilled and matured to impart light body and delicate bouquet. The result is an all-whiskey blend appealing alike to the tastes of Scotch, Rye and Bourbon drinkers. Truly a whiskey to *linger over!*

"Dave Barrow" is not a specific individual; but merely a type; the type of "man who cares".



CARSTAIRS BLENDED WHISKEY. An 86.8 proof blend of whiskies. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 57½% straight whiskey and 42½% other whiskey four years or more old.

CARSTAIRS GIN DE LUXE. Distilled Dry Gin. A gin of Liqueur Quality, 94.4 proof. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright, 1939 by Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

The Man who Cares says:- CARSTAIRS

THEY'RE TOUGH TO BEAT

ON THEIR HOME GROUNDS

Baseball fans will tell you a team's tough to beat on its home grounds. Outfielders save extra bases by properly gauging rebounds off fences and walls. They're more familiar with the lights and shadows caused by the grandstands and crowds. Infielders can judge ground balls better. The catcher knows by instinct how far he can go back for pop fouls.

Being familiar with local conditions favors local advertisers, too. They know their markets thoroughly. They know its people and their buying habits. They know local newspapers and how each produces sales for them day after day.

If you're advertising in Philadelphia, take advantage of the experience of its local merchants. They know how to sell to Philadelphians. For over seven consecutive years these shrewd advertisers have placed more of their advertising in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER than in any other newspaper . . . morning, evening or Sunday. They know from daily checks on sales that "An advertisement in the LEDGER means business."

PHILADELPHIA

EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER

NEW YORK: Hugh Burke, 60 E. 42nd St. CHICAGO: John E. Lutz, 435 N. Michigan Ave. BOSTON: M. L. Tyler, Little Bldg.

Even Glow FOR A RAPID TAN

Acquire a deep, rich tan . . . easily and safely with Even Glow. One application puts you well on the way to a beautiful tan . . . gives hours of protection both in and out of the water. Even Glow goes on satin-smooth, guards against painful burning and assures the even-glowing rapid tan you desire. Even Glow is the best of company under the sun . . . take it along wherever you go.

Originally developed in Florida where its success has been a little short of phenomenal, Even Glow is different from other sun-tan preparations. It is not a dye . . . not a stain . . . contains no alcohol, perfume, tannic acid nor other skin irritants. Not sticky, it won't come off on swim suits . . . but it will and does produce a RAPID and even-glowing TAN.

Available at drug and dept. stores

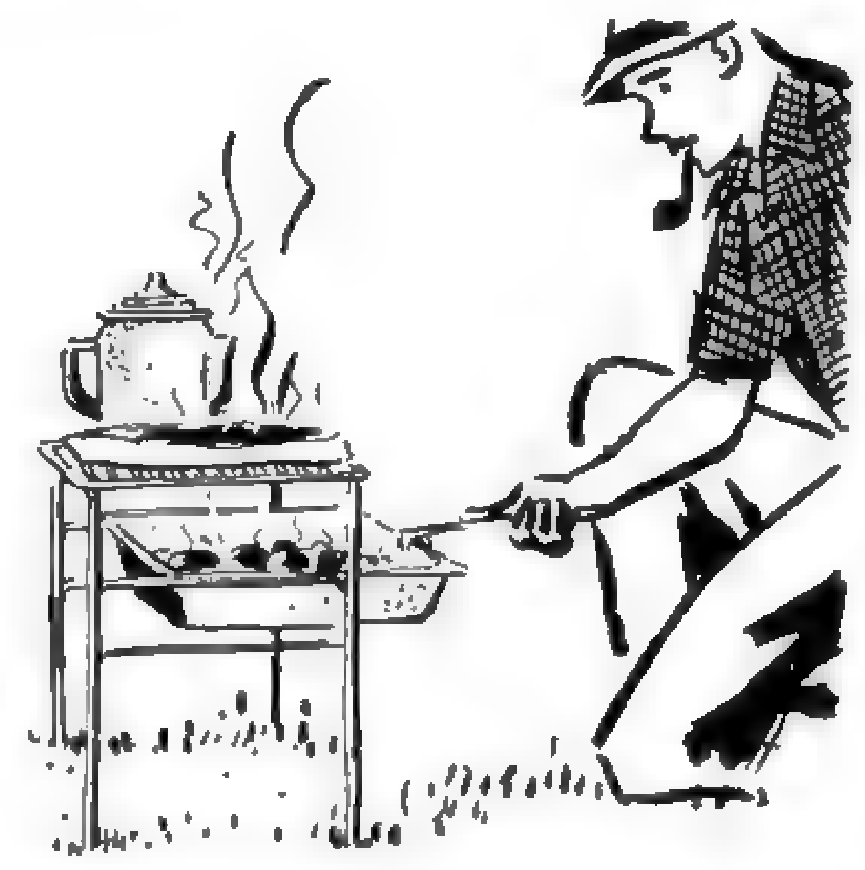
50c $1.00 $1.35

Also in Cream form at One Dollar

If your local store does not carry Even Glow, write for name of nearest dealer to

H. E. B. PRODUCTS, INC. 9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA NEW YORK CITY

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



OUTDOOR COOKERY SIMPLIFIED

Camp stoves have seen a good deal of improvement in the last year or two, and they've made outdoor cooking just about as simple and certain in results as those obtained in the more routine realm of your own kitchen. One of these new stoves has an adjustable heat feature (above) that permits the fire pan to be raised or lowered by using a detachable handle, thus regulating the intensity of heat to your grid. And anyone, experts claim, can become a good outdoor cooker when he can regulate the heat as effectively as if cooking on a gas range. The broiler, that's part of the stove outfit, when folded one way will hold thin steaks, hamburgers, bread for toasting, etc. Folded the other way it holds thick steaks, fish, roasting ears, chicken et al. Can do this because it has a tricky expanding hinge.

OUTDOOR MISCELLANY

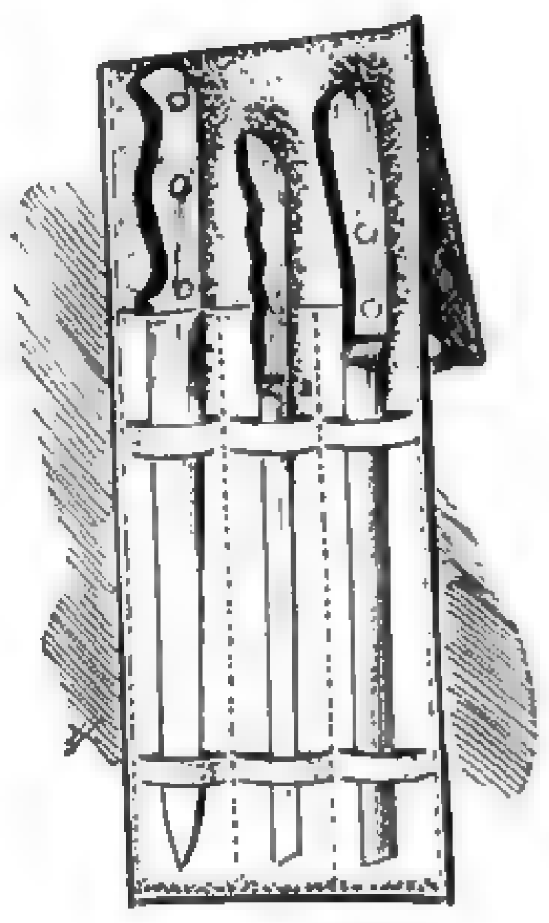
A portable shower for camp and pack trips—folds up into a small, compact packet, has a canvas bag that holds three gallons of water, more than enough for any shower, even in the woods... A table picnic kit that looks like an unusually smart suitcase, covered with airplane cloth — contains a service for four, six or eight, all stainless steel equipment—a table with good sturdy legs folds up inside . . . A powder which thrown on the fire when it's partly burned down creates a miniature fire works display—the flames turn all colors of the rainbow — especially popular for finishing off beach picnics with a bang.

THE BARBER CARRIES ON

A string of barber shops around town has met the challenge of our machine age by joining forces with it and has installed an electric dry shave department in each of its emporiums. They evidently realized the plight of the man who uses exclusively an electric razor and gets caught away from home with a manly but unsightly growth of beard. In addition they provide personal instruction in the use of the electric razor so that the mechanically-minded shaver will, in the future, be able to do a successful job on his whiskers in the sanctity of his own bawth.

POISON IVY, MOSQUITOES OR LET'S SPEND THE SUMMER IN TOWN

Far be it from this department to minimize the joys of summer camping but being long-time believers in a preparedness policy, we've hunted up an antidote or two for those pestiferous bogies of the great outdoors—poison ivy and mosquitoes. With poison ivy, as with oak and sumach, a single touch is sometimes enough to cause infection. There's a new emulsion which, if rubbed on, before you go for a stroll in the bushes or wherever you suspect the stuff is lurking, will definitely lessen the probability of your catching anything of such an unamiable nature. Applied in thin layers it does not show on the skin. If, for shame, you forget and are unfortunate enough to gambol into a clump of it, the first evidence of your ill luck will be a redness, burning or a red line that looks like a scratch from a briar or thorn. Then you slap on the ointment in a fairly thick coat, allowing it to dry in place. If it gets much of a head start on you and you're particularly sensitive, run, not walk, to the nearest doctor. The mosquito situation, though less virulent, deserves careful attention too. The say-so of a well known sporting goods establishment is a new insect repellent lotion that has been developed in cooperation with the Department of Entomology of Rutgers University. It's effective, they say, against mosquitoes, gnats, black flies, sand flies, etc. Has a pleasant odor and is easily applied with the hands or with a small cotton pad.



CARVING THE GOOSE

Sportsmen will appreciate the new carving set that contains a knife for every purpose—each of high quality chrome vanadium steel—and all fitted into a felt-lined leather case. The first knife is designed for large birds such as turkey, geese, etc. Number two has a flexible blade for duck, pheasant, poultry and small birds and, being narrow and supple, is easily manipulated around bones and joints. The third has a stiff, narrow, concave blade for slicing beef, lamb, venison, etc.

HAND-BLOCKED CHOPPAS (left) in bold combinations of reds, yellows, blues, greens, or blacks, are $2.75. ENGLISH FOULARDS (such as the polka dot silk in the center) include many hand-blocked patterns, $2.25 to $3.50. INDIA PRINTS in brilliant native dyed colors and patterns, $1.50 (Bows, $1). Other ties, $1.50 to $5.75.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

BROOKS POLO SHIRT (with buttoned-down collar) Scotch Cheviot in White, Blue Grey, Brown, Peach, Pink, Green Stone, $5. TENNIS SHIRT (pinned collar) Scotch Cheviot in the same colors, $5; colored stripes on White, $6. GOLF SHIRT (rounded collar), Scotch Cheviot (White or Blue), $5; colored stripes on White, $6. Any of these shirts in Domestic Cheviot (plain Blue or White only), $4. BOW TIES and Four-in-hands of English Foulards are $1.75 and $2.50 respectively.

Sensible clothing for summer needn't look like an ice cream uniform. "Brooks Whites" (two-piece washable suits ranging from $10 to $15) and Brooks Tropical Worsteds (two-piece suits in domestic materials $40, or three-piece suits of English Worsteds $72 and $75) are examples of this.

In addition, shirts, neckties, and shoes such as illustrated can be more colorful and individual than at any other season of the year.

WHITE BUCKSKIN SHOES, hand-lasted on Brooks own lasts in England—as illustrated, with red rubber soles—are $12. Other English models in various styles range in price from $12 to $17. Domestic Buckskin Shoes range from $11 to $15.

REVERSE CALFSKIN SHOES may be had at Brooks Brothers in several styles—including the English Blucher Oxford illustrated, crepe rubber sole tipped at the toe with leather, $15; English Monk Front Oxfords with leather soles, $15; and plain domestic Oxfords, crepe rubber soles, $10.

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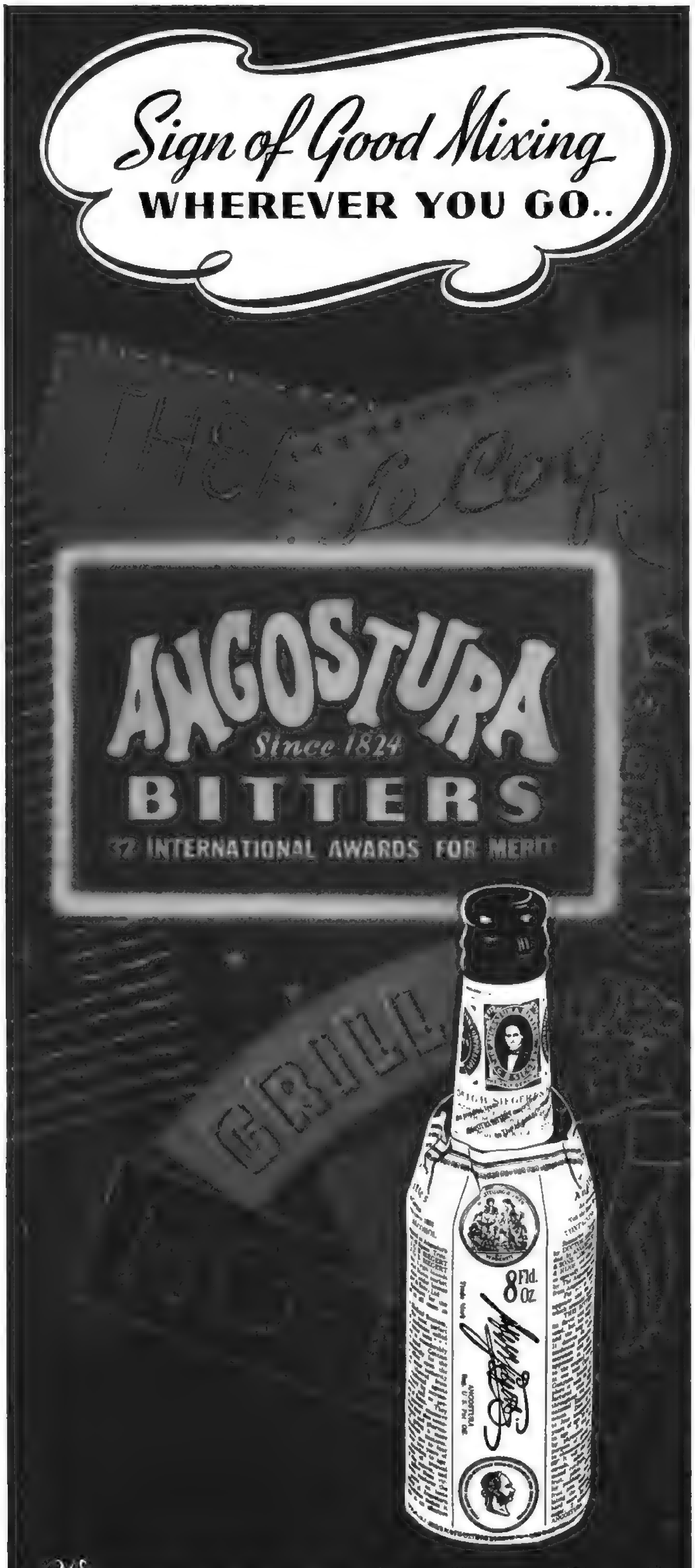


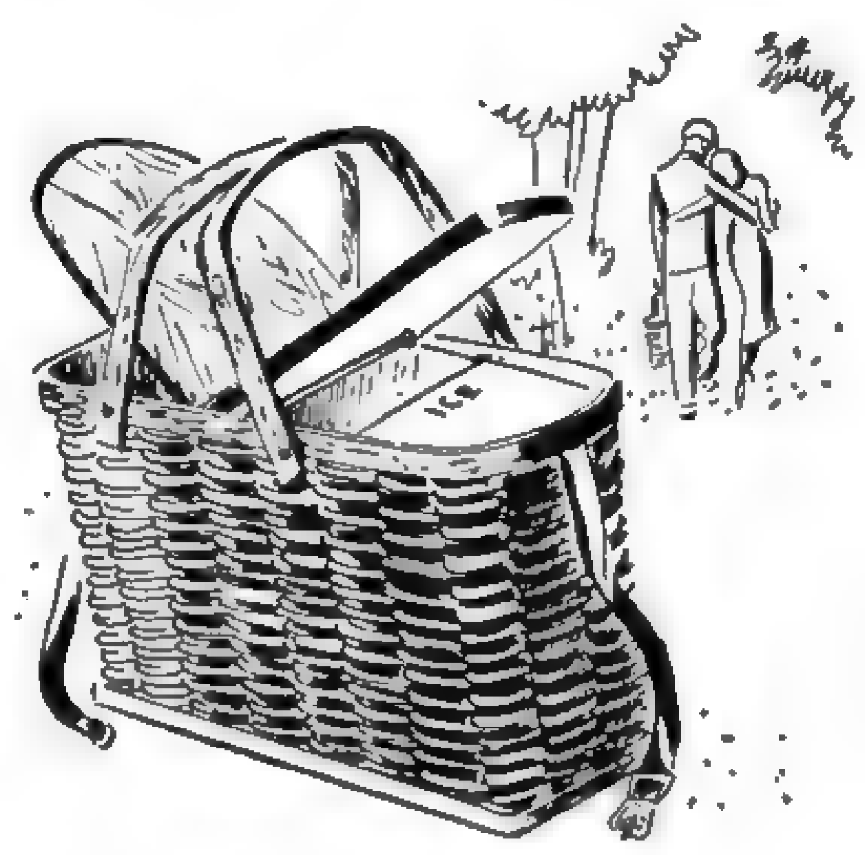
Whenever it's mixing time in the world-centers of fun and fashion, that famous bottle of Angostura Bitters is always present, adding finesse and giving finish to the drinks the sophisticated crowd so knowingly orders up!

For three or four generous dashes of Angostura Bitters bring out the flavor of each ingredient to the fullest – blend a drink to the smooth finish that's another word for 'perfect'!

When you feel the urge for a long, cool one, order a Tom or Rum Collins, *Angostura* – It's a taste-thrill you won't forget. Or try a Planter's Punch, *Angostura* – a drink to make the summer memorable! When you order out be sure to say "make mine with Angostura". And when you play host-barman at home, be sure to follow through and blend the drinks you serve the right, Angostura Bitters way!

Free—"Complete Mixing Guide"—write
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. • 155 East 44th St., New York, N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



IT'S THE ICE THAT COUNTS

No variety of summer outing—picnic, beach party, clam bake or taffy pull—can be wholly successful without some type of good cold drink. To insure a low temperature for your out-of-door drinks take along a portable refrigerator basket in which a small quantity of ice keeps liquids cool for well nigh 24 hours. The basket, made of durable fibre reed, has a strong removable ice compartment. An asbestos insulator keeps the ice in the necessary solid condition. The whole thing has a weatherproof, walnut finish and is pretty good-looking, as baskets go. If the outing is a big one or some members of the group are notoriously thirsty, one of the new small sized ice chests will carry as much ice (bottles and food too) as necessary, is compactly built and conveniently fits in the back of the car. The chest is white with decorative black trim and is remarkably well insulated.

WHIMSY DEPARTMENT—GIFTS FOR GIRLS

The best way to cure an ailing conscience—a gift (honey, did you pick this out all yourself—you're *so* thoughtful). Two suggestions: one of the new matched handbag, belt and glove sets—bag of white pliable leather, embroidered in a medley of colors to form moon-shaped diagrams—add belt of same design and pair of white kid gloves with matched insertions. Very cute. Or a couple of the new, unusual handkerchiefs with historical events splashed on them—Mark Twain's Mississippi, the Covered Wagon, etc.,—against floral borders. Hand-rolled, Irish linen. Come in six colors including iris blue, red earth and light fuchsia (hey, hey). How can you miss?

ART FOR THE ARTIST'S SAKE

Adhering closely to their original premise—that posthumous renown and acclaim are all well and good but that the living artist deserves something of a more substantial nature in the way of cooperation—the Associated American Artists are currently holding the largest group exhibition of contemporary American art, outside the World's Fair, in New York. The exhibition, specially arranged for Fair visitors and hung throughout the seven rooms of the Association's large, handsome new galleries at 711 Fifth Avenue, continues through the summer until September 1st.

This is the first large comprehensive group exhibition of the members since the organization was formed in the fall of 1933. Despite the depression pall which hung over those days, the group, which began as an effort of twenty-three artists to stimulate art interest through selling original etchings and lithographs at five dollars, has grown until its roster now includes sixty artists in the print collection, thirty in the painting group and ten in the sculpture group. Their first galleries consisted of one tiny cloth-covered room; the second headquarters were three print galleries; the new galleries are six times the size of these last quarters and mark the organization's entry into the fields of painting and sculpture. As before the group is confined to contemporary Americans only, the organization carrying on its efforts to make the American people more actively conscious of the American artist and to create a wider appreciation and greater market for the artist during his lifetime.

Included in the current exhibition is the showing of Thomas Benton's paintings which in April attracted close to fifty thousand visitors and drew thousands of requests from all over the country for another showing during the summer. This Benton show is retrospective and covers all periods of his work from impressionism in Paris through his interest in the abstract, cubist and synchronized art and includes his painting of the past year during which time he has completely altered his technique. Among the best known of these paintings are "Susanna" which was nearly banned from the St. Louis Art Museum, and his famous second nude "Persphone". Besides the works of many other fine artists too numerous to mention, the mediums of sculpture and prints are represented, giving a complete cross-section of present day American art activity.

MANY A MAN WHO STAYS AT HOME HAS

World's Fair Feet

EVER go to a World's Fair? Ever walk miles and miles, your eyes so entranced you forgot your feet—until they yelled at you with one great big ache? And you stood in line for a chance to sit down! Then you've had World's Fair Feet. The worst of it is, you can have 'em right at home. A long day at work and you may suffer just as much — and *just as needlessly*.

The best preventive for World's Fair Feet is the right kind of shoes . . . shoes that give arches needed support, that provide a patented, scientific bearing surface for the bones which carry your weight. And especially shoes that are properly fitted — that *can* be properly fitted — to your own individual foot size and shape.

Wright Arch Preservers are life preservers for foot sufferers. More than that — they are the best possible shoes for the protection of the health and comfort of normal feet. Their streamlined smartness makes them first choice for style. Fine leathers in the hands of old time New England craftsmen become *precision-made* footwear you'll be mighty proud to wear.

All-in-all, we think Wright Arch Preserver Shoes are in truth the shoes of tomorrow, but don't wait 'til tomorrow to buy them. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts.

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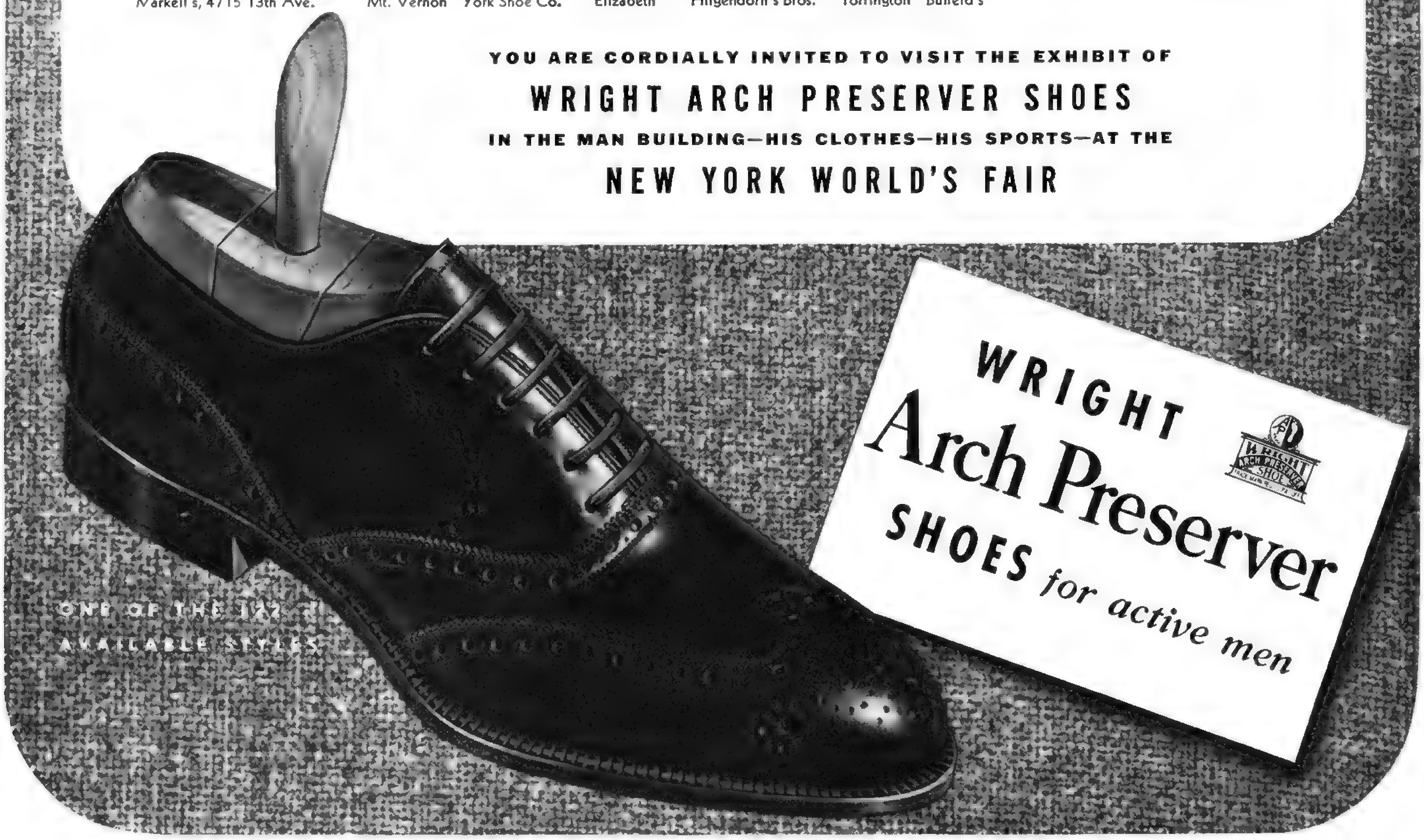
WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

IN THE MAN BUILDING—HIS CLOTHES—HIS SPORTS—AT THE

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF CONEY ISLAND CHICKEN

Nothing is taken more for granted than that All-American institution—the hot dog. Yet this most prosaic and mundane of hunger-satisfiers has a long and ancient history. Very few of the millions of frankfurter-addicts realize that the hot dog has a surprisingly "glamorous" past and that it has not always been a part of the American scene.

It is only during the past fifty years that it has come to play an indispensable role in American life. This season the hot dog celebrates its fiftieth anniversary on the very spot where it made its debut in the United States—Coney Island. It was just half a century ago—in 1889, to be exact—that Charles Feltman, Coney's pioneer restaurateur, first conceived the idea of serving junior sized sausages between two halves of a specially designed roll. This innovation had come about simply enough, for Mr. Feltman remembered that in Europe frankfurters had gone over in a big way when portioned out on an individual slice of bread. This new fashion had been introduced at Bratwurstglocklein in Nuremberg more than 200 years before. Bratwurstglocklein was a little stand, 18 feet long and 6 feet wide, which had been built against the side of a church. At this little stand, the forerunner of the American hot dog counter, frankfurters were sold with a piece of bread, but it was at Feltman's in Coney Island that they were first served on a roll. The first person to bite into the first American hot dog was a venturesome lad of sixteen. It was literally a case of man biting dog making news. For as soon as the first dog had been consumed, the news quickly spread and "Coney Island Chicken" became a favorite from coast to coast.

The third generation of Feltmans is still carrying on the family frankfurter tradition. Charles the III has done much to make the delicacy even more palatable. He put in many months inventing a special machine that would properly toast the long roll which blankets the meat. Mr. Feltman has also installed a refrigerating plant for his thoroughbred "dogs" to keep them at a special temperature until they go on the griddle.

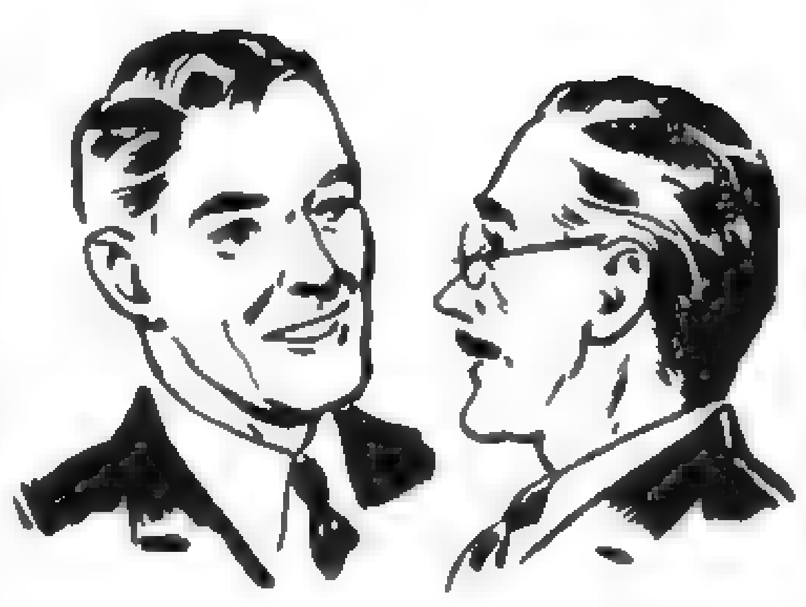
No one has ever been able to ascertain just how many frankfurters have been sold at Coney Island per day, per year, during their whole existence. One of the reasons is that the figures are so sensational that people would doubt their veracity. Mr. Feltman merely tosses the question off by answering: "If put end to end, they'd encircle the globe twice."

FEEDING THE CANINE EPICURE

The feeding-the-dog situation, sometimes a particularly knotty problem with apartment dwellers, is neatly taken care of by a new canine buffet, a combination food and drink bowl. The bowl has two compartments, each holding a quart. It is scientifically designed and sanitary as there are no crevices or square corners to harbor bacteria. Weighing only 29 ounces, it has a tubed base that anchors it firmly to all floor surfaces including waxed linoleum, and prevents it from slipping. No matter how bad your pup's table manners are, this bowl should prevent his meals from spreading any farther than his whiskers.

A BALL, BAT AND WHEEL OR THE GAME'S THE THING

It usually takes an energetic host to maneuver house-guests into a mood for games (with the possible exception of cardinal puff and bridge). But the effort's ordinarily worth while as a good game will at least temporarily put an end to general brooding about the peculiar hardness of guest room beds. Number one on the current game list is an importation from England called "Bat, Trap and Ball". Any number of people can play and the equipment consists of a bat, a shoe trap and a hard, cord bound ball. You slam your foot down on the trap lever, the ball jumps up and you clout it as hard as possible. The fielders try and catch the ball on the fly and put you out before you reach base. Ball must be hit within specified boundary lines. It turns out to be quite exciting and is darn good exercise. Another new game called Poka-Darts neatly combines poker and darts leaving out the skill angle which is O.K. by us. A deck of cards is mounted on a wheel which spins so fast you can't see whatthehell card your darts hit. Played according to regular draw poker rules, your first five throws are your original hand, and you throw again to complete it. If you want to drag skill into the thing, stop the wheel after you've "discarded" and you can aim at the cards you need. The wheel is reversible and there's a regular dart target on the other side.



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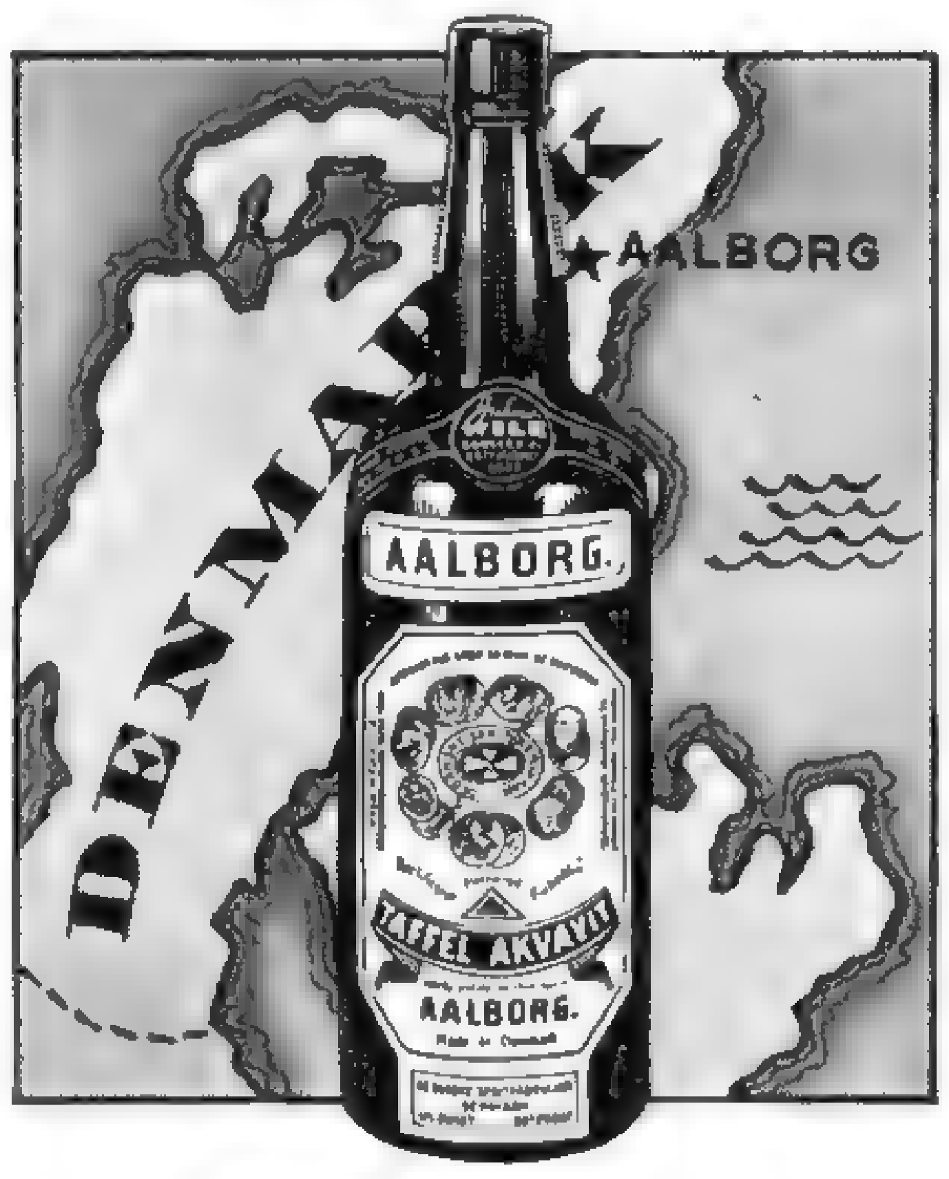

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FUN AND FOOD AT THE FAIR!

ITALIAN LINE RESTAURANT

Located up near the source of Miss Italia's pet Niagara and rivaling it in splash, this establishment includes a Cocktail Lounge and Circular Bar (with metal-mirrored dance floor), duplicating those aboard the *Conte di Savoia*, and a dining salon culled from swankship *Victoria*. As though these palatialisms didn't impress enough, there's an adjoining Zodiac Club Room for late frivolity, flanked by roof *giardini* with orange trees and fountains. Chef Finali of the *Conte di Savoia* has charge of the skillets, which turn out Green Fresh Noodles a la Parmigiana, Liver of Fig-fattened Goose Venetian Style, Roasted Veal with Marsala, etc. Wines range from the sweet Sicilian to the bubbly Asti of Piedmont, offering the right hookup for every dish.

NORWEGIAN SNACK BAR

Outdoors and in. Dispenses single-breasted sandwiches — of brislings, herring appetizers, kippersnacks with scrambled eggs, sauteéd cod roe, baby mackerel, gjetost, gammelost and other Norwegian cheeses, et cetera — custom-tailored while you wait. Native beers and brandies. With a few of the latter you can watch the fjords go by.

THREE CROWNS RESTAURANT

Located in Swedish Pavilion and operated by Swedish-American Line. As a novelty, the smorgasbord table revolves electrically, enabling you to stand and spear as the parade comes past. Akvavit is the opener, Swedish Punch the closer.

ARGENTINE RESTAURANT

Patio tables and balcony for dining. You broil your own steak over an individual charcoal stove at your table. Argentine wines. Mate tea hour, afternoons, introducing use of bombilla and tube.

RUSSIAN TERRACE

Presenting Vodka and its cousins from all over the U.S.S.R. and regional food specialties to go with them. Besides the dining salle there's a bar and an outdoor fountain-watchery.

STAR AND CRESCENT RESTAURANT

In the attractive-patioed Turkish Pavilion. Roast lamb on a spit, Circassian Chicken, and Dolmas (stuffed vine-leaves) featured.

DAYLIGHT RESTAURANT OF DENMARK

Single-breasted sandwiches (Smoerrebroed) are varied beyond counting. Cold tabled for your consideration are Collared Lamb, Mayonnaised Lobster-halves, Cold Steak with Fried Onions, Pickled Anchovies, Aspic of Fish, Danish Cheeses, salads of this and that, and . . . But must you make a pig of yourself with no regard for others on the menu —especially when there are Aalborg Akvavit (uniquely served molded in a block of ice) and Danish beer to be squeezed in? Nor can one afford to neglect the Dansk pastry, so different from the lunch counter junk that misappropriates the name. For that matter, even the coffee is a feature. And the room itself, practically outdoors, gives your mood a hoist. Incidentally, this is one of the few places in America where you can get the famous spicy CLOC Danish Liqueur, practically the only after-dinner Liqueur that should be served ice-cold.

BELGIAN RESTAURANT

With its lagoonside Terrace Cafe, where the ex-frazzled sit pretty as they sip something, Belgium rates as a natural. In consequence, Belgian specialties are being introduced to American palates that never heard of them. For instance, a foxy fowl soup in the manner of Laeken (Royal Castle village near Brussels) and a Flemish fricassee of interesting character, called Waterzooi, with which you are recommended to try a carafe of Alsatian Zwicker —light golden and very pleasant.

POLISH RESTAURANT

A round glass house that nobody would throw a stone at. Cold buffet, fiery liquors, mild honey wines, while the Royal Tokays are featured since Tokay has been an old Polish custom since long bygone days. The soups fill inner chinks nicely. Indeed, the entire program is a builder-upper staged with gusto.

BRAZILIAN RESTAURANT

Smart tropical atmosphere. Samba orchestra. Native fish and black bean dishes and drinks from below the Earth's waistline. Not being a wine-producing nation herself, Brazil's restaurant also has a variety of European wines and liquors. And (lest you forget) Coffee.

FUN AND FOOD AT THE FAIR!

LE RESTAURANT FRANCAIS

The performing fountains of the Lagoon are seen splendidly, but a bit condescendingly, from this six-tiered vantage gallery. After all, water is just water, no matter how you color it and make music to it; the liquids that people come *here* for (reserving weeks in advance, or no dice) are of the bottled sort that French cuisine wizardry requires as accompaniment. And no less than eleven sommeliers (wine butlers) to do the fetching and uncorking. So after, say a St. Raphael aperitif, some swell-chosen melon, and a bit of marvelous-sauced fish, your feeling that it's about time for a dry, crisp, Graves like Chateau Olivier is responded to as though by telepathy; whereupon Gallic cookery hits a still higher plane of perfection to the accompaniment of that most magnificent of wines—Champagne, winding up with an after-coffee Benedictine. Any puzzlement as to why this restaurant is so super-satisfactory is dispelled when you learn that its runner is Monsieur Jean Drouant, President of the Restaurateurs of Paris, who keeps in practice by operating Drouant's, Fouquet's, the Cafe de Paris, the Pavillon Royal, Armenonville, and such like. He has seen so many French dishes and wines he has really come to believe in them.

ROUMANIAN HOUSE RESTAURANT

Even if there weren't a crumb on the premises, this building would be a must for its looks' sake—picturesquely Old Eastern, with much craftsmanship. But there's food of the heartiest and tastiest, prepared by Chef Basil from Capsa's of Bucharest, and exemplary caviar, for which you prime yourself with a small glass vaseful of *tzuica*, the native plum schnapps. A Roumanian Borsch with whiteside of chicken aswim in it is an adventure, too. And the garlic-pepped sausages. And the native bottle goods—dry, sweet, and fizzy—some of them from the Domains of the Crown of Roumania. (Ah there, Feteasca 1934!) By the time you've done your sampling, with the Gypsy orchestra adding its little influence, you'll be as chirpy as performer Fanica Luca who pfiffs to town on the Pan-pipes.

FINNISH RESTAURANT

Agreeable little balcony of friendly pews, with forest and snow scenes lending their influence. Starter: Sampo Cocktail—Arctic brambleberry juice, lemon juice, Cognac, orange bitters. Reindeer Steak Sandwich. Finnfurter (no relation Mickey) and Potato Salad.

THE BRITISH BUTTERY

The rite which holds the Empire together, Afternoon Tea, is solemnized on this terrace layout with the band playing, the garden looking pleasant, and interspersed Americans passing up the scones in favor of Scotch. Mealtimes start with a dry Sherry (some prefer it slightly chilled). Although a Spanish product, it quite properly finds its place here, since much Sherry is bottled in London, due to the Spanish civil strife. A new drink and a good one, if you care to try it, is Sherry and Soda. Then there is Roast Beef a la Old Albion and other Hot Joints, likewise cuts of the cold variety, fresh-shelled foods of the sea, and nibblesome examples of the Cheshire-Cheddar-Stilton tribe. Alemen are in their element, and the typically English Pimm's No. 1 cup (the original Gin Sling) is coolingly on call.

HUNGARIAN RESTAURANT

Magyar friendliness begins, just in from the street, at a gala little Bar where Royal sweet and dry Szamorodni (Tokay) wines are dispensed; also a tonsil-intriguer called Barach (the *r* is rolled as though by a bullfrog and the *ch* is sounded *ksh*) distilled from apricots, but dry. The nourishment department upstairs provides opportunity for discovering the true glory of goulash as prepared by the right authorities, not to mention Paprika Chickie, Hungarian-style Beefsteak, and a poignant porkchop number—all of them good companions for Hungary's distinguished red and white table wines. Somehow the doorway seems a little narrow on the way out. But the Fair has broadened.

SWISS PAVILION RESTAURANTS

Two of them—de luxe Chalet upstairs, tree-shaded Garden below. In the latter the super-croon of a 12-foot Alp-horn lulls your Cheese Fondu to its fate. 250-pound "Switzerlands" in the raw provide a cellar show. Kirsch is your snifter.

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN RESTAURANT

Plus beergarden out back. Pheasant cooked with truffles. Gooseliver pie. Slivovice (plum brandy) for your system. Bohemian customs and costumes.

Seen at the Fair

TASTE-TOUR EUROPE...IN THIS PLEASANT MANNER! IT'S EASY!

SPAIN
JEREZ
DRY SACK (SHERRY) Shipped & Bottled by WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LONDON, ENGLAND.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK SHERRY

Sip Dry Sack . . . slowly . . . and you'll have a new appreciation for sherry. Dry Sack is different from any other sherry. . . . Its medium dry, nutty flavour is the pride of Williams & Humbert, venerable sherry shippers of Spain. It's a luxury, but your first sip justifies the cost. Ask for Dry Sack—you'll be glad you did. Many prefer it slightly chilled. Alcohol 20½% by volume.

FRANCE
BEAUNE

FRANCE
BORDEAUX
GRAVES ESCHENAUER CHATEAU OLIVIER

CHANSON VINTAGE SPARKLING BURGUNDY '26

A smart social success, superb with the roast! Chanson, established 1750, is also famous for crisp 1929 Chablis, delightful 1929 Pommard and many other fine white and red Burgundies.

ESCHENAUER CHATEAU OLIVIER '34

Graves—dry and crisp—pride of Bordeaux white wines. A dinner wine supreme, and it's *Chateau-bottled.* Shipped by the House of Eschenauer, famous for over a century.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC.
Sole U. S. Agents New York
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

You haven't really seen the World's Fair if you've missed

"OLD NEW YORK"

The biggest village at the Fair—providing a fun-filled visit back to the days of gas lights and fluffy ruffles. Seven eating and drinking places—including Knickerbocker Inn, where gay can-can girls and star entertainers catch the spirit of the old-time music hall. Walk through streets of old-fashioned stores, attend night court, see Steve Brodie do his famous leap. FUN FOR ONE AND ALL.

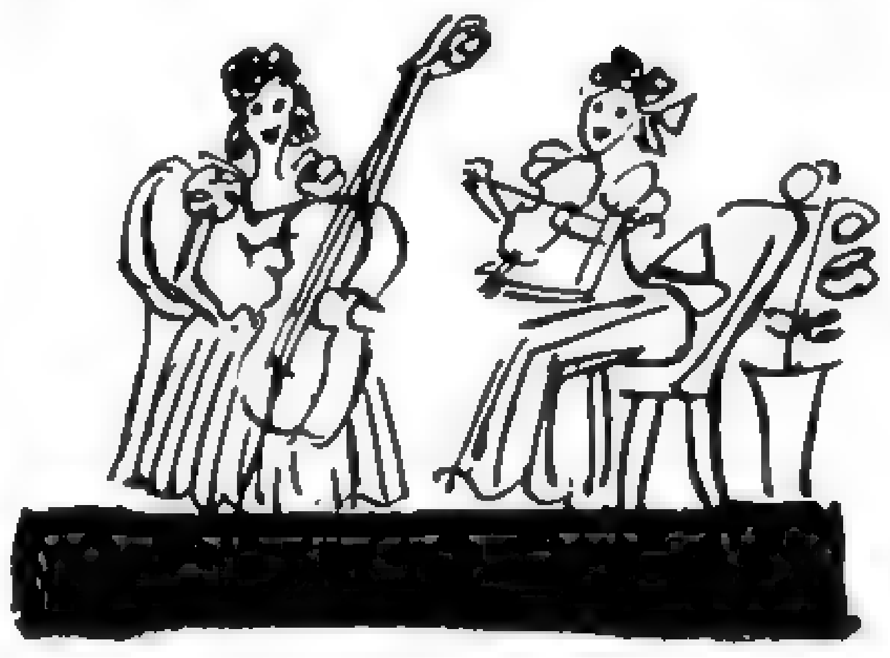
OPEN FROM 12 NOON TO 2 A. M.

DIRECTION OF GEORGE JESSEL

Admission 25c

AMUSEMENT AREA NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

FUN AND FOOD AT THE FAIR!



OLD NEW YORK

You could have knocked us over with a horse-feather, so amazed were we at the youthful looks and supple-ries of Ann Pennington at her reappearance as star of George Jessel's troupe in Old New York. We had been thinking of her as a Penny of the Past. And here she is, not a dimple missing! Which is one of the reasons why Knickerbocker Inn is so frequented these evenings—people dropping in for a glass of Ruppert's and a glimpse back into the Good Old Days, and finding the drollery contagious. Honestly, this place is a honey, replete with tongue-in-cheek touches. As for the show, the moment the "ladies of the orchestra" come mincing out in their spinsterly Gibson Girl getups and break into song hits of 1900, you know it's going to be good—terribly so. And is it!—with Chester Hale girls can-canning, Jean Bedini juggling, a Bowery Quartette rendering "Songs As You Like Them", and Col. Teddy Roosevelt congratulating Admiral Dewey on his timely victory. Besides these events at the Inn, there are performances on a raised platform in the middle of the village. And for chop-sueying there is a sizable Chinatown Restaurant, also equipped with bar and beer.

CUBAN VILLAGE

A replica of Sloppy Joe's drinking fountain in Havana overlooks the platform de dance where "shoeing the mule" and other Cuban intensities are performed by well-chosen native talent, with damsel Dolores as the star. When she is victimized in the "Sacrifice" number, believe us, it's no polite minuet. On the other side, there's a full-fledged restaurant where you can eat Cuban.

PARACHUTE JUMP

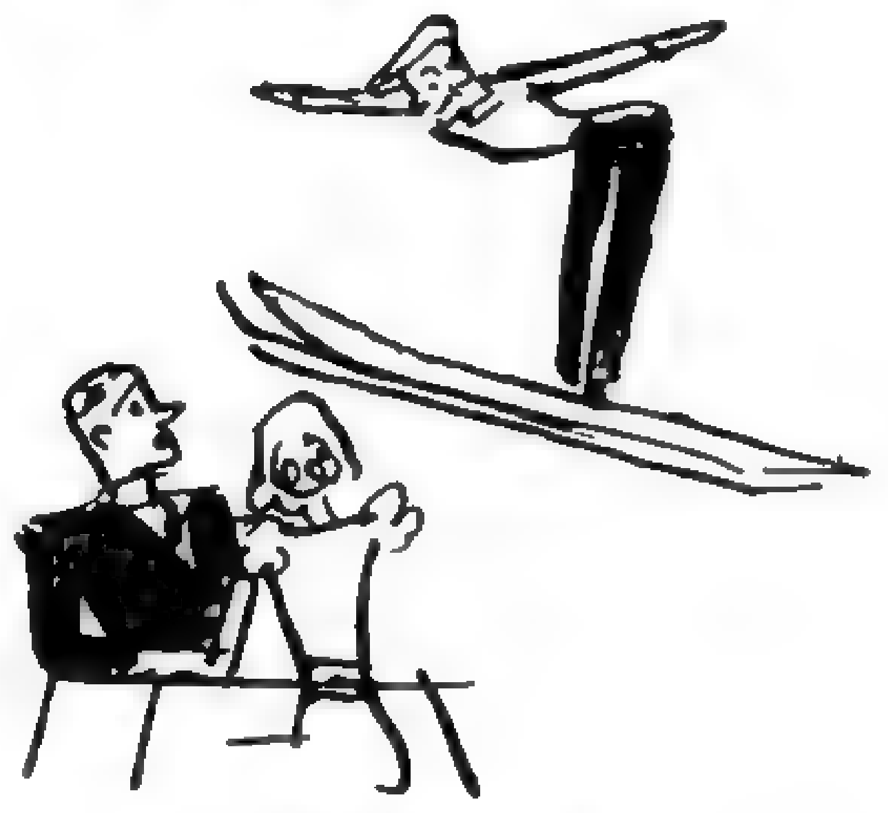
You take your umbrella with you. Incidentally, this snappy comedown is a handy treatment for drunks. No matter how swift they go up, they hit the ground sober.

CONGRESS OF BEAUTY

Expertly staged review featuring skin food for the eye. "Sun Worshippers", offered as side show, affords gravel trek around paddock of pretties.

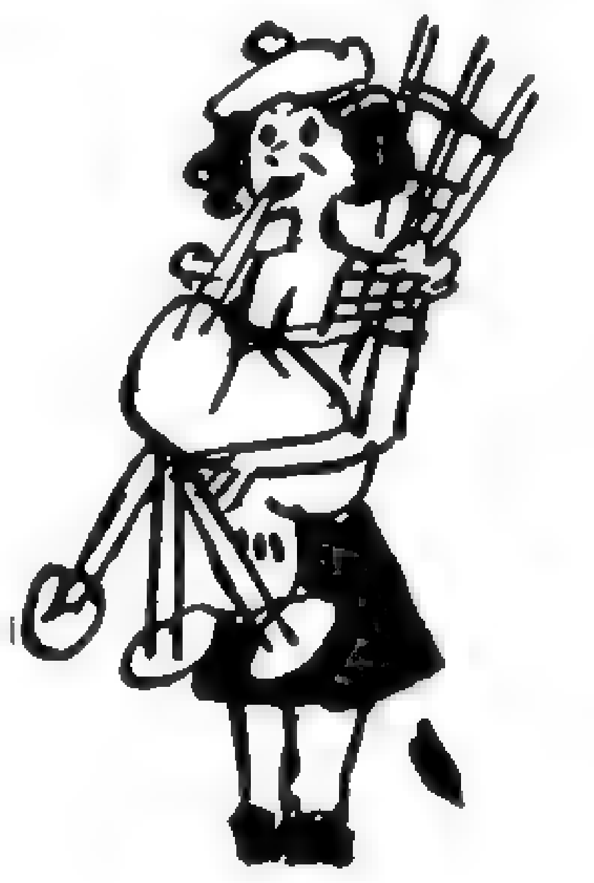
PENGUIN ISLE

Oily boids in full-dress suits.



SUN VALLEY

Elaborate scenic reproduction of Idaho's prize Switzerland with skating pond in the center, performed upon by ice ballet and stars. Half a dozen ski jumpers hurtle 60 feet plus. D'Artegan (amusing) and his orchestra supply the music. The Ralph Hitz organization supplies the food served at the Inn and the Tavern in this neck of the forest, and it's so tasty, you'd imagine it had come from a big hotel.



MERRIE ENGLAND

Britain's best-liked picturesqueness gathered together in one clump. Red Lion Inn, with its steaks, chops, and brews, has a courtyard full of Dagenham girl pipers and Rasch ballet dancers. The Globe Theatre players serve boiled-down Bard. Ye Cheshire Cheese caters quaintly, with a terrace for looking at the Fountain Lake sky noises.

AQUACADE

Gorgeous review presented by that shy little chap—what's his name—oh yes, Billy Rose. Armies of swim-nymphs stroking in perfect rhythm in a vast pool; other armies decorating the shore as John Murray Anderson told 'em to: Morton Downey and Frances Williams singing; Eleanor Holm in a Tarzan twosome with Johnny Weismuller; Gertrude Ederle; and sensational diving by assorted champs.

HEINEKEN'S ON THE ZUIDER ZEE

Dutch in every detail, this string of structures includes a windmill ginmill, a boat-landing café with an absolutely real Volendam boat tied up, Volendamsels who wait, and a Stuyvesant Room for sweet eating.

CRYSTAL LASSIES

The triple mirror at your tailor's is nothing to these, schemed by Norman Bel Geddes.

FUN AND FOOD AT THE FAIR!

SURREALIST PAVILION

Artist Salvador Dali's dizzy "impressions of the subconscious world" which, by good luck, happen to involve femininity, such as mermaids milking a cow under water, and Milady Venus reclining upon a 36 foot bed of glowing coals. Whether the latter got fire from her, or she from them, is not explained. The whole exhibit is a guessing game, in which you can't hope to guess as successfully wrong as Dali did.

CRYSTAL PALACE

Standing accommodations only. Nonsense and nifties by the m.c. pave the way to a vision of Rosita Royce, dancer, and her tactfully fluttering doves.

PEDAL BOATS

Floating bicycles built for two, for rent on Fountain Lake. You churn while you learn.

AMAZONS

Spears, shields, and not much other protection.

SCHAEFER CENTER

On the esplanade in front of the 125-foot Bar, stainless steel perambulators trundle kegs to serve you. In a huge refrigerated glass case back of the Bar, kegs feed the 28 taps. In the restaurant, even the chef's snowiest Bavarian cream pie has beer in it, boastingly. That is to say, you can drink here as well as eat.

LITTLE MIRACLE TOWN

Morris Gest-House containing complete miniature town, peopled with 125 Tom Thumbs and their sisters—all of them industrious as the Seven Dwarfs: operating their own theatre, manufacturing, railroading, broadcasting, etc. It's a lot of midgets for the money.

THEATRE OF TIME AND SPACE

If you have the time, they've got all the space in the universe and a rocket ship to whisk you through it at the tidy pace of 480 billion - million miles per hour. Giving the moon the go-by, you make a pass at Venus, get caught in a shower of meteors, blast through the Milky Way, dodge three-ringed Saturn, and meet Old Mother Earth as you've never met her before. The American Museum of Natural History and the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company schemed this up, proving themselves some schemers.

FAIR FERRY

A novel but cooling way to the Fair are those slick boats that take off from the East River at 49th Street and whiz you to the Fair in 28 minutes—just a splash and you're there—no fuss, no bother.

SAVOY

Harlem heat of a thoroughly authentic source, with stomping and wench-flinging.

RAILROADS ON PARADE

Super-super show of more than mechanical interest, located in the Transportation Area. Whole history of mankind's urge to go places is presented in pageantry by large cast of performers. Ox-cart and chariot days. Covered wagon pioneering. Pony express. The stage coach era. Erie Canal excitement. And railroads—from wheezing pygmies to swanklined giants. Specially composed music by Kurt Weill travels along with this spectacle, punching its moods and rhythms.

FOURTH OF JULY

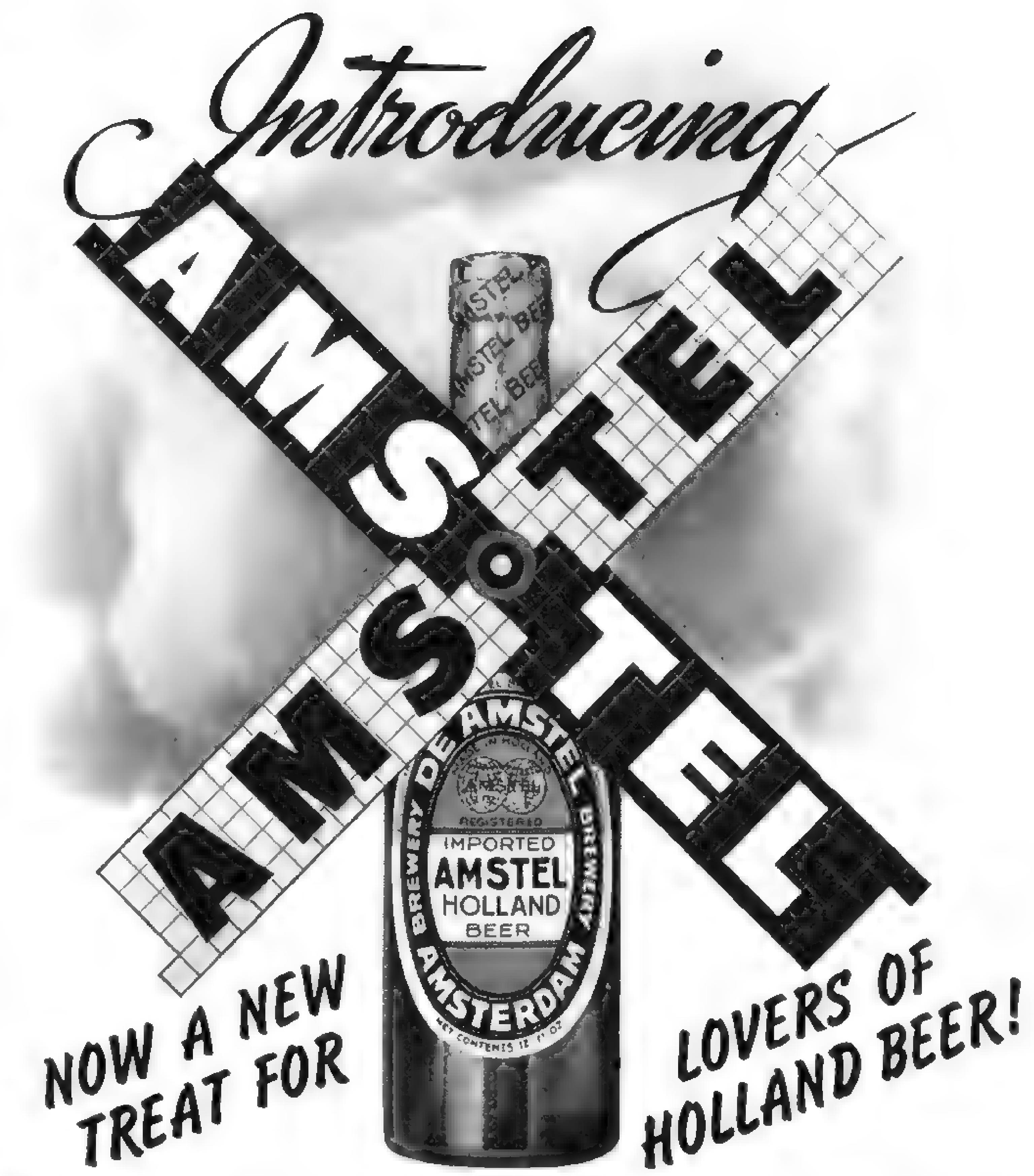
On Fountain Lake every night firecrackers, rockets, Roman Candles and everything else turn on a bang up display of pyrotechnics, the like of which you've never seen. Watch out for that rocket, or you'll be drinking it!

THREE RING CIRCUS

At Ballantine's Inn, the yodelers try to out-yodel the Schuhpalttler dancers, and the five thousand bucks behind the glass is a nice thing to gaze at.

HALL OF MUSIC

From opera to swing to ballet to everything musical—more classical than jitterbuggy.



AMSTEL Today, the world's largest exporter of Holland beer—the Amstel Brewery of Amsterdam—brings you the most famous brew of them all... good old Amstel! Known far and wide for its dry, delightful flavor—pale, golden color—and rich, creamy head, this truly distinctive brew represents Holland Beer at its best. Try it and you'll find that it's *pleasingly different!* On draught at leading bars... on sale in bottles at your favorite food store.

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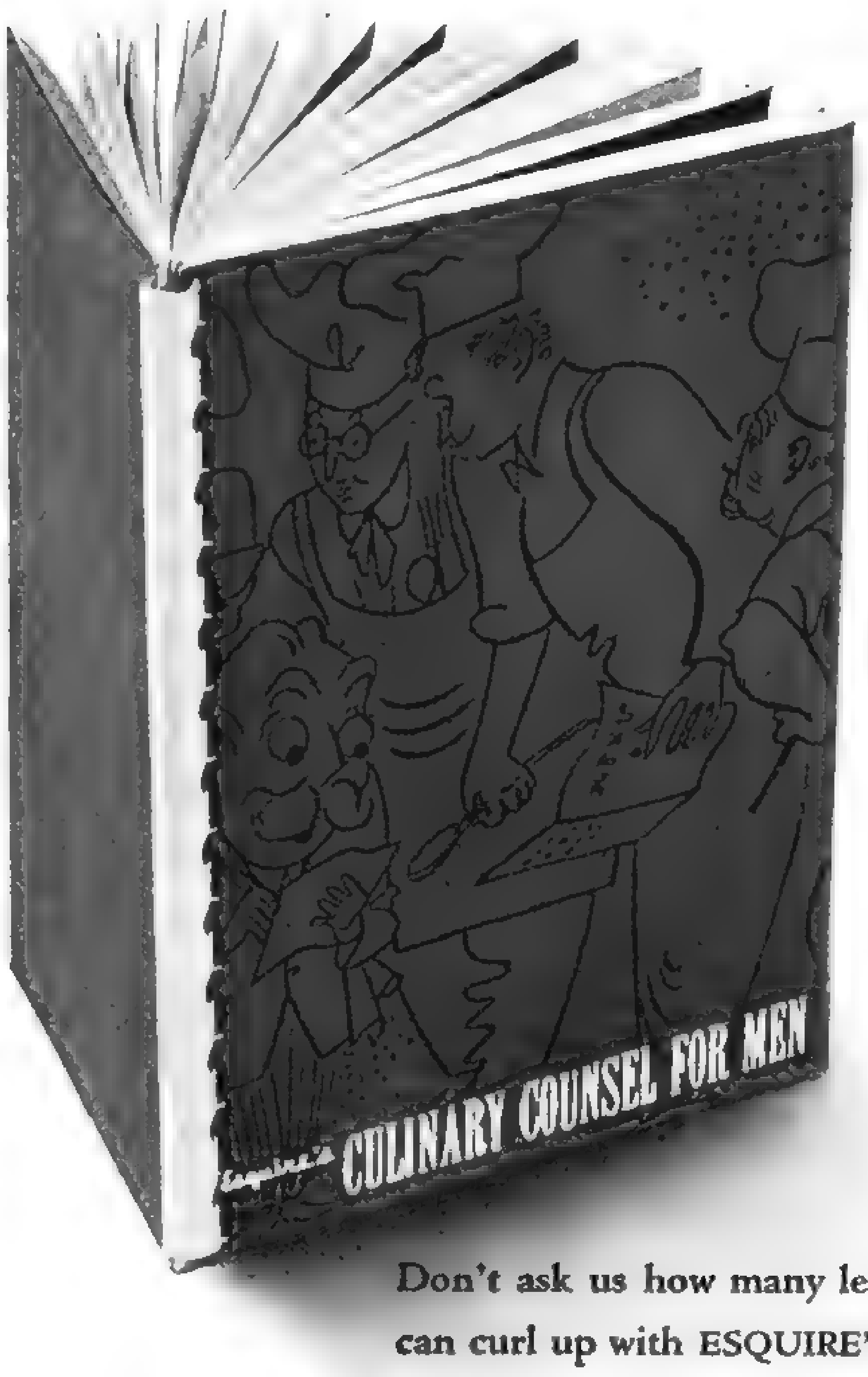
if you could only cook



Don't ask us how many lessons it will take, but you can curl up with ESQUIRE'S 56 page, plastic bound, stiff cover book and learn not only about crepes suzettes, but about scrambled eggs and drip coffee and even hamburgers—among many other pastimes. Then there's a section devoted to carving, all complete with the sort of graphic illustrations that will make you skillful as a Johns Hopkins' surgeon in and about the second joint. This is the book you've known all along that you've been waiting for. From now on, it's up to you.

50 cents in stamps brings you ESQUIRE'S authentic "culinary counsel for men"

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
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Homelike surroundings—Famous for its food and drinks—Conveniently located at Boylston and Exeter Streets within easy walking distance of the shopping and theatre districts. When next in Boston, let the Hotel Lenox make your stay more pleasant.

Rooms from $2.50

- **THE BLUE TRAIN**
  Boston's most unique cocktail salon and the center of social activities.
- **DANCING and ENTERTAINMENT**
  No Cover Charge—No Minimum Charge

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BEAUTIFUL
DUPLEX STUDIO APARTMENT
ON CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
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Only $2700 a year unfurnished. For information inquire through your broker or direct to Mr. Haines on premises 222 Central Park South, Telephone CIrcle 7-5600 or to James Williamson, Room 1115, 745 Fifth Avenue, Telephone ELdorado 5-6700.

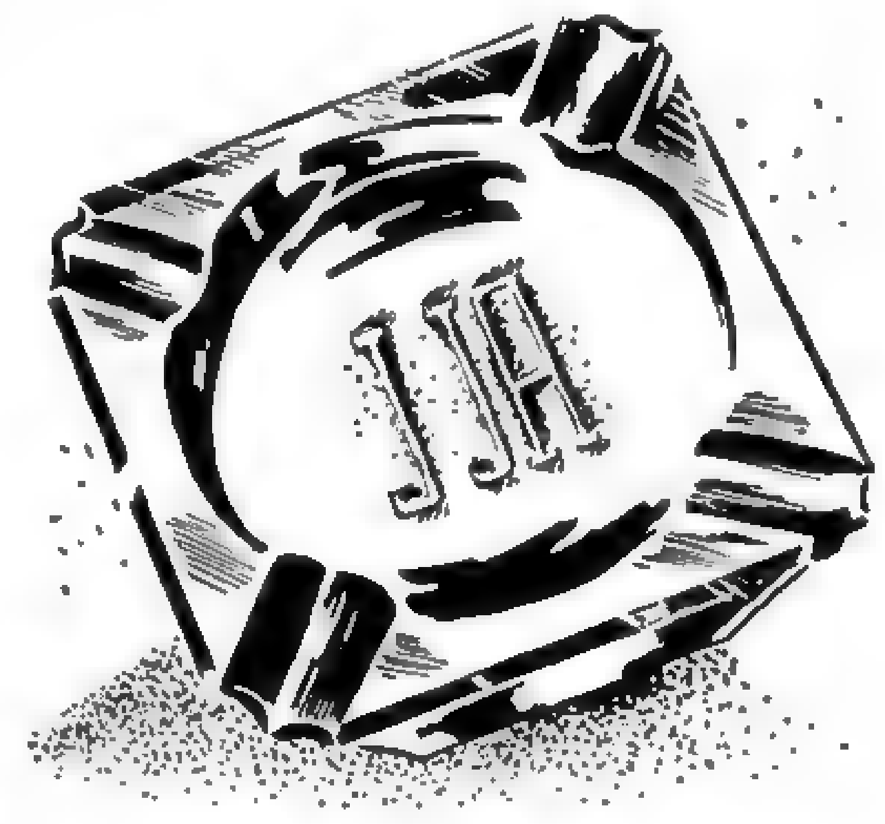
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

SOME LIKE IT SWEET

Having heard a considerable number of kind words lately anent the unusual "swing and sway" dance music of Sammy Kaye, we paid Mr. Kaye a visit at the Essex House Casino on-the-Park the other night by way of looking into the matter. A remarkable fellow, Mr. Kaye; at 29, he's close to tops in his field, supplying large doses of sweet music to a town whose customers have obviously demonstrated their preference for swing. Yet, and also obvious, the customers loved it.

While a sophomore at Ohio U., where he was studying for a career as engineer, Kaye organized a band to help ease the strain on the family coffers. He took over an empty storeroom located in the college town of Athens, had the boys paint it a few choice (and bilious) colors, knocked a hole in the wall to accommodate an antiquated electric fan, and dubbed it "The Varsity Inn". A few cronies studying art helped make up some seductive handbills, and in a short time the Inn was packing them in. It became a source of considerable revenue and paid the rest of his way through college. But conditions were not exactly bright in '33 when Sammy was presented with his sheepskin, and he decided to carry on his musical chores. Engagements were forthcoming, but national recognition didn't arrive until, in Cleveland, one of the networks installed a wire in the Willowick Country Club where the band was playing. It was here that a temporarily tongue-tied announcer was the inspiration for the musical trademark which has since been identified with Kaye and his orchestra. At the close of one of these early broadcasts, the announcer went into a description of the Kaye brand of music. "You've been listening to the music of Sammy Kaye," he concluded. "The music that swings, the music that......" And here he ignobly broke down, at a loss for words. Kaye, with one eye on the dancers, leaned over the mike. "...sways," he suggested hoarsely. "Yes", the grateful announcer repeated partly, "the music that swings and sways". It caught on immediately, and "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye" has heralded the opening and closing of every broadcast since that more or less epochal evening.

That was three years ago, and the success of his radio broadcasts led to a tour of hotels, parks and theatres. It also led to an engagement last season at the N.Y. Paramount—prime swing temple of the Empire City, and decidedly an uncongenial place for a "sweet band" to make a New York debut. Surprisingly enough they were held over for two additional weeks, and in a popularity poll taken shortly after, the Swing and Sway band placed third in the city's affections—becoming tribute to a band that was so provincial as to present "sweet" music to a jitterbug-packed house. Since that appearance Manhattan has evidently adopted Mr. Kaye. He has, in fact, discounting occasional national tours, come to stay.



A HOSTESS NEVER FORGETS

Occasionally we come across some sort of gift item, useful gadget or other that, though inexpensive, is unusually smart due to the designer's good sense in adhering to simplicity and severity in his design. If you want to give your week-end hostess her due, here's an inexpensive suggestion—the new square ash-tray, shown above. Handsome in appearance, it's made of clear crystal and an attractive monogram of three letters is thrown in for the same price. Practical and suitable for a host, too.

PLANNING YOUR POSIES

If you go about flower arranging in anything approaching a systematic manner, you'll be glad to hear of a mid-town shop that makes, on the spot, cleverly designed flower holders which you can't get anywhere else. One of them is made of nickle-plated copper, fits over the side of the bowl so flower stems don't cross (which they shouldn't). Another one is made of soft lead which is easily bent so the flowers can be arranged anyway you want them. For a flat bowl there's one of adjustable lead that comes in four sizes, and sits on the bottom of the bowl. This shop has everything on hand needed for arrangement competitions in flower shows, including unusual vases, bases, holders and all the prescribed paraphernalia.

An *Unchanging* Factor In A *City of Change*

Since before President Lincoln's administration, the occupancy of the White House has changed many times. Holders of seats in both branches of the Congress have been switched with even greater frequency. Heads of the great Departments, Diplomats, Officers of Army and Navy, with thousands of those who carry the lesser burdens of Government responsibility—come and go. The Nation's Capital is indeed a City of Change; yet, in this city of swift and sudden substitution, there are two unchanging factors of particular interest to advertising people. One is that for all the comings and goings the population of Washington grows steadily from year to year. And the second factor of interest is its leading newspaper—The STAR—with a security of circulation and reader-confidence as firm as the shifting political scene is fickle. Published evenings since 1853, and Sundays since 1906, The STAR, with its daily circulation of over 145,000 copies, completely blankets the National Capital and adjacent suburbs in Maryland and Virginia. As proof of its tremendous, as well as economical, pulling power, consider these two outstanding facts:

1—For the past 7 years, The Star has rated the Number One Position in THE NATION in point of total advertising lineage carried.

2—The STAR carries more than twice as much advertising lineage as its closest Washington competitor.

No wonder, then, that advertisers find they can depend upon THE STAR to loosen the purse-strings of a city of 630,000 people . . . most of them Government employes, with an average spendable income of $46,000,000 monthly.

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With Sunday Morning Edition
WASHINGTON, D.C.

75TH ANNIVERSARY
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RACE MEET
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1939

TERMINAL BARBER SHOPS
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*195 Broadway
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*1 Wall Street
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*Hotel Lincoln
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"Where the Promise is Performed"
TERMINAL BARBER SHOPS
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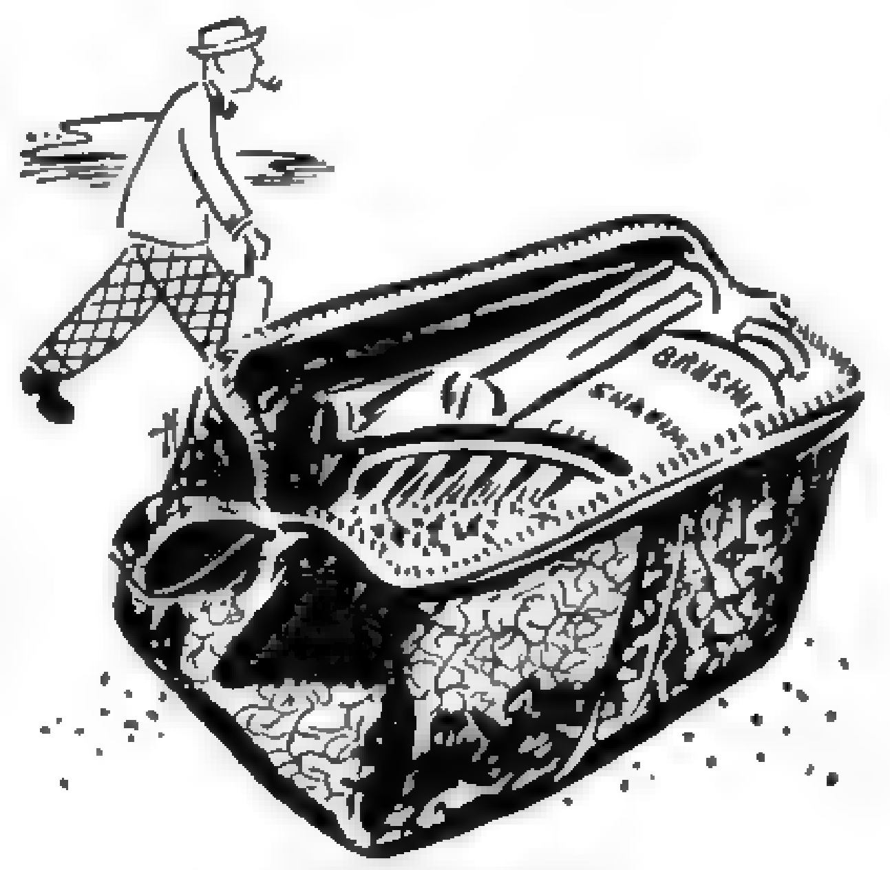
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • DETROIT • CINCINNATI • PITTSBURGH • BALTIMORE

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



KIT TO FIT

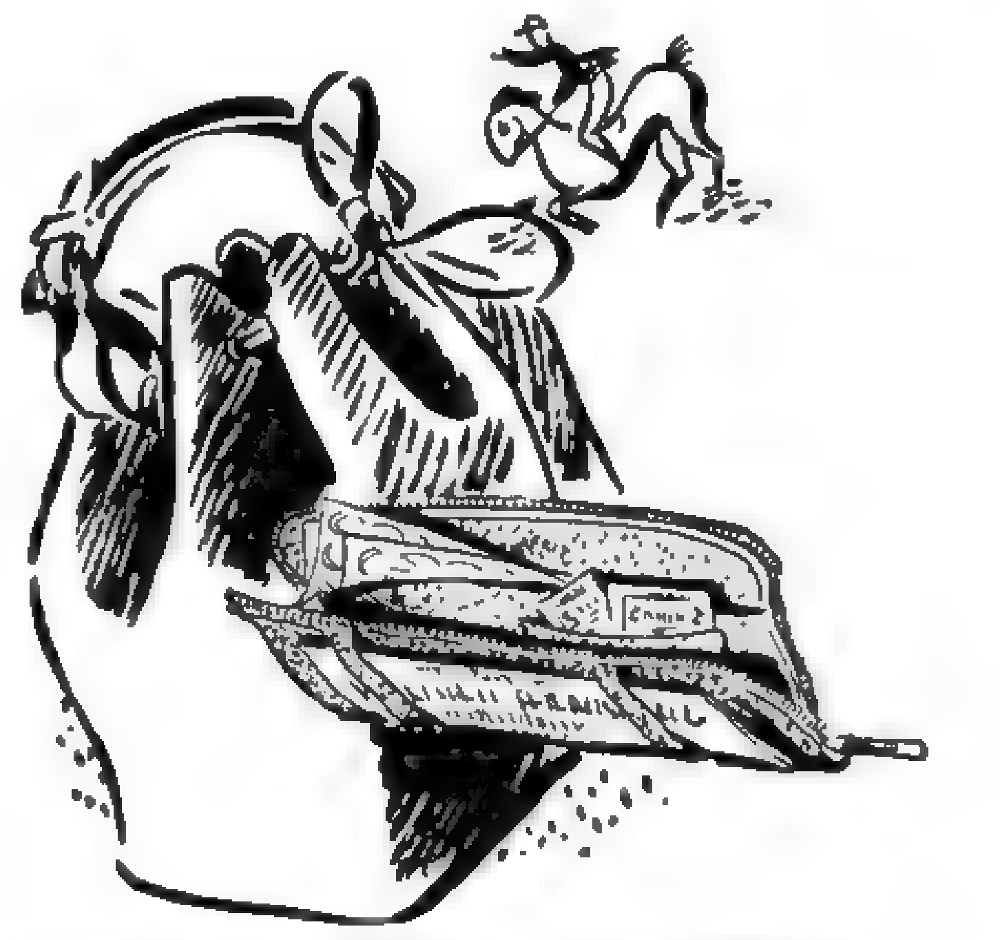
Perspicacious (thank you, professor) travelers recognize the need for a small kit bag for toilet articles and other odds and ends to supplement their larger case. They've found it's a neat way to keep tooth-paste at a safe distance from their dress shirts, and definitely more convenient than lugging a large suitcase into the pullman car washroom. There's a new kit bag that ought to fit the bill. Small, yet with roomy interior, it zips wide open and stays that way for easy packing. It's light and flexible, is rugged enough to take considerable tossing around and is lined with oil-silk. Comes in pigskin, cowhide, etc., it serves the purpose of a carry-all for the knick-knacks you collect on the trip.

FANCY FEED-BAG

Thoughtfully aware of the many men and women who want their cake and figure too, a mid-town delicacy purveyor has just produced a new cake that is "free from fatty substances" according to its originator. It's a special baba au rhum and is made without the use of flour. The flourlessness is not noticeable as it's been generously plied with rum.

In the liquid department, we give you Petite Marmite, a soup that's won 25 medals at as many expositions. A broth with beef and vegetables, it is made in France and imported in tins weighing 29 ounces. Instead of opening the tin and pouring the contents into a pot for heating as usual, you place it in a casserole, cover with hot water and boil for 35 minutes. After opening, the soup is stirred and served in a small tureen or bowl. Very tasty.

Just arrived at the same shop is Macedonia, which is Mexican, we gathered, for fruits and syrup. It's available in jars containing pineapples, kumquats, pears, peaches, figs, cherries and apricots. Another newcomer is the Oyster Nut—so called because its shell looks like an oyster; color, pattern, shape and all. It is even split along the side like the *ostrea virginica.* The Oyster Nut comes by the way of the high seas from South Africa, can be had either shelled or unshelled. First users report they make swell canapés, especially when topped with a spot of caviar.



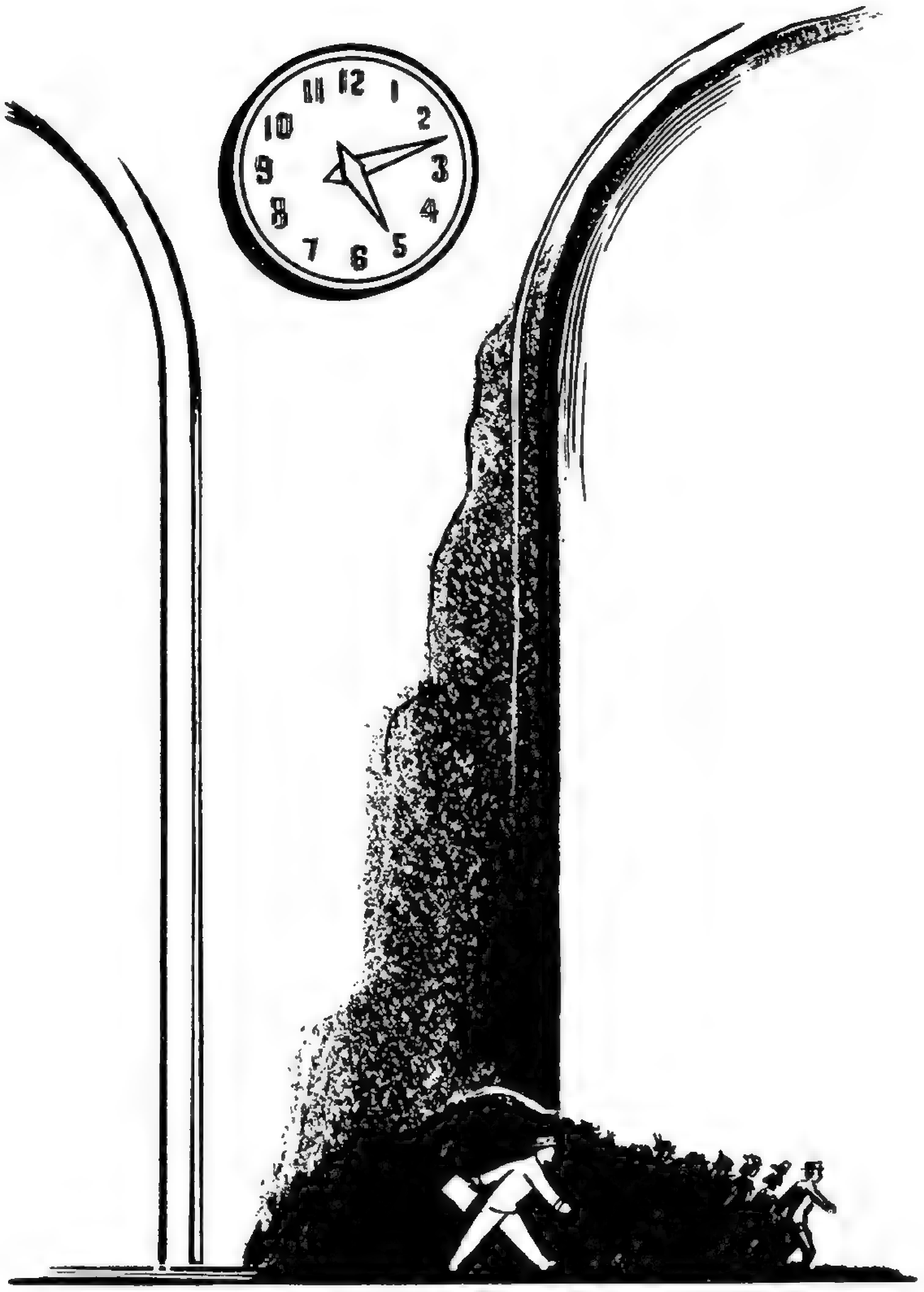
NOTES ANENT THE SPORT OF KINGS

Seems that the representative of a well-known American leather goods manufacturer, at the races at Longchamps, saw the head jockey of the Rothschild stables carrying this (at left above) over-size collar bag around the paddock. Rothschild's jockey told him that the famous racehorse owner had had it made for carrying his racing silks. Tracing its source he found it was a more or less exact replica of bags carried by pilgrims in the Crusades of the 11th Century. When the original model was located at the Musée Cluny in Paris, they copied it exactly in hand-boarded hide. It's a sturdy leather and the bag is highly practical as a carry-all for sports paraphernalia of all kinds. The design is one of most unusual to come along in quite some time. Speaking of racing, there's a new track accessory that does an admirable job of organizing your betting activities. It's a handsomely designed leather zipper wallet, one side holding the program, the other your handicappers selections. A pencil is at hand for instant use and inside there's an arrangement of pockets, two for your tickets and two full size sections for keeping your money safely. One of these sections, by the way, carries the charming and hopeful legend—"money won".

SHOOT THE LICORICE TO ME JOHN BOY

We always take pleasure in recording the arrival of a new type of candy from overseas. Men, it seems, who aren't in the habit of candy indulgence are usually on the lookout for those of the imported variety either for gift purposes or as a good reason for a bit of surreptitious intemperance on their own hook. To them we pass on word of a licorice roll, new to this country, that has been a long-time favorite in England. Made of cream taffee licorice, it has that not too sweet flavor that most men like, is especially good for hot weather consumption. Non-smokers, who compromise by pampering their sweet tooth, take notice.

Ranger



WHAT TO READ ON THE 5:15 . . .

Five nights each week . . . 50 weeks each year . . . you board the "5:15" after a hard day at the office . . . headed for home and relaxation! And each morning, after a good night's sleep, you hop a morning train to town for another day of business!

Like the rest of us, my friend, you are a commuter. And like the rest of us, naturally, you wish your rides to and from work to be as pleasant . . . as entertaining . . . as interesting and as free from boredom as possible. The best way to accomplish this is by reading. Reading will make the time pass more quickly, free your mind from the rush of business, allow you to relax!

And CORONET is the perfect solution to "what to read on the 5:15." CORONET is both entertaining and educational . . . interesting and amusing . . . inspirational and thought-provoking. Above all, CORONET is exactly the right size! It fits easily into a man's coat pocket or a woman's handbag . . . it can be handled with facility without danger of pages flopping and tearing . . . and CORONET'S lively stories, articles and breathtaking reproductions, like the book itself, are streamlined for convenience. That is what makes CORONET the favorite of many thousands of commuters all over the country!

Before you board the "5:15" tomorrow, ask your newsstand dealer for CORONET!

CORONET

Thirty-five Cents

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Vance Randolph

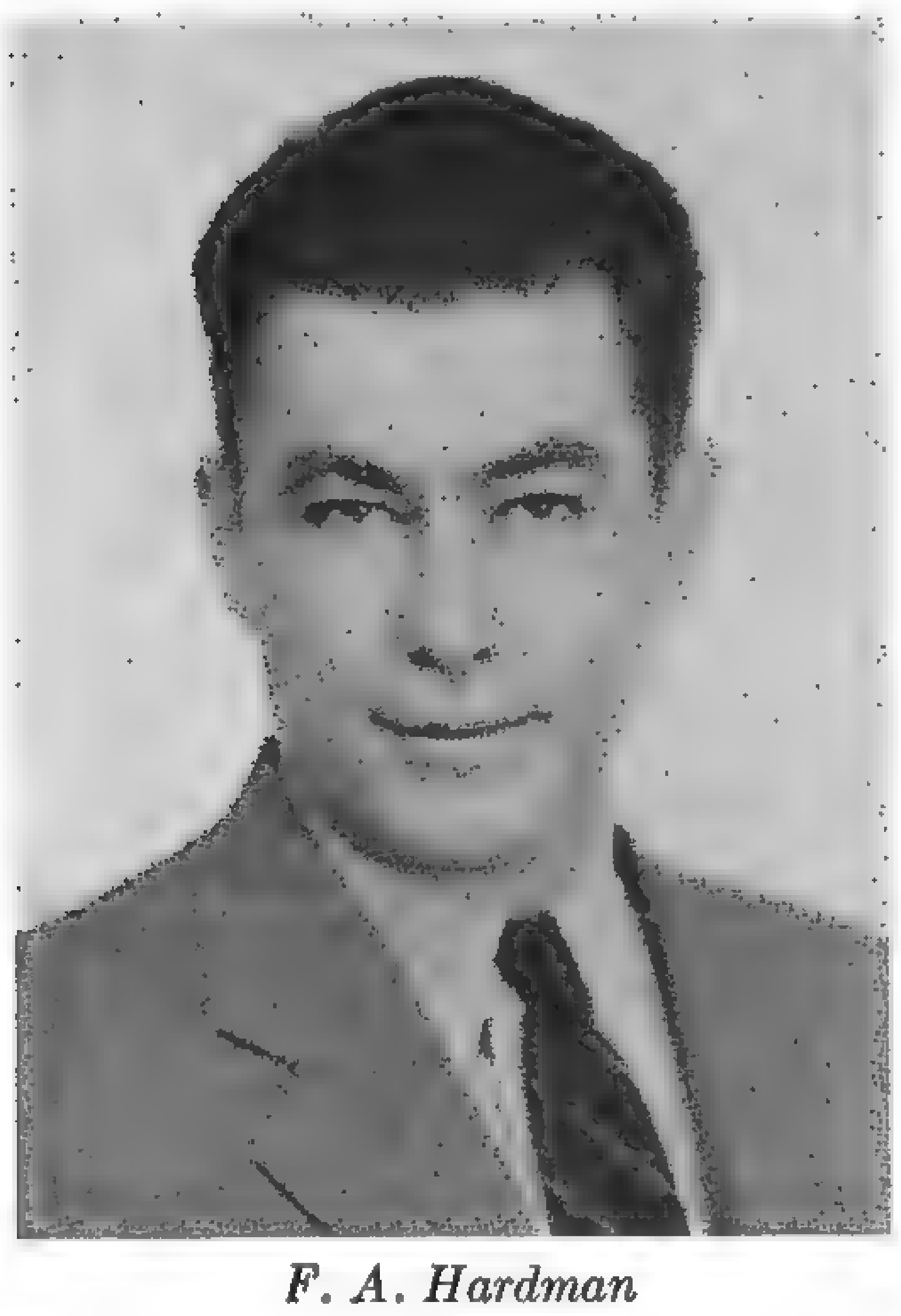
Vance Randolph has lived in the Missouri Ozarks for nearly twenty years. He has written many books about that region, among them: *Hedwig*, *From an Ozark Holler* and *The Camp on Wildcat Creek*. In the days when he taught psychology at the University of Kansas, he contributed to such formidable publications as the *Journal of American Folklore*, the *American Anthropologist*. Several years ago he went to Hollywood and got a job in the movies. He wasn't much good at patching scripts, and was canned in 1934. Since then he's published popular articles in everything from the *American Mercury* to *Field & Stream*, not to mention a series of pamphlets for Haldeman-Julius.

•

Women I've Fought With is the result of thirty-three years of more or less painful research by Hubbell Robinson. He announces that any resemblance of any of the characters to any persons living or dead is entirely deliberate. Mr. Robinson is in Hollywood at the moment, supervising radio shows. He co-authored Helen Hayes' latest radio vehicle, *Crossroads for Two*.

•

The Russians marks F. A. Hardman's third appearance in print. A taxidermist by trade, he has had one short story published by *Story*, another by *Frontier*. He has lived mostly in San Antonio, Texas, except for occasional wanderings up and down the coast. He claims the odd distinction of having been jailed in three different countries.



F. A. Hardman

•

George Anthony Weller (*Night Watchman*, page 28) was born in Boston in 1907, prepared for college at Roxbury Latin School and was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1929.

After seven months as instructor in the Evans Ranch School at Tucson, Arizona, he went to Europe in the summer of 1930 as an exchange student of the Austro-American Institute of Education. *Not to Eat, Not for Love*, his first book, was published in 1933 by Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. Mr. Weller was a student at the University of Vienna and the Max Reinhardt School of the Theatre. At present, he is in America.

•

William E. Wilson is at work on a book about the Wabash for Farrar and Rinehart's Rivers of America series. He was born in Evansville, Indiana, in 1906, brought up on a diet of Hoosier politics, cooking and plenty (New Harmony was once his paradise because one of his uncles owned the only "picture show," another the only hotel and a cousin owned the biggest soda fountain); Hoosier hot weather (see page 57); and Hoosier Christmases (with firecrackers). Since then he's studied at Harvard, getting his A. M. degree in 1930, worked for several newspapers, traveled a little. He teaches English in a Rhode Island art school and writes for the magazines. He is married and has a five-year-old son who thinks that Indiana is a synonym for Christmas. So does he.

William E. Wilson

•

Vernon J. Clancey says that having decided to become a scientist and to that end having graduated in the University of London, become an Associate of the Royal College of Science and a fellow of various learned societies, he should have stuck to the laboratory. But films lured him away. He made several scientific films and founded what is now the British Film Institute. For eight years now he has earned his living as scenario writer for films in London, Paris and Berlin and has practically forgotten science. *Time for Thinking*, a hangover from former years, was inspired by the skeleton of the Neanderthal Man in the British Museum.

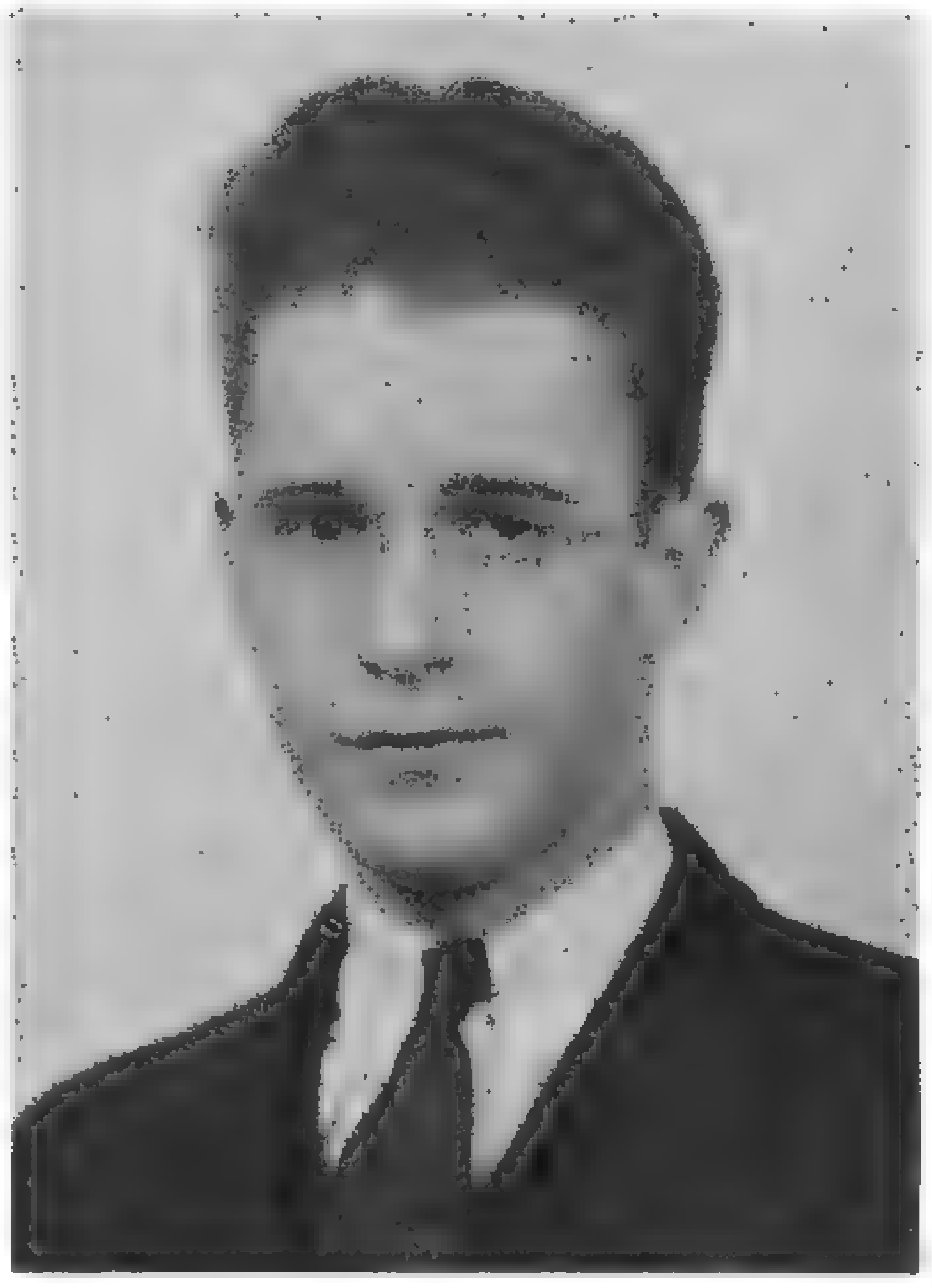
•

Last spring Erskine Caldwell married Margaret Bourke-White, ace photographer, with whom he has done two books, *You Have Seen Their Faces* and *North of the Danube*. The latter, published last March, is a series of cameo pictures of Czechoslovakia, which when fitted together make a mosaic of the whole country. *Tobacco Road*, Jack Kirkland's dramatization of Caldwell's novel, is now in its sixth year. Last year Caldwell divided his time between lecturing at the New School of Social Research on the Southern Tenant Farmer and directing and helping to produce the dramatization of his novel *Journeyman*.

Erskine Caldwell

•

Duane A. Yarnell says: "In high school I flunked English and passed typewriting with high honors. However, at the time, no one told me that those were the qualifications necessary to become an author. I spent two years in Park College, butchering, commercial arting, ghosting articles, etc. With the above distractions plus track, tennis, cross country and basketball, the academics suffered. I found the only beautiful co-ed in the world who thought a bald spot cute. Married her. While the wolf howled in Kansas City, I tried fiction, selling only enough to finance a nervous breakdown. Wife suggested I stop writing of love, of which I knew nothing and concentrate on sports. My stuff now appears regularly in sports magazines. Sports editor of *Wyoming Tribune* in daytime. Write nights. Plan South Sea jaunt real soon."



Edward Mellinger

E. D. Mellinger is twenty-one years old, has spent fourteen years singing in a church choir, and is thoroughly illusioned. Born in Pittsburgh, he attended school there, worked in an oil laboratory, attending night classes at Pittsburgh University. Later he spent some months reporting for a regional news-magazine, a short term turning out letters for the Better Business Bureau. Five months ago he went to Boston, where he says he has quietly congealed.

•

Carleton Smith, while resting from a lecture tour, is recording comment on music for RCA-VICTOR. Fifty-odd broadcasting stations are carrying his remarks on the waltz, along with a program of waltzes by Ravel, Sibelius and the Strausses. The series will begin Friday evening, July 28th.

•

R. DeWitt Miller became a free-lance writer after graduating in journalism from the University of Southern California. He has contributed to *Popular Science*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Your Life*, *Coronet*, *For Men*, *Life*, *Mechanix Illustrated*, assorted pulps and trade papers. He has never been known to empty his pipe anywhere except on the rugs, which has little or nothing to do with *So You'd Like to Disappear*, on page 75.

R. DeWitt Miller

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A pale golden gin... the first to be distilled in America... a gin of rare mellowness and fine bouquet... distilled and bottled by
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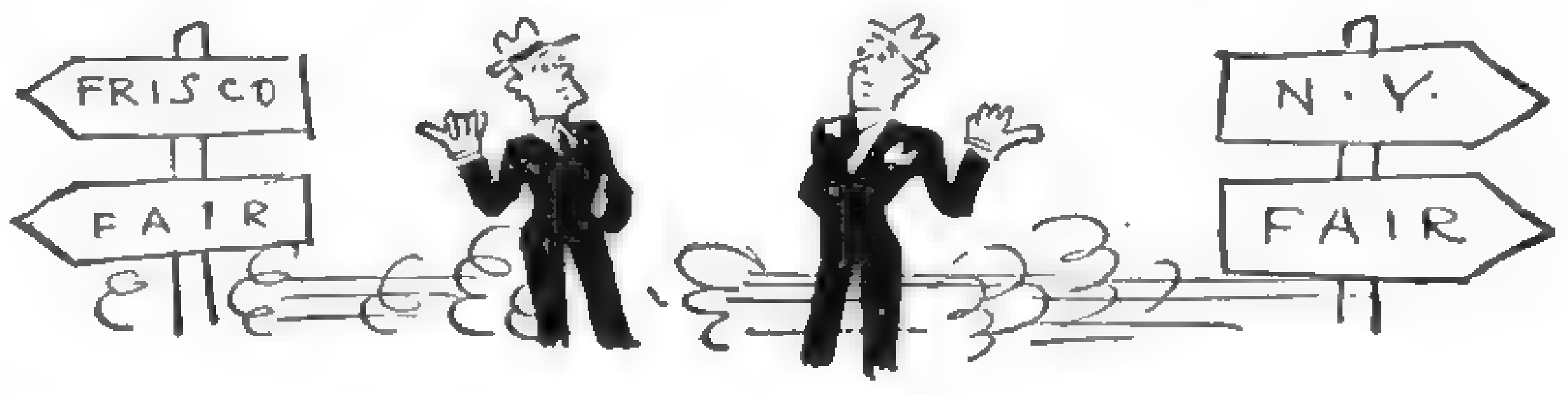

CURE FOR THE FAIRWAY BLUES. Statistics have an unpleasant way of bringing deplorable truths to light. A recent computation confronts us with the fact that less than 5% of all golfers ever break 90. Such an unhappy situation would seem to demand decisive action—in fact it calls for the well known shot in the arm. We offer you the same, if you're not in this exclusive 5% group, in the shape of a new golf manual. With no flourishes or excess palaver, it gives you in simple and concise form the fundamentals of the game, the dope on how to improve yours, and what's necessary to hit the ball correctly so you can rid your game of slicing, dubbing, failure to get distance, hitting the ground behind the ball, etc. Accompanying diagrams are as simple and direct as the text, should considerably aid the beginner or average player in pursuit of lower scores.

LOOSEN YOUR LEATHER. Leather, as we've said before, distinctly speaks a man's language and most men take pretty good care of their leather possessions—luggage, book bindings, saddles—whatever they may be. An enthusiastic leather cultist recently put us on the track of an unusually good conditioner, the same being an important factor in leather preservation. Technically it's an emulsion which penetrates the leather quickly and distributes the proper amount of oil throughout. More simply it's a dressing designed to preserve and restore old leathers and conserve the life of new. It's been quite successful for use on shoes and leather jackets, harness equipment, golf bags, upholstery, etc., leaving that mellow, supple feel that all good leathers should have, and adding years to its life in the bargain. Try it on that first folio of Shakespeare you picked up at a fire sale.

SMOKING KIT FOR THE NEOPHYTE. Not enough thought is given these days to the young man who's about to take that big step along the road to maturity—smoking his first pipe. It's definitely an important event in any man's life and should be handled with forethought and finesse. Although designed for smokers both young and old, there's a new pipe kit that is especially valuable for the neophyte. It contains packages of three different cuts of fine tobacco and a mechanically pre-smoked, already broken-in pipe that starts the beginner out under ideal conditions, saving him the task of caking it himself. In addition, in case you want to make a gift of the kit or make sure that the pipe stays where it belongs, the makers engrave your signature (or anyone else's) on the stem. As the kit is compact and stows away into very small amount of luggage space it's highly practical for vacation purposes.

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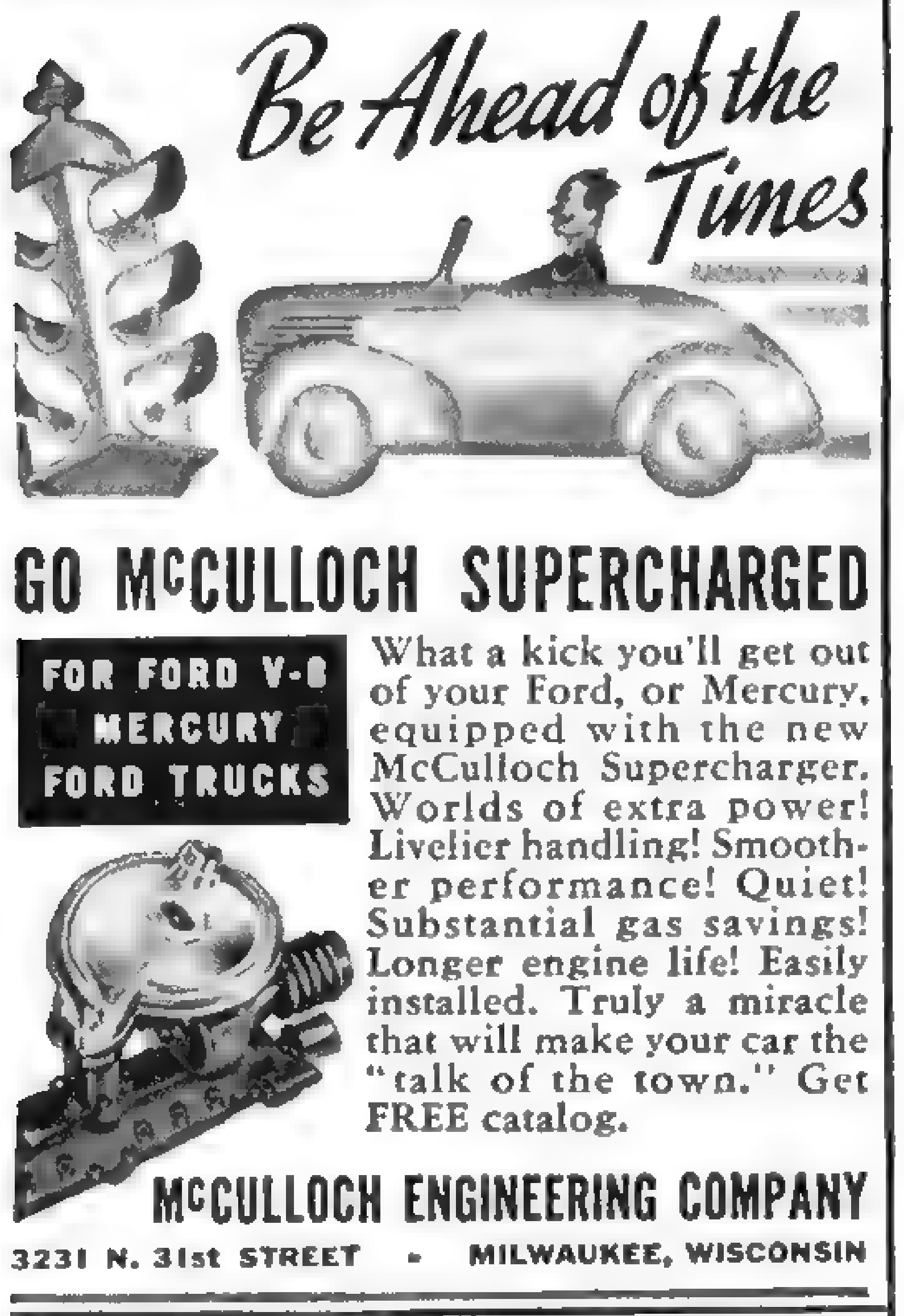
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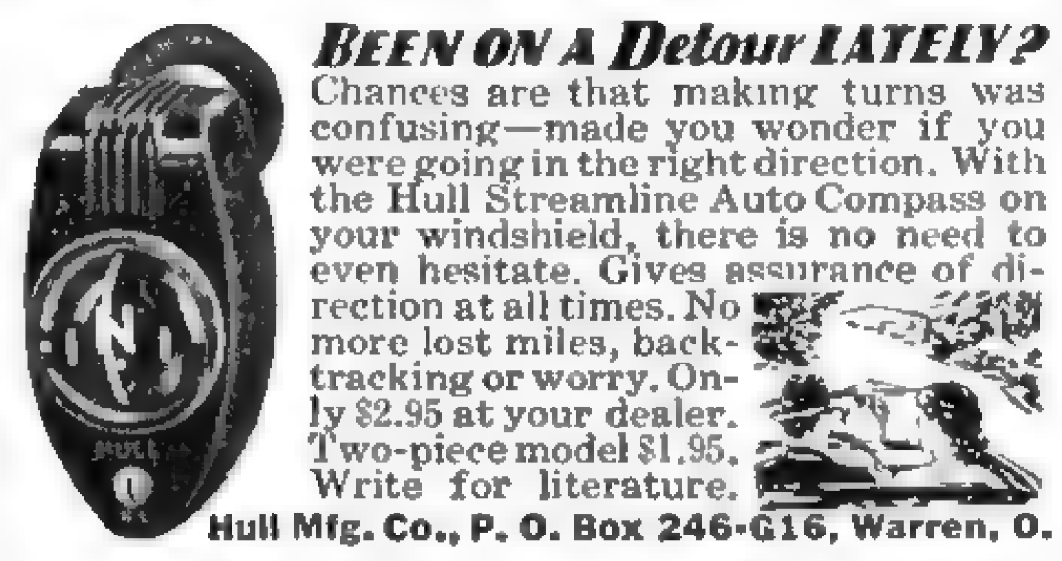
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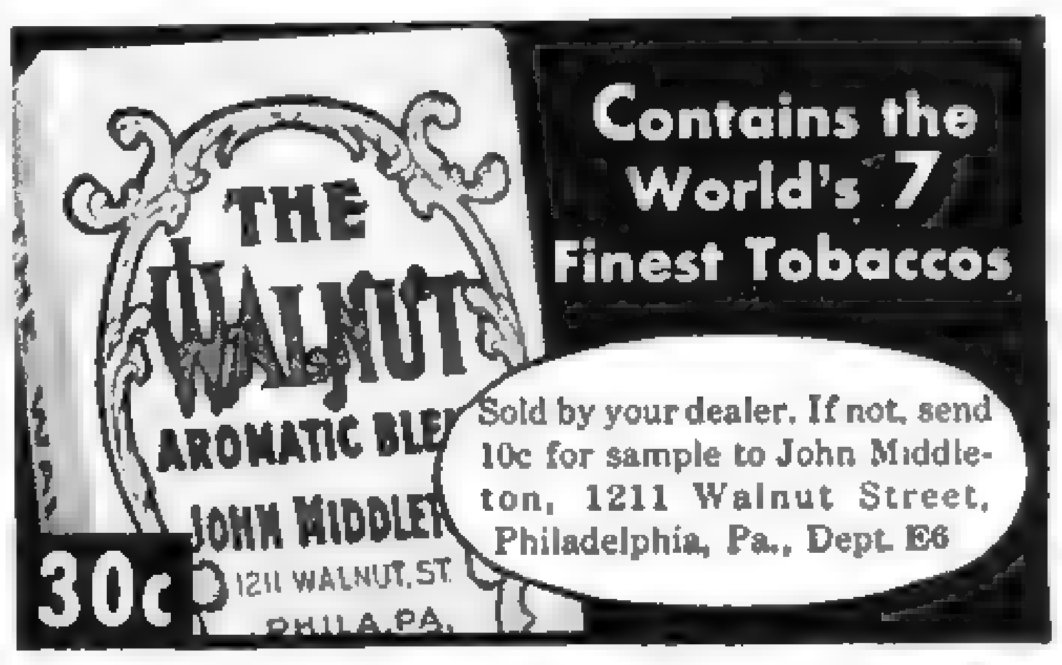
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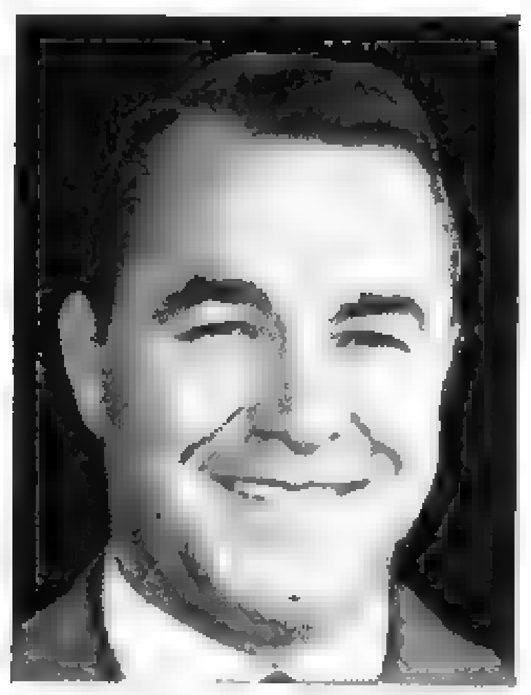
GENE SARAZEN

"JUG" McSPADEN

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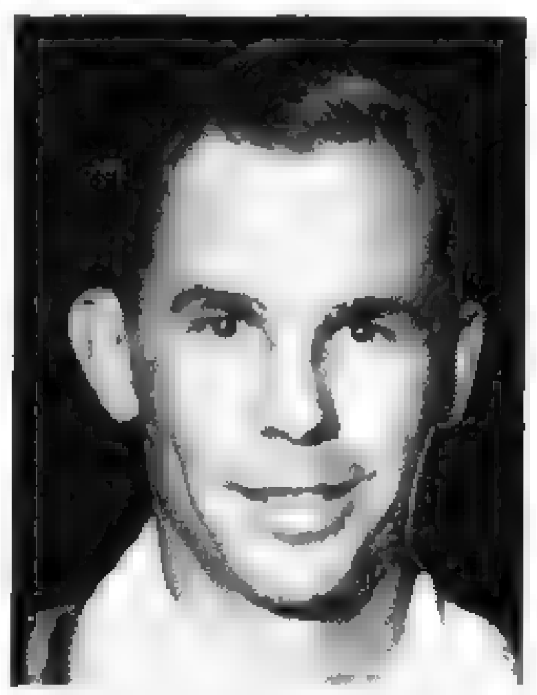
ELLSWORTH VINES

DON BUDGE

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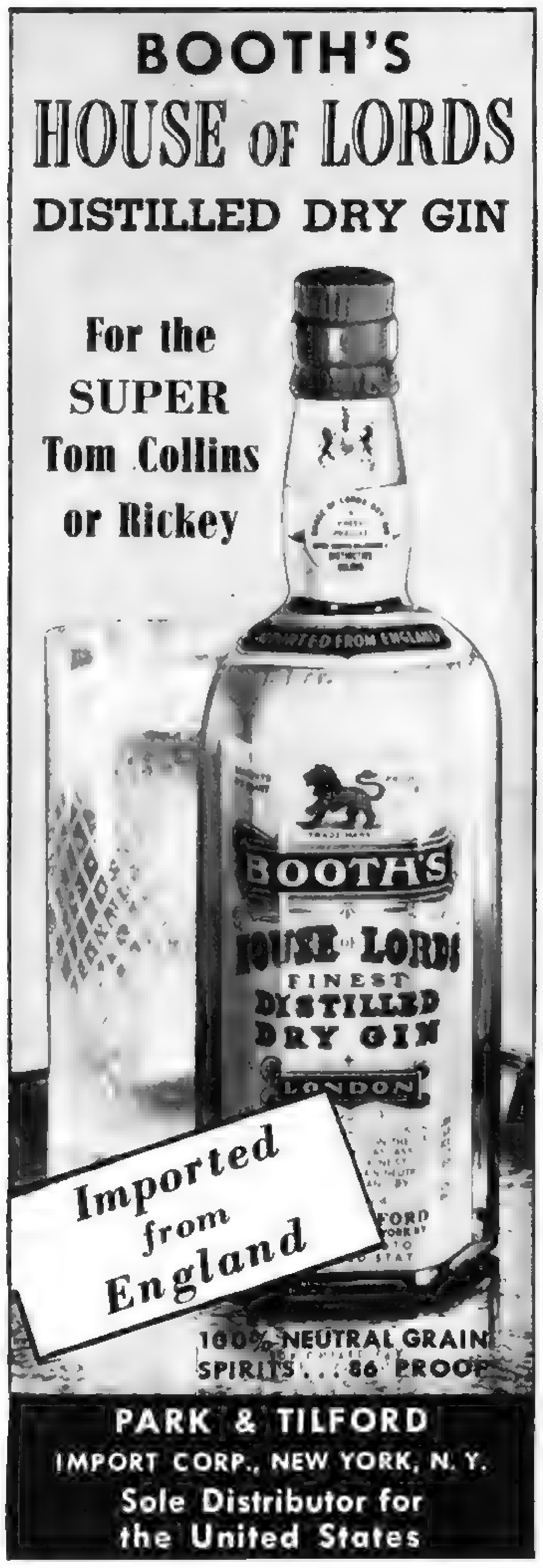

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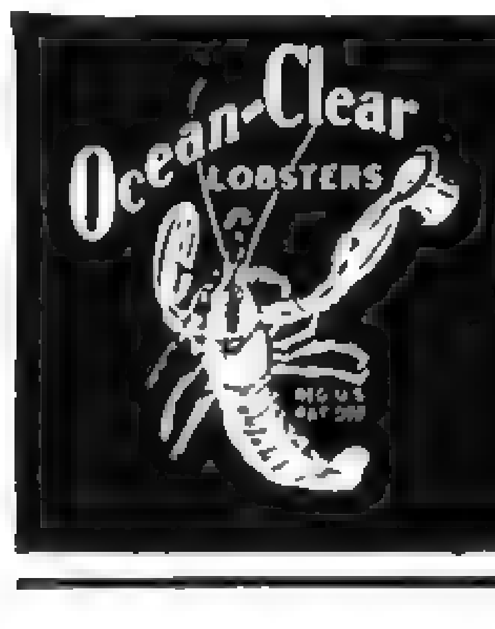

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To turn a white elephant into a winnah is something of a trick—and exactly that has been accomplished by diagnostician Alex Finn, who blew in from Boston, prowled through the vastness of the International Casino and decided that what it needed was a good show. So it's got one, together with certain alterations and beauticianings, and Dame Care has been given a kick in the pants to the tune of a thousand rattle-rattles per session—not to mention the stickwork of drummer gals who beat their way to the stage from all directions, and the tomtoming that accompanies the Haitian voodoo fest. Harry Richman, featured, is in typical fettle. Milton Berle is complete and unabridged as announcer and general ribber. Georgie Tapps nimbles neatly. A couple of tiny midgets go big. But it's the girls—75 of them in clever costumes or well-nigh without—that give the show its theme: pulchritude.

Did you ever, when you were in France, meet and fall in love with a plump, rosy hearted, double-filet beefsteak by the name of Chateaubriand? Well, that toothsome bundle of juiciness, or its twin sister, is on call at the Chambord (Third Avenue above 49th), the Paris-like establishment where you crystal-gaze into the kitchen, observing magicians at work. Also available is Pressed Duck, silver-towered at your tableside in the true Tour d'Argent manner, and glorious is the gravy thereof, especially when consumed in conjunction with a magnum of good Burgundy such as the Chambord cellar holds for the faithful.

Wonderful how serenely Georges of the Hotel Algonquin floorwalks his way, noontimes and evenings, through an atmosphere thick with plots, literary deals, and cracks of wisdom. The air-conditioning system is what saves him, though it does sometimes become congested with bon mots. Sachem Frank Case, interviewed on the subject, bandies: "I get hoarse listening."

Spaghetti of a notably yummous sort flourishes in Zucca's Italian Gardens on 49th Street, half a block west of Radio City. Trivial, however, compared with Rigatoni, the latter being pasta tubes nearly an inch in diameter and delicious no end as prepared by this nourishment institute. Zucca's clubbiest frequenters have their own private entrance at the left and do their eating and fraternizing in the Restaurant Bar. Here you will always see proprietors of other well known places enjoying "busman's holiday". It's food more easily eaten than beaten.

Park Avenue elegance unbends insouciantly, but without letdown of standards, at Le Coq Rouge, around the corner on 56th Street. Your cold Vichyssoise is duly chilled (in a nest of ice) but not your spirits, for George Sterney and his fellow niche-holders purvey zestful rhythms, and those perennial favorites, the Tisdale Trio, keep songing along obligingly. In consequence, couples who drop in for a cocktail at the revered Skyline Bar decide to stay for dinner and discover suddenly that it's the supper hour with the evening still in its shank. Also, there are friends to visit with, because the patronage of this spot consists not merely of nice people but of the *same* people again and again. So be warned: Don't venture in unless you're prepared to succumb for keeps.

At the Onyx, sepia Maxine Sullivan, who heated up Loch Lomond, grills your emotions . . . Horace Heidt and entourage are tuning the breezes atop the Biltmore . . . Accordion-chested Basil Fomeen leads souls skyward at the St. Moritz . . . Down in the Village, El Chico is aswish with imported clickers in its air-condished Spain . . . Storkkeeper Billingsley is taking bows on a new straw-hued decor.

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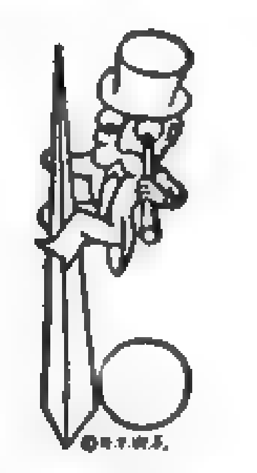

It's Here—

ESQUIRE'S NEW YORK
A New York Guide for World's Fair Visitors

Describing the New York World's Fair is somebody else's business, but preparing a guide book to New York for the cream of the 20,000,000 visitors that are expected to visit it this Summer, is very much ours. So we've prepared one...and don't expect it to enlighten you on the best way to the Aquarium by subway...because it won't.

Esquire's "New York" is just what its name implies...an advanced course in how to be a sophisticated New Yorker, in the best and truest sense of the word.

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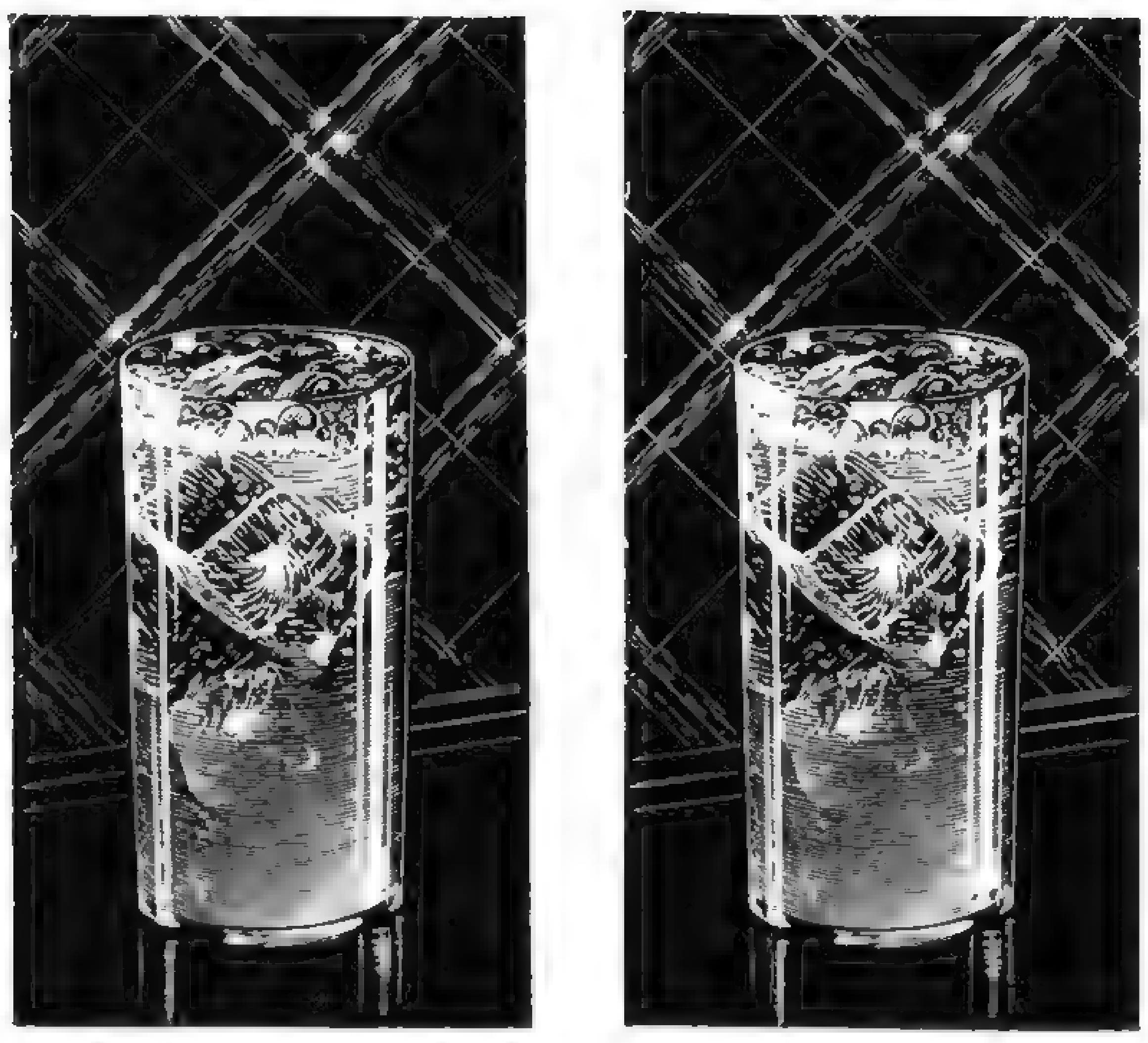

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EVER since repeal The New York Sun has been an active champion of the "Name Your Brand" idea which is so important to the consumer public as well as to every distiller, importer and distributor of alcoholic beverages.

This summer The Sun has gone a step beyond anything ever done by a newspaper. It has aggressively promoted the "Name Your Brand" idea by consistently publishing a powerful campaign of display advertisements devoted to each of the principal types of liquor (blends, scotch, rye, bourbon, gin and rum). Three advertisements of the series are being published in The Sun every week during the summer period.

This is brand education never before applied so consistently to a newspaper audience. By concentrating their efforts in The Sun, a large number of alcoholic beverage advertisers have been co-operating in a really important movement to drive home the "Name Your Brand" idea and its application to their own products.

The Sun

NEW YORK

NOTE: Proofs of The Sun's "Name Your Brand" campaign will be supplied to executives in the liquor industry or agents requesting the series on their letterhead. Please address The Sun, Dept. NYB, 280 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

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THE **WALDORF-ASTORIA**
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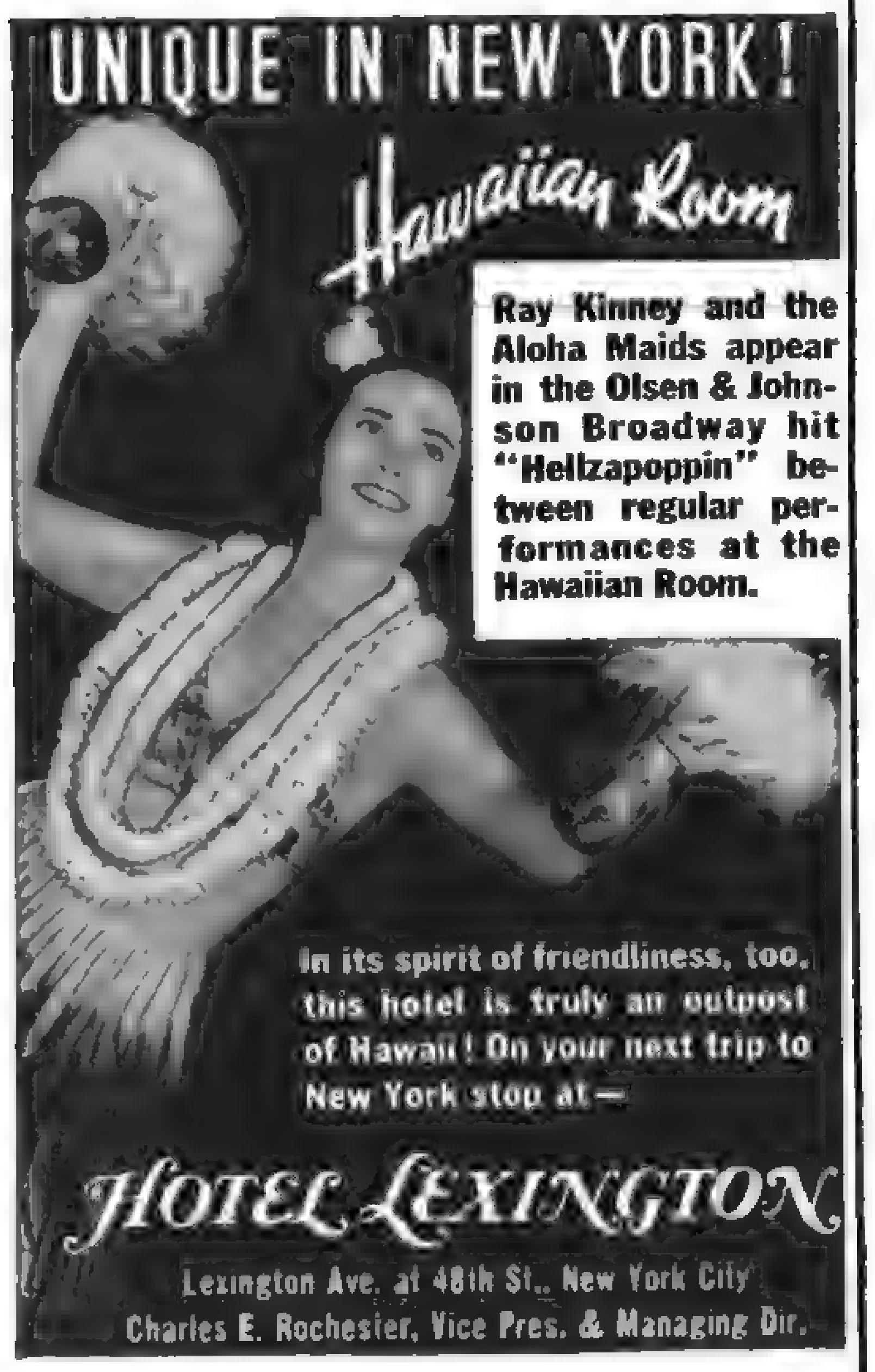

UNIQUE IN NEW YORK!
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Best people and best brands of Champagne are congestedly in evidence in the handsome-chandeliered garret of the St. Regis. The glamour is so thick, the waiters bearing firkins of caviar have to glide through sideways like paper-knives. As you make passes at, say, a Brook Trout en Papillote (paper night shirt) or Bosom of Fowl Sauté with Jambon of Ole Virginny à la Smitane, or hoist a goblet of ruddy Romanée Conti Burgundy, life seems somehow not so squalid. In fact, your gasoline carriage waiting without can jolly well cool its wheels while you dine on into the Show—10:00 o'clock—when the bandstand, hitherto seemingly a terra firma for maestros Joseph Rines and Jules Lande and their crews, trundles back, of its own accord, into an alcove which has been kept secret, and up comes a broad trap-door cargoed with six lookers who burst into blue-skirted terpings and flouncings about the premises. Producer Le Roy Prinz calls them Hollywood stars of the future, and I'll take one in my eye right now. But these are only the appetizers. The main dish, now dumb-waitered up, is Mary Parker, garnished with saffron tresses and accompanied by (curse him!) Billy Daniels. Their agile and whimsical routine culminates in a pat-a-cake shindy with the guests getting in on the palming.

Up on the azure-arched roof of the vastly genteel Hotel Pierre, where the treasured Hartmans have been demonstrating their knockdown and dragout finesse to the joy of ringsiders, it's now Hildegarde who constitutes the floor show. And she, with her slick songery in sundry tongues, is quite a bill. As for the orchestra with keen Enric Madriguera in the role of fiddle master of ceremonies, when these boys bullyrag old Johann Sebastian Bach into dance tempo, zounds but they're classic! Another novelty number they serve up, "Swing Takes a Holiday," is a dramatic set-to between sweet music and hot, with surprise stunts participated in by The Skylarks—three gals who also put their heads together over a mike. In short, this is a worthwhile attic to wander to on a summer night. Whether you are lazy and just want to look and listen, or whether you are plum eager to step, or whether you're just plain hungry for Pierre food and drinks, you pull no boner in picking this king pinnacle overlooking the Park.

Flavor sharks who like their French cuisine straight—that is to say, unencumbered with side-interests other than those they've brought with them—find the Mascotte (19 E. 60th) rejoicefully reliable. A pupil of the immortal Escoffier is Allah in the kitchen, and amiable Bernard is his prophet out front, prophesying that you're going to approve the Supreme of Capon, Marie Louise. And when the latter arrives (white breast slabs rolled in flour and sautéed with a delicate crust; accoutered with eggplant, artichoke botties, puree of mushrooms, and slices of cream fried in breadcrumbs), gosh, how that man spoke sooth!

Cooing-dove-trombonist Tommy Dorsey and his swingsters are operating their utensils to good purpose on the Hotel Pennsylvania's roof, with cute-trick Edythe Wright blonding the refrains and Skeets Herfurt clowning.

For the sake of more scope the unfaltering Messrs. Leon & Eddie have switched things all around in their 52nd Street villa so that now the bar is bigger, the rostrum is located due north, and patrons at the tables get less trampled upon. Also, the art collection has been strengthened. To celebrate, there's the best and briskest floor show in L & E history, topped off by that indigo thrush, Mr. Davis, with fresh ditties. Indeed, things are more leonine and eddifying than ever.

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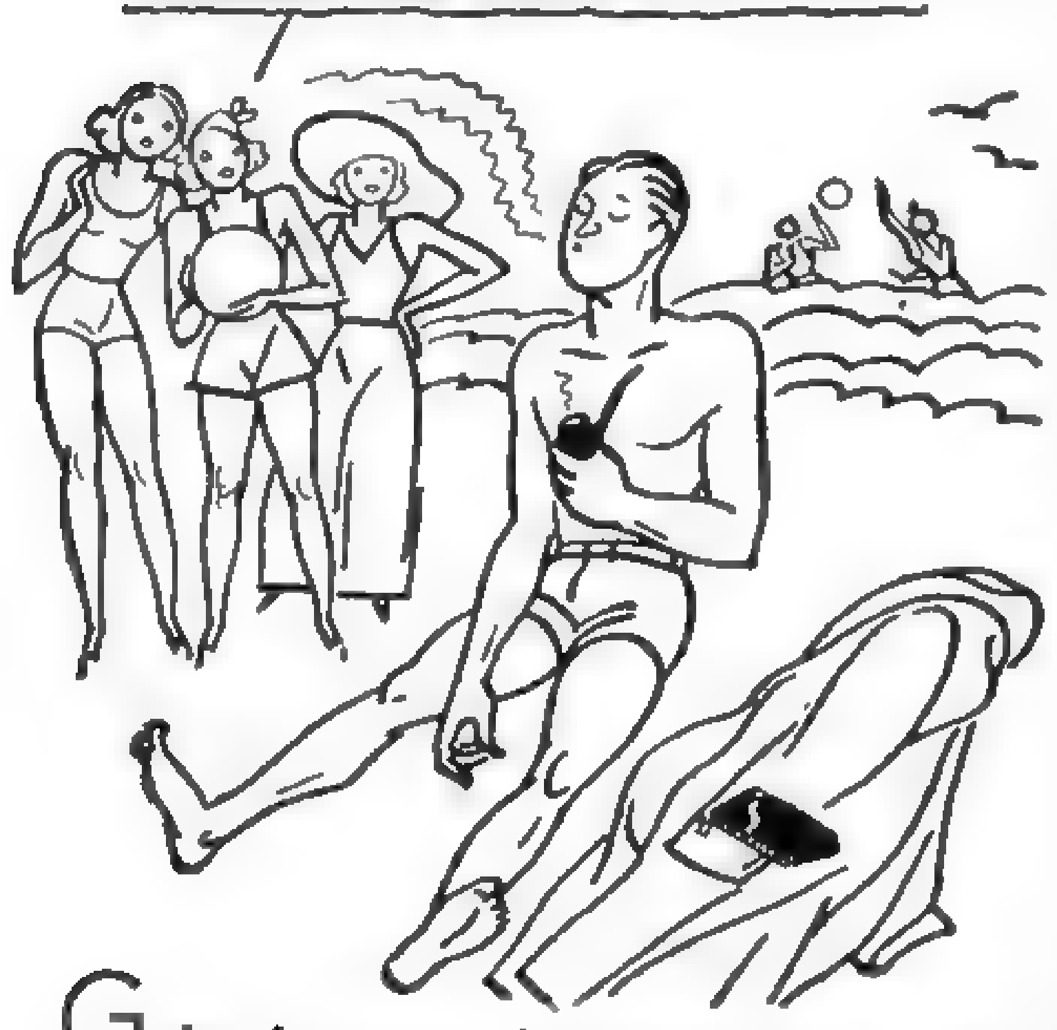

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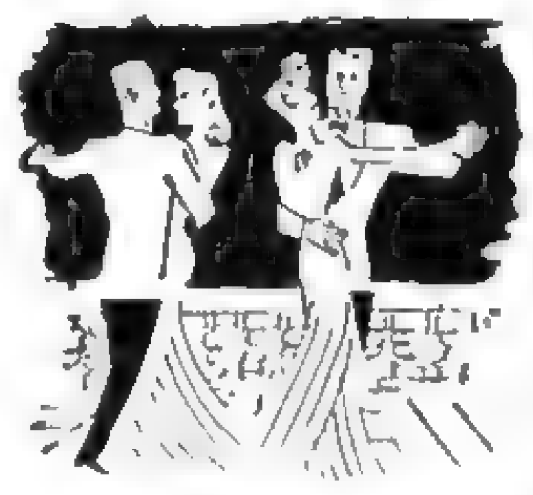
Looks as though any plans for sleep will have to be called off. If there were only those fresh-hatched pavilions and things out in Mr. Whalen's meadow to be reckoned with, one might hope to get in a couple of winks betweenwhiles—say, every third night. But there's all Manhattan, simply bristling with places to do. It isn't a city, it's a career. Anybody who bats an eye is missing something.



That Rockefeller gold mine in the sky, the Rainbow Room, perched approximately a trylon's height above the pavements of Radio City, has relaxed its regulations as regards raiment. The tone is still ultra but tails are out of season in favor of white tropic ease, and one can even get by with street attire provided it comes from a nice street. Debonair Al Donahue and prancing Eddie Le Baron have been returned to the podium by their constituents with all ankles ratifying. A Ballet Intime cut West Indian capers, etc. in colorful costumes. A gents' chorus, entitled Eight Men of Manhattan, sing of Shadrack and whatever else is on their chests. And the waiters, chefs, and milord the wine solicitor, perform their tasks as painslovingly as though winter were still in flower.

Pillage rites around the smörgasbord at the Kungsholm (142 E. 55th) continue apace, but nowadays the raiders troop, loot in hand, out into the back yard—a veritable Garden of Sweden—where blue-and-white umbrellas bloom and a rill purls between ivy, with goldfish on the job in the company of Myrtle the Turtle, and one Aalborg aquavit leads to another. Any lack of nightingales jennylinding under the artificial moon is made up for by the excellence of the fresh-slain Squab à la Kungsholm, which may be appropriately followed by Swedish crêpes Susies, leading in turn to Svensk punch or Cherry Heering frappé.

Simplicity, but of a much, much sophisticated sort, continues to be the keynote of Le Ruban Bleu (4 East 56th), conducted by tall, slim Monsieur Herbert Jacobi, who beefs-on-the-roof in Paris and contents himself with second-storying here. Patrons who park elbows on his manhole-sized tables (whitely imitative of those of the sidewalks of Montmartre), are beguiled by casual yet artful songs and spoofings with an undercurrent of twin-piano tinkles. Elsie Houston brings up Brazil in her notable way. Greta Keller, likewise of the chanteuse persuasion, gives us a heart French-fried with amour. Mabel Merser contributes Harlem notes, and George Lloyd does the drolatique. Until the present year, this *boite* has always shut down for the summer, but now, shackled by his own popularity, compère Jacobi has had to stick it and get himself air-conditioned.

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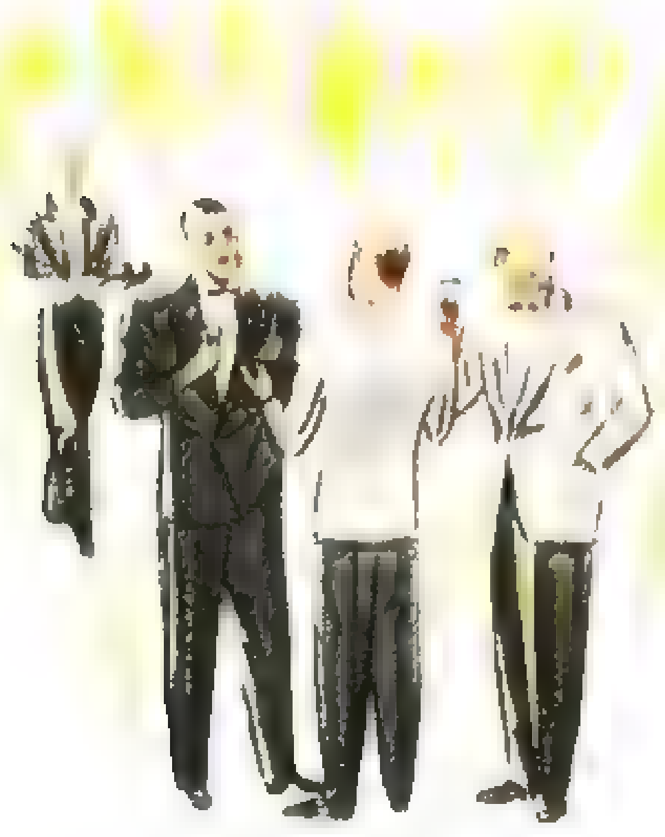
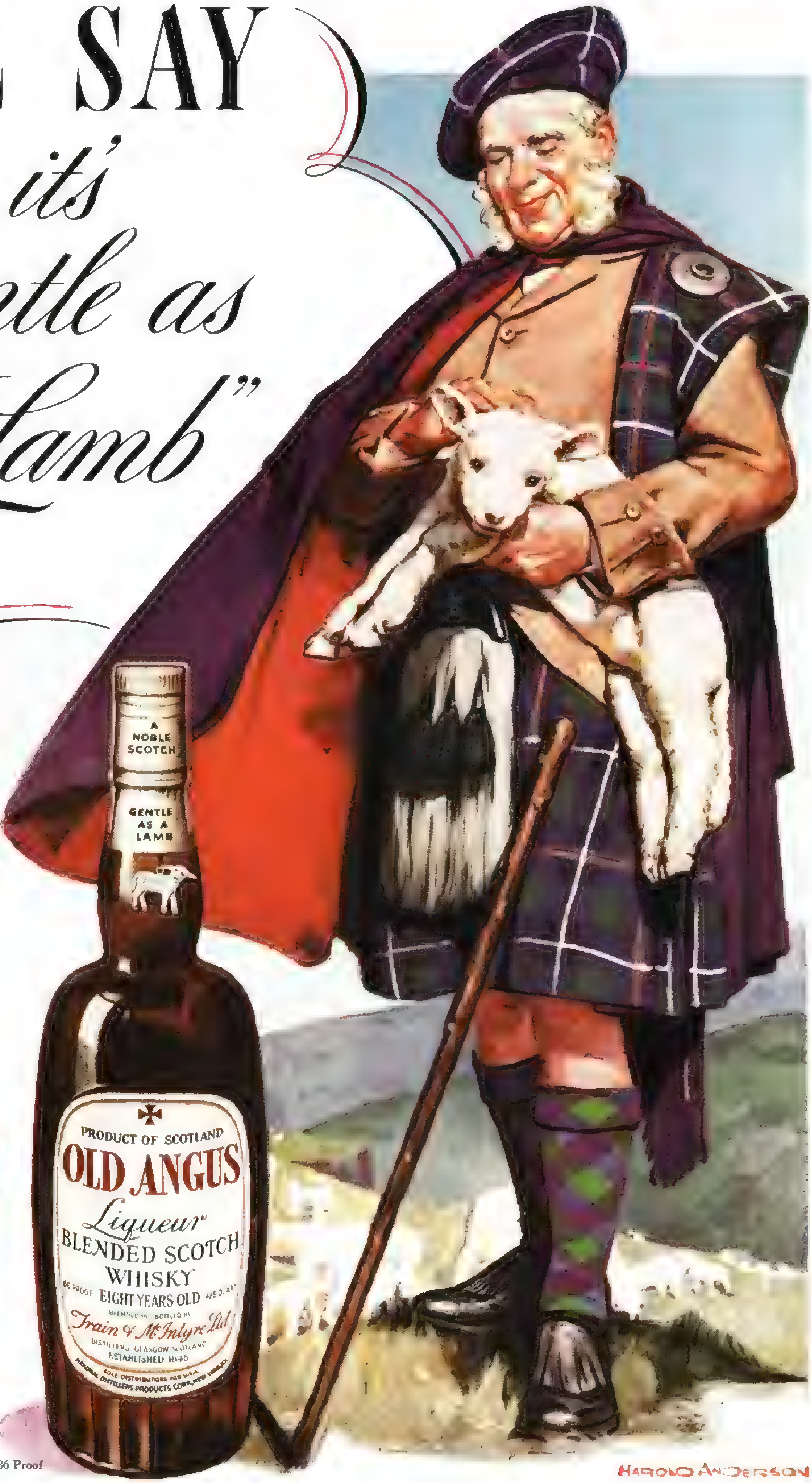


MANY SAY:
"it's smoother"

MANY SAY:
"it's finer"

ALL SAY
it's
"Gentle as
a Lamb"



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What They Call Sportsmanship

There's no such thing as friendship in Big Time sports these days, for contestants have too much at stake

by JOHN R. TUNIS

• SPORTS •

I'M glad," he wrote me last summer after the finals at Wimbledon, "that you like Mrs. Moody. Personally after observing her the day of the famous default at Forest Hills, she was ruled 'out' for me. I'm a stickler for good sportsmanship in any game."

Of course what my reproving friend really meant was that he is a stickler for the goofy, sentimental and unthinking approach of the American to what for lack of a better term we call sports. All the while knowing in our hearts perfectly well that there is precious little sport in it.

Now if you can stagger along with me I shall try to show how false and spurious the attitude of the average American is toward what he likes to regard as sport, I shall attempt to prove that terms such as "sportsmanship" and "games" have no relationship whatsoever with the phenomenon of modern athletic exhibitionism as practiced in the United States, and I shall suggest that inasmuch as we live in the year 1939 we might as well face that fact. And cease pretending in relation to organized athletics that we are still back in the happy days of 1900.

But first of all maybe we'd better settle that question my friend raised about Mrs. Moody.

The facts are as follows. After an absence of three years from competitive tennis, Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, at the age of thirty-two, crossed to England last spring to regain at Wimbledon the title which she had won in 1935 by defeating Miss Helen Jacobs in the finals after once being within a point of defeat. The odds were certainly four or five to one against her success. "She can't do it," said George Lott before she left. "I'm thirty-two myself and I know." He was so sure he was even willing to risk money on his judgment.

Many tennis players felt the same way. They were sure Mrs. Moody was to fail when she lost several small tournaments in England. Yet somehow she defeated the same players and reached the finals at Wimbledon a few weeks later. Imagine her surprise on entering the Centre Court to find her rival Miss Helen Jacobs waiting.

The first nine games of that match were fine tennis. At an important point toward the end of the ninth game Miss Jacobs unfortunately pulled her Achilles' tendon, went lame and lost the set. From then on there was no match. There was only one player on the court. However Miss Jacobs asked for no quarter and was offered none. Mrs. Moody did not make the slightest gesture of regret or sympathy. She never once suggested that her adversary should take time out or rest for a few minutes. Instead she went along relentlessly, won the next seven games in as many minutes, and with them the match and the Wimbledon title for the eighth time. For this behavior she was castigated by the public both in England and in this country. Many felt she should have acted differently.

Now the rules of lawn tennis state that play must be continuous from the time of the first service. No breather could therefore have been permitted or any rest allowed, and a suggestion to that effect from her would have been as phony as the Townsend Plan. It is true she showed no sympathy. She made no move such as Fred Perry, for instance, or Bill Tilden would have made under similar circumstances. Any gesture of this kind would have been immensely popular with the sentimental British gallery, but it would have been equally phony. As Mr. A. Wallis Myers, writing in the *London Telegraph* put it succinctly:

"Mrs. Moody was criticized by many onlookers for her apparent indifference to her adversary's affliction. She offered no sympathy on court. That is her way and by this mental detachment and complete abstraction in the game itself she has come to her fame and her record." It is, incidentally, a record no woman, not even the great Suzanne Lenglen has ever equaled. To win the Wimbledon singles championship eight times stamps Mrs. Moody as the greatest player of her sex of her time, if not of all time.

By winning the four major tennis titles in the year 1938, Don Budge did something no player has ever done before. The performance was clouded however, because he beat only mediocre players. The fact is that the giants of the game no longer exist. His opponents in the four finals: Bromwich in Australia, Menzel in Paris, Austin in London and Mako in New York were all second raters. (They won't like this designation, but facts are facts.) Mrs. Moody on the other hand, by returning after three years' absence to win the Wimbledon title from one of the strongest fields ever to play there, performed a far more remarkable feat. Certainly it was by all odds the outstanding athletic triumph of 1938. But because it was not done in the hoopla manner, because Mrs. Moody went ahead remorselessly to accomplish what she had planned to do, this feat was not recognized as it should have been.

Over the air the night of the finals at Wimbledon I tried as dispassionately as possible to explain to American listeners what an amazing feat she had performed. The sporting Babbits of the new world were instantly aroused. One man even wasted fifteen dollars to call on the telephone from New York to my room in the Cumberland in London in order to objurgate me for having praised the victor. Letters, for the most part anonymous and for the most part from California, poured upon me. They were invariably from persons who had not seen the match, but were sure I was wrong. Even the newspaper sportswriters and even the players heaped scorn on Mrs. Moody. Thus Miss Alice Marble writing for the International News Service directly after the match said: "It is difficult for those of us who love the game not to let it remain a sport—after all, it's only a sport."

Only a sport? But Alice, intercollegiate football, the Olympic Games and the championship tennis you play have no more relation to sport than you have to Eleanor Roosevelt. Anyone who believes that sort of tripe ought to have his head examined. My guess is that Miss Marble, whose intelligence is beyond question, dashed off that parrot-like phrase without thinking. Surely, she must know better than anyone that tennis at Wimbledon is different from garden party tennis; that precisely what it is *not* is sport; that nowadays it is business. Sometimes indeed big business.

If you win, that is. For to be champion at Wimbledon means, among other things, a $25,000 lecture contract throughout this broad and pleasant land. (Kansas City tonight, Topeka tomorrow and Witchita on Friday.) It means contracts with newspaper syndicates at flattering terms, opportunities to sing at the Waldorf with Coleman's Band, articles in the big magazines, chances to place the "Eleanor Tennant tennis frock," the "Eleanor Tennant sports shoe," the "Eleanor Tennant pantie" and the "Eleanor

Continued on page 157

Women I've Fought With

Words of love are fairly similar but quarrels differ sharply, each bearing the imprint of the persons who clash

by HUBBELL ROBINSON, JR.

• ARTICLE •

It's strange. The things you recall most vividly about the women you've loved is not the tenderness, the delight, the love they gave you. It's the fights. The memory of nights that seemed immemorable gets blurred. The right name gets hitched to the wrong night. But with fights—never. They stick in your mind, as live, as easily remembered, as if they were the headaches of today's affair, not the ghosts of old ones. They endure not just in a general way but with all the inevitable, "She said," "I said" that grows up between two people who spend a fragment of their lives together.

Perhaps it's because the words and the gestures of love are pretty much alike regardless of the woman. Fights, on the other hand, are highly personal. And they have a variety limited only by the discrimination of the fighters. If you'd ever fought with Caroline or Martha or Cornelia or Elise, you'd never forget it. I never have. Here's why.

The trouble with Caroline was she never could resist the temptation to demonstrate how deftly she was handling me. I didn't object to being handled. I did object to having all the machinery, which did the handling, blue-printed for me. I tried to explain that to Caroline. In principle she agreed. In practice she never overcame the desire to explain just how she'd developed the illusions which had matured between us. The fairly obvious fact that, in explaining them, she booted them right in the pants, seemed to escape her. Of course, we fought about it. I won the arguments—and that's all. Nothing changed.

Then there was the matter of books. Caroline was a yummy thing but not what you'd call a giant intellect. I tried, in an unobtrusive way, to save her from getting entangled in literary arguments on the basis that her face, her body, her sense of humor and her small talk were pearls enough to cast upon the waters.

You can't have everything and the kind of girls who put out smart book talk were the kind of girls men talked books to, and—kept their minds on the subject. Caroline agreed with that too—in principle.

But when the talk started she charged right in. One night a tortured friend convinced her that *Lady of the Lake* was the best thing Zane Gray ever wrote. She found out later, of course, and I was credited with framing the whole thing. I said, "If you feel overwhelmed now, how do you think I felt that night?"

And we were off.

There was also the business of driving. Caroline was a fine driver. She handled a car even better than she handled me. And she knew fully as much about the mechanics of doing it. I drive well enough not to be considered a menace but I never thought of it as a career. But Caroline could talk "car" by the yard. And by some odd mental gymnastics, she contrived the idea that my lack of interest in automobiles was unmasculine.

I tried to clear it up for her.

I told her that between me and cars it was this way. They were fine for getting you from one place to another. When they ran well their power could be an exciting thing. When they cost a lot and were sleek looking as well, they were a fine tribute to man's ingenuity. But they were, and are, tools, servants. And if you don't own them, if you start fussing over them and magnifying their part in your life, they'll own you! And they make dull masters.

That's what *I* thought. I also thought it would be more considerate if Caroline confined her car talk to her car-talk friends and tried to light on another subject when I was tagging along. Well, that was only the beginning. That argument went on for months. It never wore out—but I did.

Eventually, of course, Caroline met a guy who loved cars, who didn't know Scott from Zane Gray and who ignored or maybe wasn't conscious of her literary Luther Burbanking. In addition he was entranced by Caroline's "handling" technique. He was so entranced by it he described the details better than she did. She married him—and why not. They have two very lovely children. And if he thinks that was his idea I'm sure Caroline has explained to him just how wrong he is.

MARTHA

Martha wanted to lead her own life. At least that's what she called it. Just what she meant by that I never discovered. And, one way and another, I got to know Martha pretty well.

Either she didn't know herself or she was too smart for me. I've an uncomfortable conviction she was too smart. Certainly the viewpoint represented by "leading your own life" was a potent weapon in Martha's able hands.

If she didn't want another drink, when I did, if she wanted to go home, when I didn't, if she wanted to go some place for a week end where she knew I couldn't or wouldn't go, if she wanted to see people she knew bored me or were bored by me—it all came under the head of "leading her own life."

After a decent interval of time, I suggested this amazing coincidence to her. I should have known better—but you never do.

She said, "Of course, that just shows you don't understand."

Well, I was in it so I thought I might as well go ahead. I said, "On the contrary, my pet, I think it shows just how clearly I understand."

She said, "It doesn't show anything of the kind. If you did you wouldn't talk like that." I said—but, oh, well, you know how it goes from there.

Martha also had an apparently deep-seated conviction that it was bad taste to spend more than a dollar for dinner. She seemed to think there was something vulgar about expensive food. We'd discuss it. That is, we'd start discussing it. We'd end screaming it. Heaven knows I wasn't rolling in dough but I made enough so that we could eat good dinners in good places. I liked that. I didn't—and don't—like dollar dinners in places that always have three names like Betty Louise Lee or alliterative ones like Madeline McAllister. I want my meals served to me, not slung at me by some dame with a colored bandanna around her head or wearing some other outlandish rig that's supposed to make you think you're dining some place you're not. And I like my dinner with at least some illusion that I'm eating it with the girl I brought. I don't like one elbow in the ribs of the girl at the next table and the other in the small of some librarian's back. And the sight of women eating alone and reading depresses me.

This is what became known between us as my "childish side." I was being ridiculous, indulging myself, saying things for effect without really meaning them. I finally gave up arguing, of course. I just said, "I'm all of those things but out of the bigness of your adult heart will you indulge a small boy's whim."

We went right on eating those dollar dinners. I saved money but my love was strongly watered with indigestion.

Another fixation of Martha's was that it was delightfully charming for women to be a touch slovenly in their appearance. She never practiced this herself. But I was always afraid she might start. I tried to point out that women should be decorative as well as useful—in all ways. I suggested that the majority of slightly slovenly women were that way because nobody cared how they looked. It was like bachelors who lived alone too long and let their collars get a little frayed and had holes in their socks when they took off their shoes. Like me, for instance. The personal comparison almost put that over. Then I had another idea—physical slovenliness is all too often the result of mental untidiness. I thought I had a clincher there. Martha would never chance anything that would give a single soul a chance to think that that mile-a-minute mind was anything but an A Number 1 piece of machinery. I couldn't have been more wrong. The answer to that was that women who paid no attention to their appearance, that is the kind *she* meant, were that way because they didn't give a damn. They had such perfect assurance, such infinite charm they could override the mere matter of clothes and make-up and all that.

I didn't think any woman could override them as glibly as that. I didn't think there was a man alive who really wouldn't rather have a girl who knocked the boys' eyes out, right off the bat. And I told Martha so. I told her personality is great stuff but so often the lassies with flat heels, slips that show, unslicked hair and mouths au naturelle never even get a chance to show what little jewels they are "when you get to know them." I told her ninety-nine men out of a hundred go for the sleekies and hope they'll be bright to boot.

The ones that go for the flat fronts and those unkempt babes are usually the ones that have to.

As an example I used her and me, adding how lucky I'd been—which was so. She said the luck had all been on my side. I went home before I hit her. I did that often. I should have stayed—and swung.

Martha married a guy who let her lead her own life with a vengeance. In fact he let her support him. The dollar dinners were fine with him. At least, he was eating.

And he preferred her without lipstick. And he certainly got the best of that bargain.

CORNELIA

Cornelia was older and, because of it, smarter than Caroline and Martha, when I knew them. The frailties of the male neither surprised nor upset Cornelia. For two years we were happier than I'd ever been in my life. I didn't see how it could last—that way. It didn't.

Financial success was the cause of the first rift. Cornelia didn't sneer at it. She just put it down as an unessential asset. She had had it, as a designer, and when I first met her she wasn't having it. She wasn't bitter about it. She just thought it was relatively unimportant. We were a long way short of eye-to-eye on that.

I felt and still feel that success usually is a mark of ability. Unsuccessful people are too full of unanswerable reasons for their failure to be convincing. It isn't human not to want to be good at your job. I don't care whether you sell furs, collect stamps, paint miniatures, play second base or live on your income. If you do it well enough to achieve recognition it does something good for you. It makes it easier to live with yourself. Cornelia admitted all that but she had an insufferable tolerance for the boys who never made good. And I always felt their futility festered in her. Her tolerance of their failure spawned a tolerance of her own down-the-scale status when I first knew her. She accepted it without struggle. I beat her and goaded her verbally so that she worked harder and, after a while, began to come back to some of the financial rewards her ability entitled her to. But I never changed her point of view. It was always there—an unbridgeable rift between us. It worried me. The arguments about it defeated me. They defeated me in a way that word battles with Caroline and Martha never did. They always left me irritated but not really upset—just annoyed and bedevilled. Cornelia was just calmly and coolly unconvinced.

And she argued well. It was her monumental resignation that drove you to the "God damn it, can't you see" stage.

Then she'd say, "There, there, darling, it's not really that important. You go ahead and have the success—and I *know* you will—and we'll enjoy it together."

That dismissive tone always completed the job. When they get to the "There, there, little man" sequence, there are only two things you can do—go home or get drunk. Cornelia gave me some of the worst hangovers I've ever had.

Another thing was the business of clothes. Cornelia seemed to know about clothes. She had to in her business. But somehow when she got dressed up she always looked "dressed up." It wasn't the clothes. They were good. It was the gewgaws that went with them. Cornelia said they were smart. I said, "Maybe, darling but honestly, believe me, you'd look better if the whole effect were simpler."

No simplifying occurred so that all too frequently I had the feeling I was sitting next to a lovely Christmas tree that everybody'd like a lot better if they could see more of the tree and less of the decorations. That may seem like a little thing. In somebody else's girl it is. In yours it isn't. After a while you get to making cracks about it. After a while she gets to wearing her finery defiantly. It becomes a flag of independence that will never be struck. And as long as it flies there's an insidious hostility between you.

And Cornelia had friends. They were old friends. They had charm—some of them—and that's all. The men had pecked away at well paid cream puff jobs in 1929. When the late unpleasantness came, the cream puffs blew and so did they. They retained their charm and a depressing air of nostalgia for the days when everybody made at least ten thousand a year whether they were worth it or not. The women were contemporaries of Cornelia. But they were at the point where they were just getting ready to fade. Cornelia's mellow loveliness only sharpened the contrast.

I liked these people, but even so I thought it might be wise to widen the circle. I suggested it to Cornelia. She agreed—and there it ended. When I tried to do the widening, to have us see other people I knew, she was polite but she never put out the stuff that made me love her and love to be with her. She answered but she never asked. When my friends called her to make dates for us she said "Yes." But she never took the initiative. I protested—I pleaded. She was wonderful. She said, "Darling, you know I hate telephones."

Telephones seemed a fairly low hurdle to me. After all you can't live your life, as we were doing, in a small circle of people that life has hung up on.

I tried seeing my friends and letting her see hers. Of course, it didn't work even though we didn't quarrel about it. You see I never really fought with Cornelia. I just tried to reason and never got anywhere.

Our love—not, not our love, just our happiness—died that way.

ELINOR

Elinor was different. We never quarreled over any of the things that Caroline or Martha or Cornelia and I wrangled about.

Continued on page 140

The Tall Twiger

Mr. Duneen felt like a speck in the middle of the emptiness till the gy-raffe came rompin' through

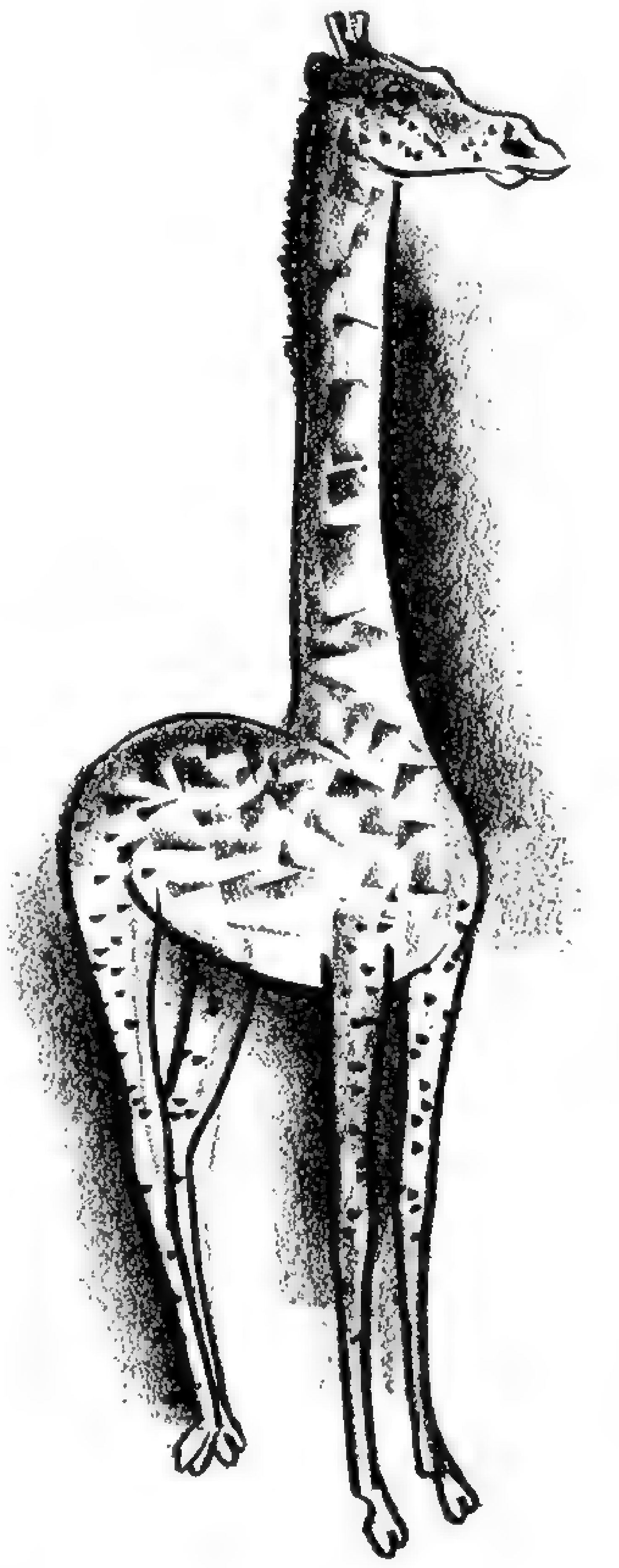
by PAUL ANNIXTER

FICTION

I counted thirty-nine vultures perched on the low thorn trees about my camp that sweltering afternoon. There were naked-faced little horrors known as Egyptian vultures; griffon vultures, white-necked and immense; eared vultures, lobed and beastly; and two stork-like birds attached to giant beaks, whose name was adjutant or marabout. Not a nice crowd, but businesslike—all part of death's aerial patrol. They made a rough circle about camp whose span was a short gun shot and I had begun to wonder wryly what kept their hope alight, for vultures, they say, always know.

The temperature in my tent registered 127°. Heaven knew what it was out on the parched plain where the shimmering rocks were red hot to the touch and the mirage played tricks with the eyes and wits. Hot enough to cook a joint, no doubt, and breed the biggest thirst that ever curled a palate. Even the vultures, ordinarily immune to heat, held their tattered wings out fanwise to get what air there was.

I was lying on my camp cot reading to pass the time, because it had become very tedious doing nothing but wait for permission from Nairobi to shoot an elephant. Chita, my tame hunting leopard, was chained in the shade of a thorn tree close by. The sides of my tent were triced up all round to let the air blow through and so I recognized the approaching shoes and leggings of Mr. Duneen, the track walker from Coolibah Station—they do not call them station agents in the African hinterland and for good reason. Coolibah Station was less than a mile away, a watering place for trains, a mere dot in the aching void, accentuating the sucking emptiness of the savannah. Since I had been camped here, Mr. Duneen had taken to tramping over in the afternoon for a chin. Literally dying for some contact with another human. There was little or nothing to keep him busy in the hot season, there being only one train a day and Mr. Duneen was evidently more than three parts dead from the stagnation and loneliness of the life.



The "Mister" is used advisedly. I had had the temerity to call him Jimmy when we first met, out of the sheer fellowship of loneliness, and had been put properly in my place for it. He was in the habit of being called "Mr. Duneen" by casual acquaintances, he told me and when I said that personally I was always flattered when a man felt warmly enough toward me to address me by my first name, he said, "It's all right for you writin' fellers. Born gents an' equal together, I make no doubt. But this here's a different case again."

So I'd mistered him conscientiously for the past week. For the life of me I don't know what it was that drew us together, outside of the isolation, of course. The fellow was a coarse ignorant fool, combative as a bull, impossible in practically every department of life. Yet there was a bond of a sort between us, which I was to learn more about on this particular afternoon.

He came into the tent and dropped on a chair and fanned himself with his weird *terai*—which was simply two old felt hats, one on top of the other to keep the sun from the brain.

"Did you see 'em?" he asked with a vague gesture of his thumb aloft.

I turned the open book down on the bed. "Vultures, you mean?" I yawned, deliberately shifting my mind to what he was saying, for everything took time in such heat.

"Aasvogels," he said. "It means this thing's a lot worse than we thought. When you see those boys it means the worst. There'll be wild dogs next—an' maybe rinderpest."

I swung my legs to the ground and stepped outside for a look. Far up in the pale flawless enamel of the heavens two ragged lines of aasvogels hung motionless, like scraps of burned paper, drifting without a wingbeat against the brazen sky. For two months a drouth had been working up in the district. I hadn't given the matter much thought up to now, but the sight of those black lines stretching away to the south brought it home to me—a flash of memory whipping back to some old battlefield picture I'd seen years ago when I a boy.

"The game's pullin' out fast," said Mr. Duneen. "Antelope, zebra an' such are pretty near cleaned out now. Herds all drawin' north into the good grass, an' now the lions an' leopards is drawin' into the herds."

"How about my elephant over on Besegra Mountain?" I grinned.

"Elephant'll stay on till near the end," Mr. Duneen stated. "Last of all'll come the gy-raffe. There'll be nothing left at the end but a few gy-raffe an' the baboons on the kloofs, feedin' on centys an' scorpions an' such." He spoke in the dull inflectionless tone of one who merely states facts learned from experience.

"You've got it all timed and tabulated, haven't you?" I laughed.

"I ought to after twenty-two years out here," he said.

Chita awoke from one of his short naps. His mouth opened and he panted like a dog in the heat. His long chain rattled as he crept in at the rear of the tent to find a cooler spot. Mr. Duneen turned deliberately away so that the animal would not be in his range of vision. One of the fellow's intolerable traits was an active dislike, an idiotic superiority in relation to animals, a thing I cannot abide in any man.

"Guess I never told you about the big drouth of 1917, did I?" he asked. His voice and his sun-drained eyes seemed utterly weary, but he gave me the feeling that he needed to tell something, and I've learned never to nip a thing like that in the bud.

"No. Go ahead," I said, propping up my back with pillows. It was too hot to stir much and he had my chair.

Mr. Duneen turned the chair about so that he could look out sidewise through the tent flap. Then he sat for a space examining first one side then the other of his right hand without any particular reason, apparently, before he began talking.

"You won't mind that drouth, I guess. It was before your first trip out here, but old Africanders all count time from that summer. That was a tough year all over the world, what with the Big Fight on in Europe an' even the climate fair short-circuitin' itself. I was on the Cape to Natal Road then, five hundred miles south of here, walking a stretch of track that the Old Harry hisself must have planted with snakes an' aloes an' set out careful-like with perfect lion cover that run close up to the tracks. I had to have it out with them lions my first week there, like a young cop in a tough new district. I shot five of them before we had any sort of an understandin', an' I never did get them to rightly knuckle under in all my time there. I never could go down that track without a rifle. An' the snakes—they was something

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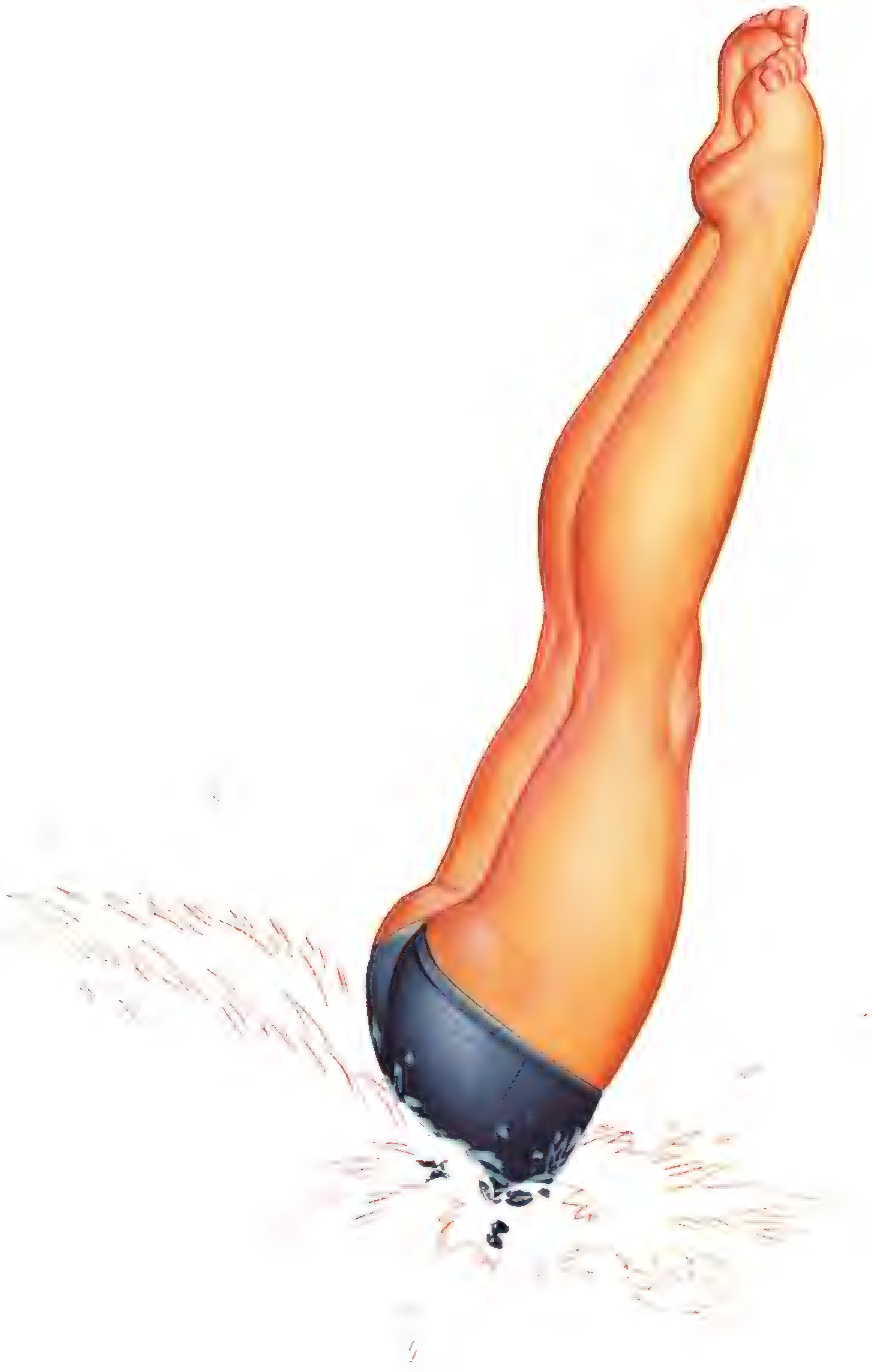
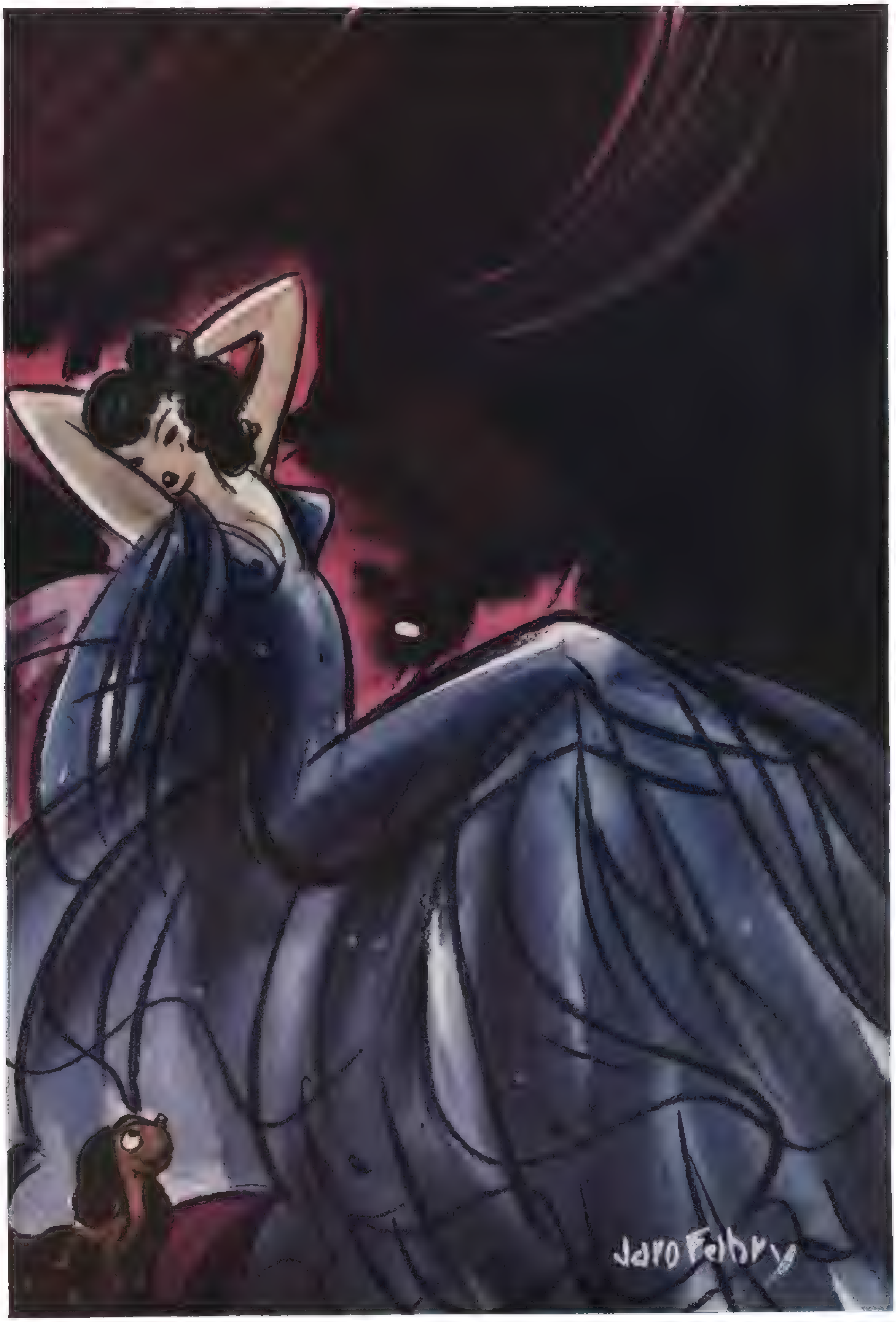


"I still say it's her better half"



"If a man's best friend is his dog—why am I so popular?"

What Men Don't Like About Women

As photograph dispensers they show terrible taste, inscribing bathing-suit shots with possessive messages

by THOMAS D. HORTON

• ARTICLE •

THEIR INSISTENCE UPON FRAMING

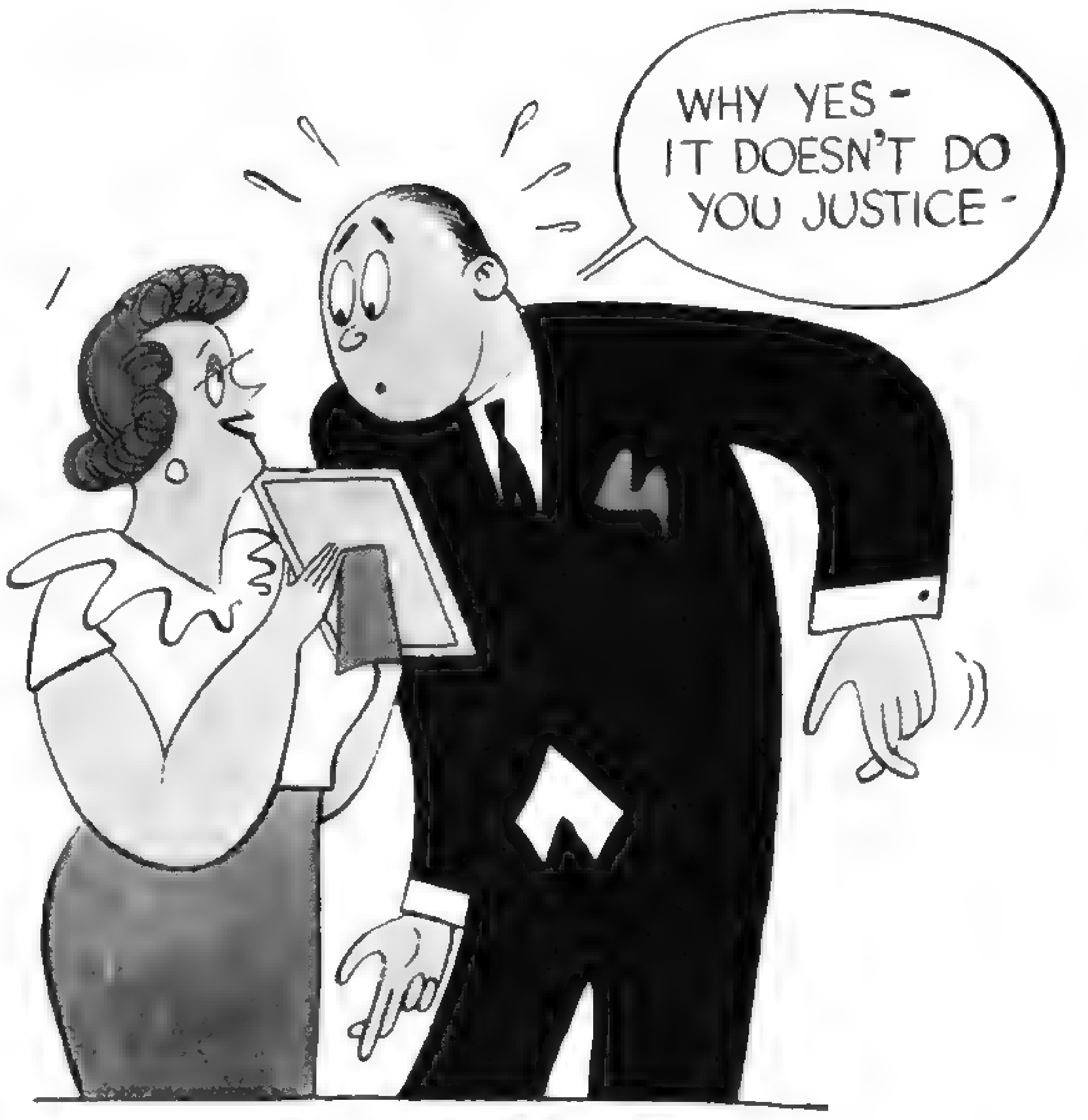
IF YOU don't frame a woman's picture, however small, however large, however unflattering it may be in your eye, you are, in her dear eyes, a cur, a cad, and a tramp. If you are a friend of hers, you are really a bitter enemy; and if you are engaged to her, you really don't love her.

THEIR POSSESSIVE INSCRIPTIONS

The inscriptions women generally put on their photographs are of a very possessive and affectionate nature, even if you have known them for but a short time. The inscriptions run like this: "To Bob, With all my heart, Bette" . . . "To John, With warmest regards, Muriel" . . . "To George, With deepest feelings, Lillian." The idea behind these inscriptions is to insure that you keep the photographs and not give them away. And the idea behind this idea is that the longer you look at the inscriptions, the more likely are you to believe that real love motivates them. In short, the aim is to mesmerize you into a state that will make it easy for you to fall in love with the authors of the inscriptions. No woman can imagine that once you are convinced she loves you, you will not instantly reciprocate.

THEIR LOVE OF THEMSELVES AS CHILDREN

All women have a vulgar liking for photographs of themselves as nude children, and in tight-fitting bathing suits when mature. The children's photographs are to give you an idea what beautiful babies they can produce on the superstition that the beauty of a child a woman will bear is determined by her own looks as a child. The bathing-suit pictures, of course, are solely to tease you—to make you want to embrace what's underneath the bathing suit . . . It's all on a flesh basis, and a bit revolting to the normal male. No man ever shows a woman a picture of himself as a nude child, and very few men ever show a woman pictures of themselves in bathing suits. They might do it once in a great while as a joke, but never as regularly and seriously as women do. They have better private taste and better public manners


WHY YES - IT DOESN'T DO YOU JUSTICE -

THEIR UNFAIRNESS

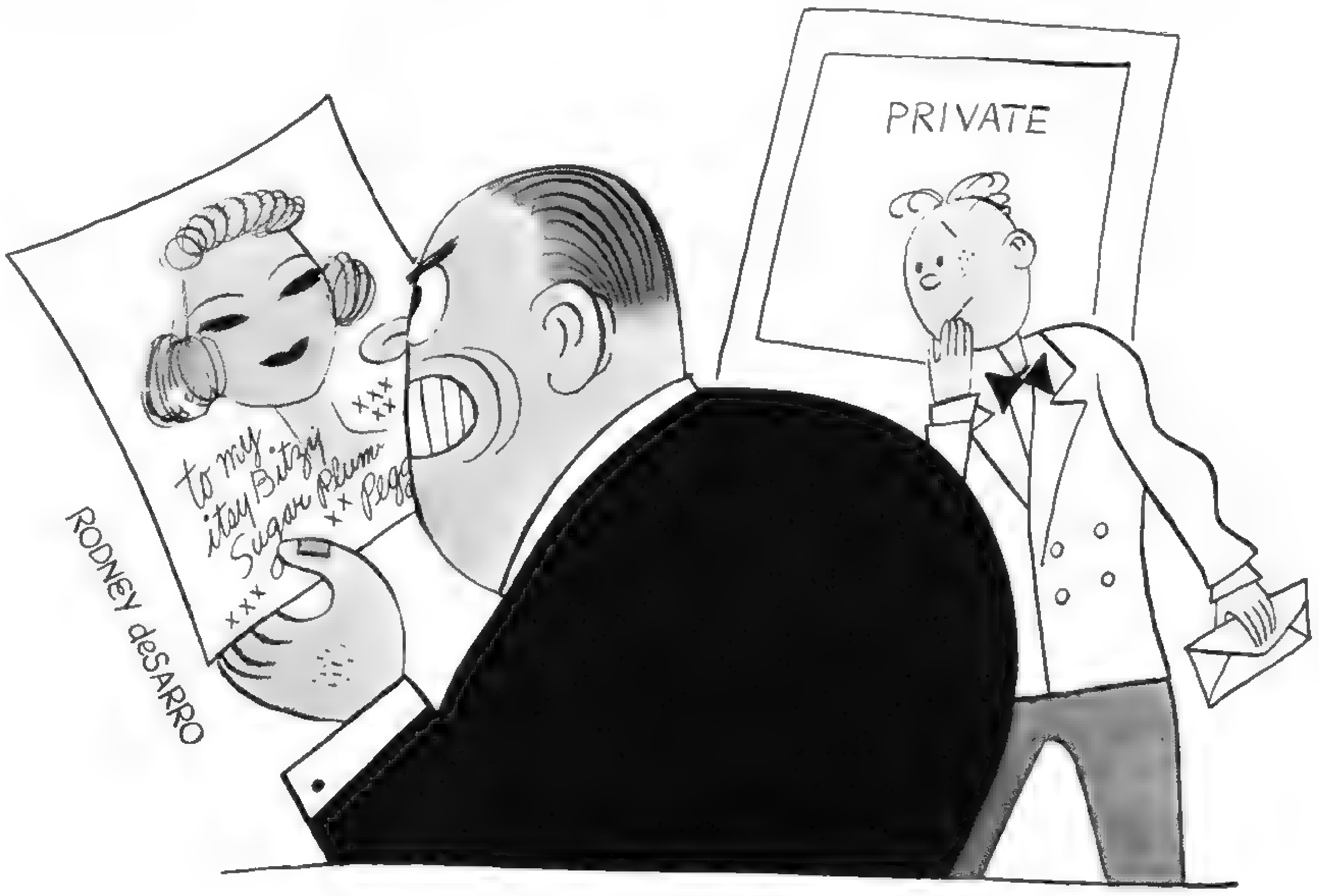
If a woman shows you eight pictures of herself, and asks you to say which is the best likeness of herself, you are forced to be dishonest and say all of them are perfect and that one or two are pluperfect. The Lord help you if you say one of them is poor, for the woman at once assumes that you don't like her. It is impossible for a man ever to be honest with a woman, even with regard to the shadow on a miniature snapshot of her. He must like everything, the bad paper on which the picture appears, the gloss of the print, the sand on the beach, the seaweed, the speck of dirt on the darling's forearm, the ugly scab on the tip of her nose, and the revolting droop at the seat of her bathing suit.

THEIR TREATMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHS AS LOANS

A woman after a man will shower him with snapshots of herself on the least provocation, or on no provocation, and scribble the most affectionate inscriptions on as many of them as she dares without losing even her own self-respect. But as soon as she suspects that your heart is set on somebody else, she will peremptorily recall them. If you have lost some of them and thrown away others, she will hound you until she is satisfied that you really haven't got them. The universal assumption that a photograph is a gift does not deter a woman from treating it, in her special case, as a piece of property loaned and returnable upon demand. A man, poor, decent slob that he is, never thinks of asking for the return of the one or two pictures he has given a woman. Even if he dreams of doing so, he is secretly ashamed of himself.

THEIR EMBARRASSING RECOLLECTIONS

A woman in the neighborhood of thirty will sometimes take out photographs of herself taken six, seven years before, and praise her own looks and figure in the hope that you will tell her that she really hasn't changed at all, that she hasn't grown older, that she is as lovely as ever. This is like trying to sell an old horse by showing a picture of him as a yearling. You can tell the horse-dealer that he is trying to do unfair business, but what can you tell the woman? You can only feel sorry for her—and begin thinking of excuses for not seeing her again. #



The People *vs.* Abe Lathan, Colored

Uncle Abe had grown cotton for Mr. Luther for more than forty years, and he'd never mentioned the shares

by ERSKINE CALDWELL

▪ FICTION ▪

Uncle Abe was shucking corn in the crib when Luther Bolick came down from the big white house on the hill and told him to pack up his household goods and move off the farm. Uncle Abe had grown a little deaf and he did not hear what Luther said the first time.

"These old ears of mine are bothering me again, Mr. Luther," Uncle Abe said. "I just can't seem to hear as good as I used to."

Luther looked at the Negro and scowled. Uncle Abe had got up and was standing in the crib door where he could hear better.

"I said, I want you and your family to pack up your furniture and anything else that really belongs to you, and move off."

Uncle Abe reached out and clutched at the crib door for support.

"Move off?" Uncle Abe said.

He looked into his landlord's face unbelievingly.

"Mr. Luther, you don't mean that, do you?" Uncle Abe asked, his voice shaking. "You must be joking, ain't you, Mr. Luther?"

"You heard me right, even if you do pretend to be half deaf," Luther said angrily, turning around and walking several steps. "I want you off the place by the end of the week. I'll give you that much time if you don't try to make any trouble. And when you pack up your things, take care you don't pick up anything that belongs to me. Or, I'll have the law on you."

Uncle Abe grew weak so quickly that he barely managed to keep from falling. He turned a little and slid down the side of the door and sat on the crib floor. Luther looked around to see what he was doing.

"I'm past sixty," Uncle Abe said slowly, "but me and my family works hard for you, Mr. Luther. We work as hard as anybody on your whole place. You know that's true, Mr. Luther. I've lived here, working for you, and your daddy before you, for all of forty years. I never mentioned to you about the shares, no matter how big the crop was that I raised for you. I've never asked much, just enough to eat and a few clothes, that's all. I raised up a houseful of children to help work, and none of them ever made any trouble for you, did they, Mr. Luther?"

Luther waved his arm impatiently indicating that he wanted the Negro to stop arguing. He shook his head, showing that he did not want to listen to anything Uncle Abe had to say.

"That's all true enough," Luther said, "but I've got to get rid of half the tenants on my place. I can't afford to keep eight or ten old people like you here any longer. All of you will have to move off and go somewhere else."

"Ain't you going to farm this year, and raise cotton, Mr. Luther?" Uncle Abe asked. "I can still work as good and hard as anybody else. It may take me a little longer sometimes, but I get the work done. Ain't I shucking this corn to feed the mules as good as anybody else could do?"

"I haven't got time to stand here and argue with you," Luther said nervously. "My mind is made up, and that's all there is to it. Now, you go on home as soon as you finish feeding the mules and start packing the things that belong to you like I told you."

Luther turned away and started walking down the path towards the barn. When he got as far as the barnyard gate, he turned around and looked back. Uncle Abe had followed him.

"Where can me and my family move to, Mr. Luther?" Uncle Abe said. "The boys are big enough to take care of themselves. But me and my wife have grown old. You know how hard it is for an old colored man like me to go out and find a house and land to work on shares. It don't cost you much to keep us, and me and my boys raise as much cotton as anybody else. The last time I mentioned to you about the shares has been a long way in the past, thirty years or more. I'm just content to work like I do and get some rations and a few clothes. You know that's true, Mr. Luther. I've lived in my little shanty over there for all of forty years, and it's the only home I've got. Mr. Luther, me and my wife is both old now, and I can't hire out to work by the day, because I don't have the strength any more. But I can still grow cotton as good as any other colored man in the country."

Luther opened the barnyard gate and walked through it. He shook his head as though he was not even going to listen any longer. He turned his back on Uncle Abe and walked away.

Uncle Abe did not know what to say or do after that. When he saw Luther walk away, he became shaky all over. He clutched at the gate for something to hold on to.

"I just can't move away, Mr. Luther," he said desperately. "I just can't do that. This is the only place I've got to live in the world. I just can't move off, Mr. Luther."

Luther walked out of sight around the corner of the barn. He did not hear Uncle Abe after that.

The next day, at a little after two o'clock in the afternoon, a truck drove up to the door of the three-room house where Uncle Abe, his wife, and their three grown sons lived. Uncle Abe and his wife were sitting by the fire trying to keep warm in the winter cold. They were the only ones at home then.

Uncle Abe heard the truck drive up and stop, but he sat where he was, thinking it was his oldest boy, Henry, who drove a truck sometimes for Luther Bolick.

After several minutes had passed, somebody knocked on the door, and his wife got up right away and went to see who it was.

There were two strange white men on the porch when she opened the door. They did not say anything at first, but looked inside the room to see who was there. Still not saying anything, they came inside and walked to the fireplace where Uncle Abe sat hunched over the hearth.

"Are you Abe Lathan?" one of the men, the oldest, asked.

"Yes, sir, I'm Abe Lathan," he answered, wondering who they were, because he had never seen them before. "Why do you want to know that?"

The man took a bright metal disk out of his pocket and held it in the palm of his hand before Uncle Abe's eyes.

"I'm serving a paper and a warrant

on you," he said. "One is an eviction, and the other is for threatening to do bodily harm."

He unfolded the eviction notice and handed it to Uncle Abe. The Negro shook his head bewilderedly, looking first at the paper and finally up at the two strange white men.

"I'm a deputy," the older man said, "and I've come for two things—to evict you from this house and to put you under arrest."

"What does that mean—evict?" Uncle Abe asked.

The two men looked around the room for a moment. Uncle Abe's wife had come up behind his chair and put trembling hands on his shoulder.

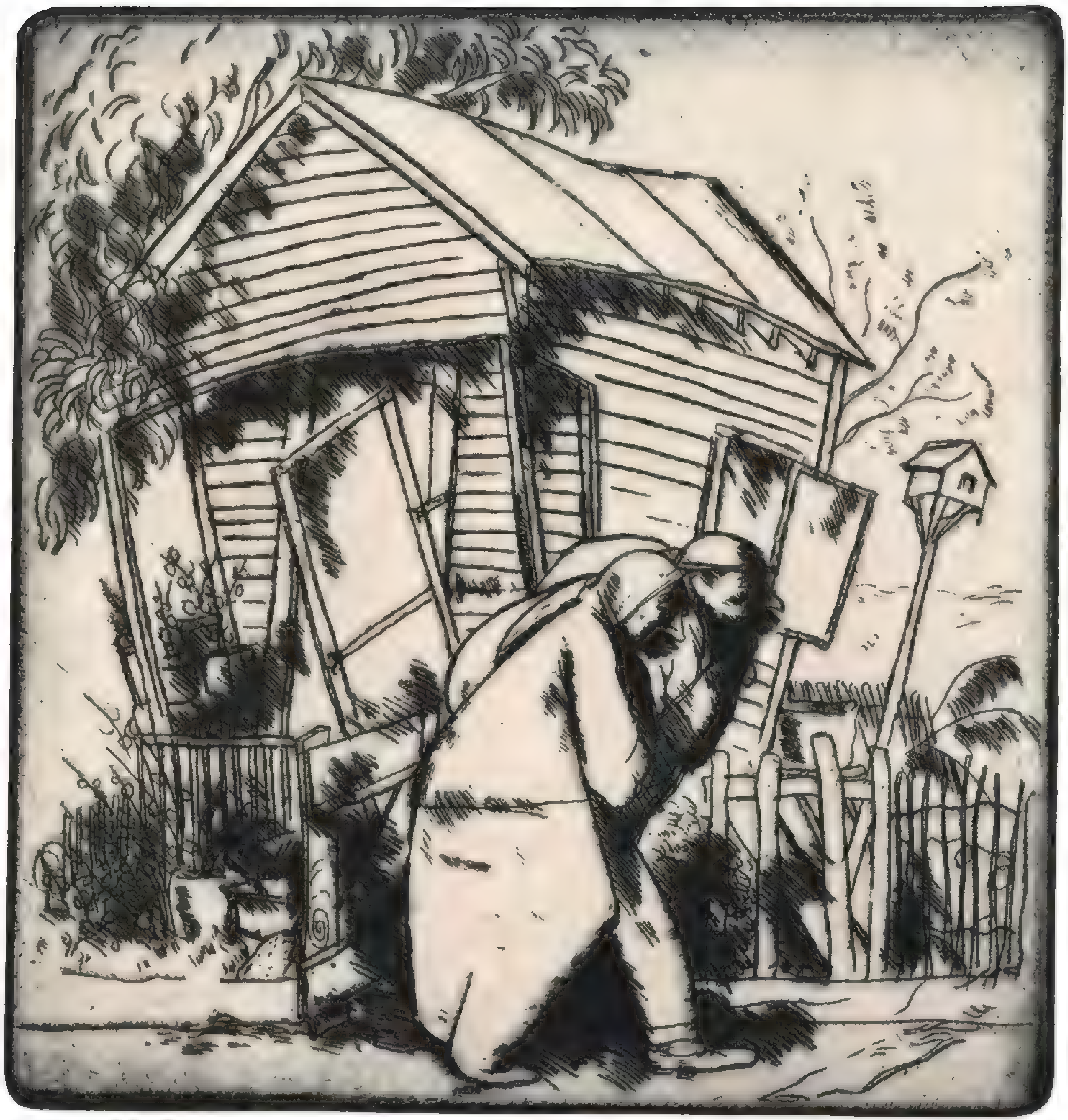
"We are going to move your furniture out of this house and carry it off the property of Luther Bolick. Then, besides that, we're going to take you down to the county jail. Now, come on and hurry up, both of you."

Uncle Abe got up, and he and his wife stood on the hearth not knowing what to do.

The two men began gathering up the furniture and carrying it out of the house. They took the beds, tables, chairs, and everything else in the three rooms except the cook-stove, which belonged to Luther Bolick. When they got all the things outside, they began piling them into the truck.

Uncle Abe went outside in front of the house as quickly as he could.

"White folks, please don't do that," he begged. "Just wait a minute while I go find Mr. Luther. He'll set things straight. Mr. Luther is my landlord, and he won't let you take all my furniture away like this. Please, sir, just wait while I go find him."



ETCHINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The two men looked at each other.

"Luther Bolick is the one who signed these papers," the deputy said, shaking his head. "He was the one who got these court orders to carry off the furniture and put you in jail. It wouldn't do you a bit of good to try to find him now."

"Put me in jail?" Uncle Abe said. "What did he say to do that for?"

"For threatening bodily harm," the deputy said. "That's for threatening to kill him. Hitting him with a stick or shooting him with a pistol."

The men threw the rest of the household goods into the truck and told Uncle Abe and his wife to climb in the back. When they made no effort to get in, the deputy pushed them to the rear and prodded them until they climbed into the truck.

While the younger man drove the truck, the deputy stood beside them in the body so they could not escape. They drove out the lane, past the other tenant houses, and then down the long road that went over the hill through Luther Bolick's land to the public highway. They passed the big white house where he lived, but he was not within sight.

"I never threatened to harm Mr. Luther," Uncle Abe protested. "I never did a thing like that in my whole life. I never said a mean thing about him, either. Mr. Luther is my boss, and I've worked for him ever since I was twenty years old. Yesterday he said he wanted me to move off his farm, and all I did was say that I thought he ought to let me stay. I won't have much longer to live, anyway. I told him I didn't want to move off. That's all I said to Mr. Luther. I ain't never said I was going to try to kill him. Mr. Luther knows that as well as I do. You ask Mr. Luther if that ain't so."

They had left Luther Bolick's farm, and had turned down the highway towards the county seat, eleven miles away.

"For more than forty years I've lived here and worked for Mr. Luther," Uncle Abe said, "and I ain't never said a mean thing to his face or behind his back in all that time. He furnishes me with rations for me and my family, and a few clothes, and me and my family raise cotton for him, and I been doing that ever since I was twenty years old. I moved here and started working on shares for his daddy first, and then when he died, I kept right on like I have up to now. Mr. Luther knows I've worked hard and never answered him back, and only asked for rations and a few clothes all this time. You ask Mr. Luther."

The deputy listened to all that Uncle Abe said, but he did not say anything himself. He felt sorry for the old Negro and his wife, but there was nothing he could do about it. Luther Bolick had driven to the courthouse early that morning and secured the papers for eviction and arrest. It was his job to serve the papers and execute the court orders. But even if it was his job, he could not keep from feeling sorry for the Negroes. He didn't think that Luther Bolick ought to throw them off his farm just because they had grown old.

When they got within sight of town, the deputy told the driver to stop. He drew the truck up beside the highway when they reached the first row of houses. There were fifteen or eighteen Negro houses on both sides of the road.

After they had stopped, the two white men began unloading the furniture and stacking it beside the road. When it was all out of the truck, the deputy told Uncle Abe's wife to get out. Uncle Abe started to get out, too, but the deputy told him to stay where he was. They drove off again, leaving Uncle Abe's wife standing in a dazed state of mind beside the furniture.

"What you going to do with me now?" Uncle Abe asked, looking back at his wife and furniture in the distance.

"Take you to the county jail and lock you up," the deputy said.

"What's my wife going to do?" he asked.

"The people in one of those houses will probably take her in."

"How long will you keep me in jail locked up?"

"Until your case comes up for trial."

They drove through the dusty streets of the town, around the courthouse square, and stopped in front of a brick building with iron bars across the windows.

"Here's where we get out," the deputy said.

Uncle Abe was almost too weak to walk by that time, but he managed to move along the path to the door. Another white man opened the door and told him to walk straight down the hall until he was told to stop.

Just before noon Saturday, Uncle Abe's

Continued on page 145

Night Watchman

Observing the people who pay him to look at the stars, Peter Stoll states they grow yearly stupider

by GEORGE WELLER

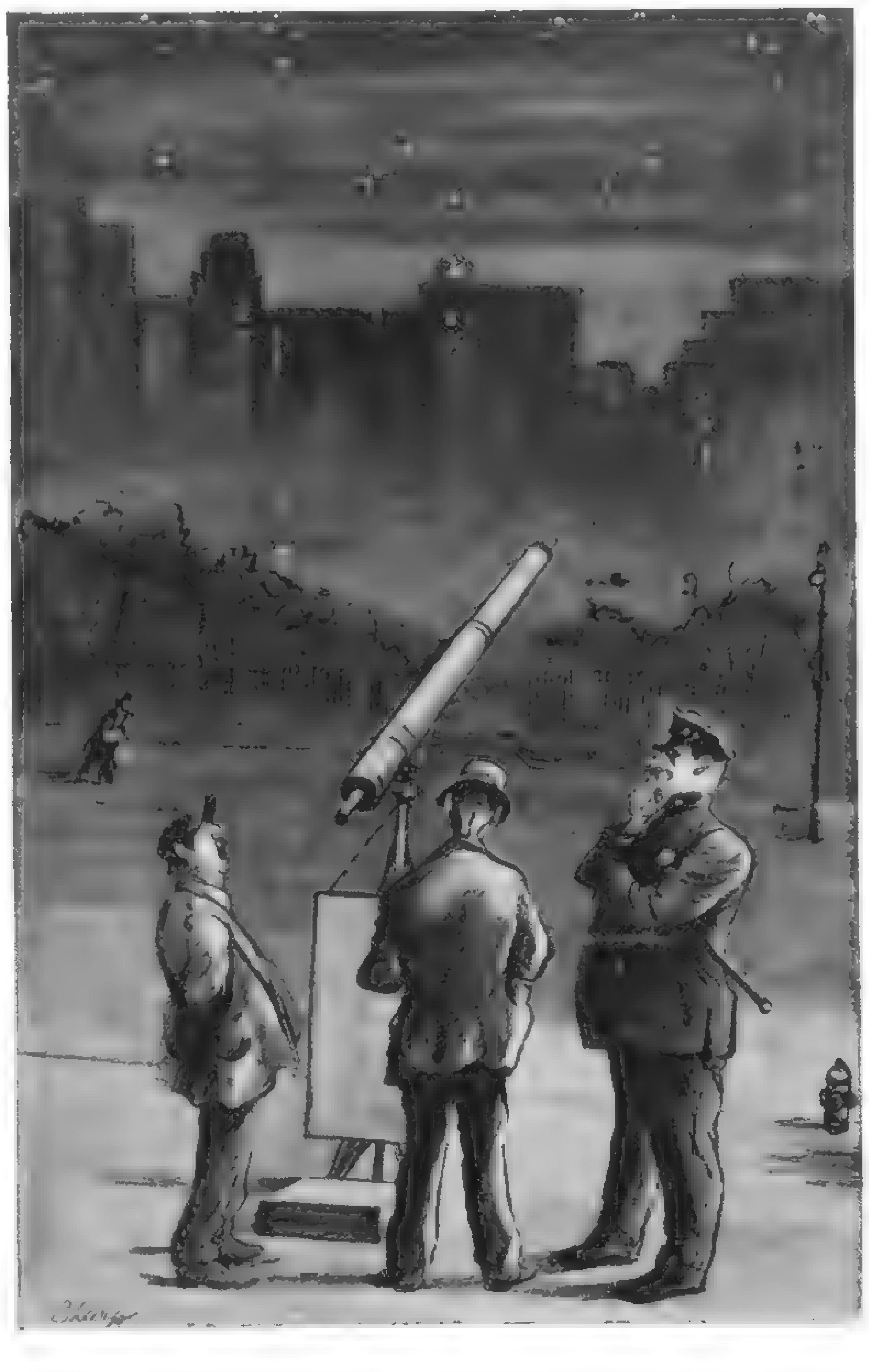
▪ ARTICLE ▪

SIDEWALK astronomy—the pastime of looking at stars and planets through a rented telescope standing on an open pavement—has a long-standing but still insecure hold on the public pleasure. Once extremely popular, it has gradually been losing its devotees to the Planetarium and the rising mode of bedroom astronomy. Bedroom astronomy is the most advanced form of that school of social inquiry which was once restricted to field-glasses and the windows of apartments within a radius of two blocks. Thanks to the number of high-powered telescopes that have been placed in pawnshops by bankrupt sidewalk astronomers, bedroom astronomy can now acquaint the social-minded observer with the family life of almost everyone within eight blocks who doesn't pull down his curtains. But strangely enough, in spite of this new-fangled competition, the same old sidewalk astronomers still walk the streets. Even now, when nights are sharp and stars glint their brightest, a half-dozen determined petty scientists go forth to uphold for another evening the vanishing tradition of natural, or night astronomy. Setting up long-legged tripods on the windy midtown sidewalks, they poise telescopes and slant them upward at the meager pelt of night visible between the blinking electric advertisements and the silhouetted penthouses. With patient courtesy they invite the passer-by to stop, pay five cents, and take a two-minute look at a greater universe, as twinkling and alive as his own. The most faithful exponent of this educational trade is probably Peter Stoll, who works the 42nd Street block between Fifth and Sixth.

Peter has been with sidewalk astronomy for twenty-three years, since a time when bedroom astronomy was still in the lace curtain class and such a competitor as the Planetarium would have been considered, in Stoll's words, "not only a phony, but in a business way, a toikey." As soon as Stoll finished high school, he began inviting man to look heavenward. He is forty-one years old now. He knows the habits of the stars better than he then estimated the intellectual capacity of men. It bewilders him today to find that the colossal field he chose, vaster than any other he could imagine and more boundless now than he fantasied it in the wildest dreams of youth, has confined his career to pecuniary limits that have been, by comparison, ridiculously inelastic and cramped.

To Peter it does not seem reasonable to lay at the door of the Planetarium or even of bedroom astronomy a total responsibility for the public's apathy toward the universe. The upturn, he feels, may be just around the corner. Taking into consideration his freedom from burdens like rent, heat, light and stenographic assistance, calculating the thousands of free pedestrians with one good eye in their heads and a nickel in their pockets, and giving proper importance to the unmatched precision and generous scale upon which the heavenly drama is presented each evening, it seems possible to hope even now that a career like Peter Stoll's may yet find ampler dimensions. Along identically optimistic lines, however, Peter himself reasoned when, in 1913, he shouldered his first telescope to take it forth upon the streets. If the stars were infinite in number, the customers seemed only a little less so. But somehow today, though he and his instrument have never wandered south of 23rd Street nor north of Columbus Circle, this quarter-century of steady partnership with Vega and Taurus, the Centauri and far-off Altaire, has brought Peter little nearer either prosperity or scientific recognition than he was then. In popular esteem, indeed, he has actually lost ground.

Stoll's business situation, halfway between Times Square and the Grand Central, tapping the intellectual conduits of the Public Library at their source, is as good as any in the city. The exact spot where he places his telescope is determined by the relationship between the moon, Mars and Orion, and these three earthly vestibules. Since he must slant his telescope downtown in order to find heavenly bodies that are not blocked off by skyscrapers, only the southern half of the sky concerns him; he is indifferent to uptown stars. The spot where he commands the most heaven, he has learned, is about twenty yards west of the display windows of Stern's. His telescope always stands as near as possible to the curbstone. He measures carefully the instrument's angle of incidence so that his customers not only are able to see the brightest planet in view, but are safe from being picked up by the bumper of a close-cruising cab. That part of the cosmos which wheels over Bryant Park is Stoll's line of merchandise, his labels are unvarying, and taking stock every night, he never finds it less than the night before.

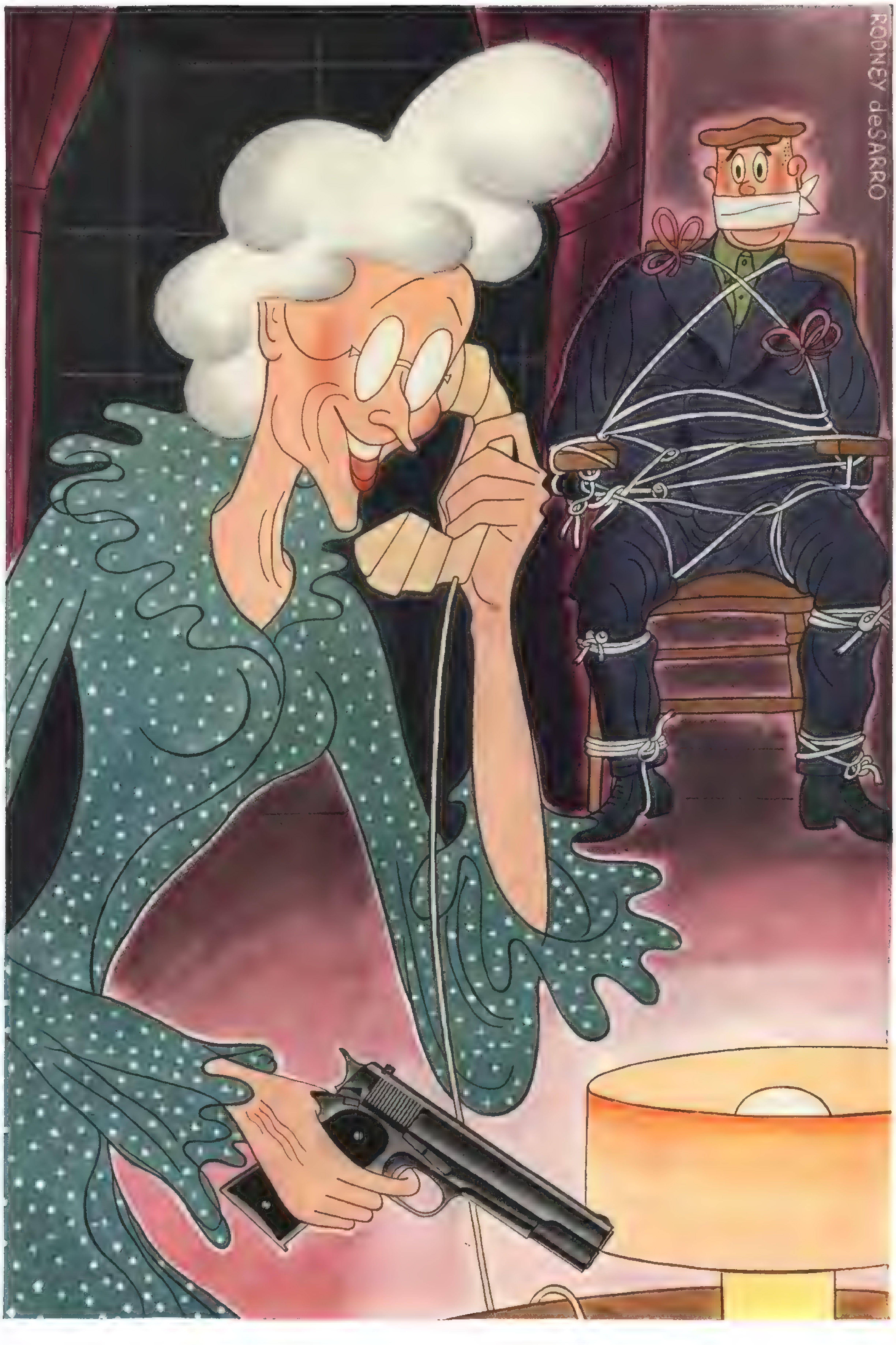


When Stoll is wearing his hat, people take him for thirty-five, or even thirty. Only when he removes it, as he does among friends and when eating, can one see that he is rapidly getting bald. Medium in height and of substantial build, Peter has quick and nervous features. From bending over his eyepiece he has grown a little round-shouldered. His manner is invariably agreeable, though somewhat abstracted. His speech is a clear, rather staccato Brooklynese. Though he never went to college, he makes few grammatical errors. The only course he has taken since high school was a brief night seminar at Columbia. The subject was astronomy for the beginner.

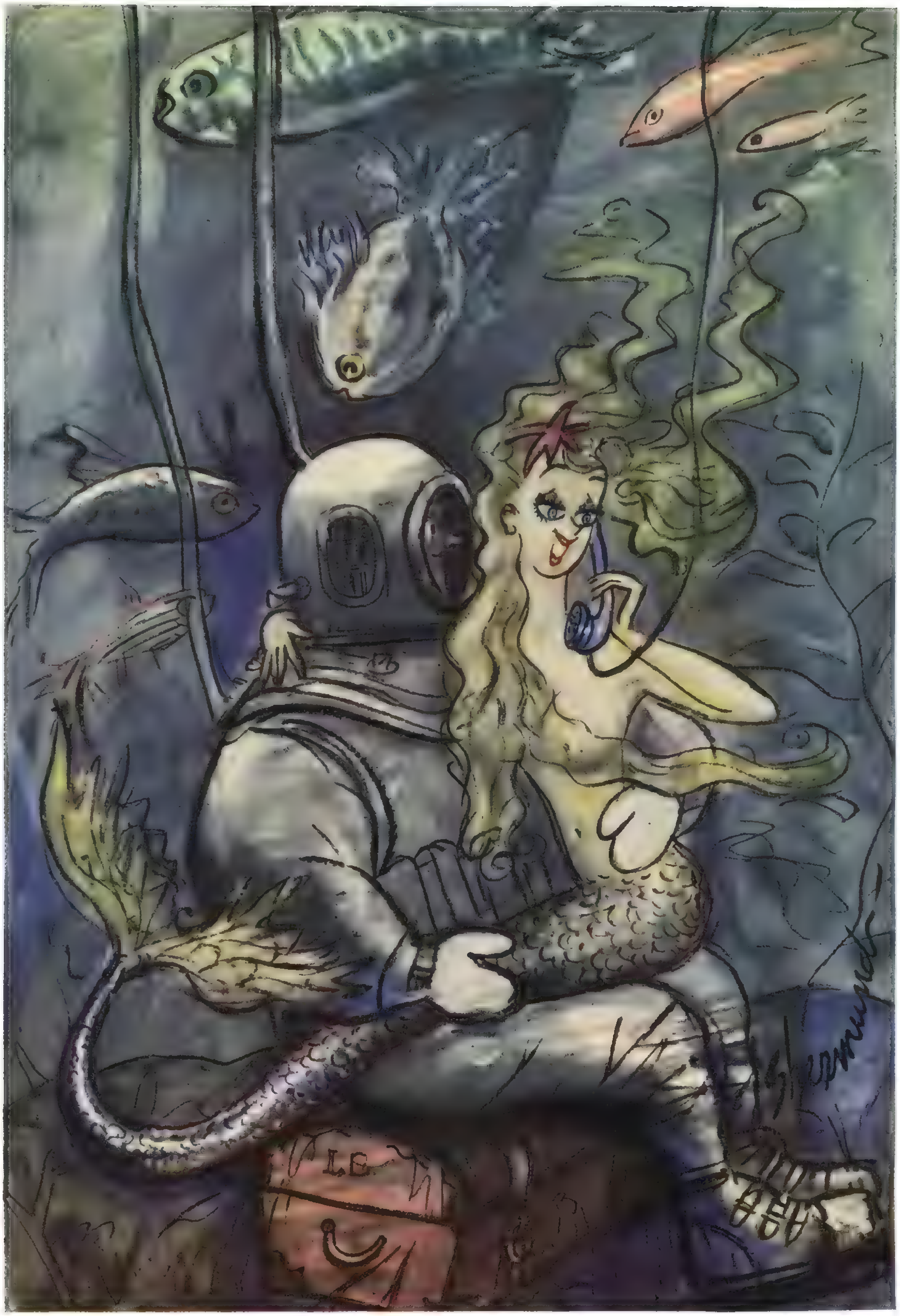
The most noticeable feature of his oval Alpine face—a face otherwise undistinguished from any one might see on the platform at Queens Plaza—is his small blue eyes. They are exceptionally alert and lively. Peter seems to take in the sense of what he sees as a whole, rather than by assembling its details. His eyes are those of a worried man continually annoyed by dozens of terrestrial troubles, seeking a simple sidereal formula for them all, and never quite able to discern that formula.

While at work Peter is harried in a fashion that may partly account for this appearance of petty persecution. Before giving his attention to the heavenly bodies he must always look carefully around his position on the sidewalk. In spite of his caution, in the very moment of focusing upon a star, the astronomer often receives the elbow of a careless passer-by in his ribs. Women with sharp heels walk upon his feet, and he continually runs the peril of having his eye transfixed by a shove from

Continued on page 113


RODNEY deSARRO

"I've captured a burglar, Sergeant. Will you send a policeman around in the morning?"



"Mr. Barnes is busy. Who's calling, please?"

Her Most Memorable Adventure

Usually "moral" women didn't know how to treat Mimi—either they turned up their noses, or were far too affable

by MELCHIOR LENGYEL

• FICTION •

I HAD known Mimi for a long time. She was, to put it bluntly, the friend of my friends. Or, to be even more explicit, Mimi was always the stepping-stone from one love to another. When a young man with empty heart and disillusionment lounged idly about in the bar and took a solemn oath never again to take a woman seriously—Mimi would always turn up!

Mimi, with her wonderfully sympathetic understanding of men in this frame of mind, would prove conclusively to the one concerned that, thank heaven, there were still women in the world whom one did not have to take seriously. One could dine with them, lounge about with them in cafés, take them to theatres and listen contentedly to their meaningless chatter. If they didn't quite grasp all that was said, no harm was done. One could always obtain from them that which every woman—every *such* woman—owed a man: a tender interest, anxious inquiries for the cause, if any, of his depression. And in those moments when, with eyes dulled by desire, they saw only the woman and wished for nothing else, Mimi, pretty Mimi, could supply them with even this fleeting illusion. She did not weigh the consequences, and cleverly anticipated disappointment by demonstrating in every possible way that she also for her part did not attach any particular importance to the matter.

But enough of this analysis!

Mimi was an ideal woman, a quiet harbor both before and after a storm, wherein my friends could take shelter as long as they liked. I am not a hypocrite, and had my friendship with Mimi been based on the foundation of a similar past, I should not have denied it. But unfortunately it had never come to that—for the simple reason that I preferred to do altogether without kisses rather than exchange them where there was no love. For this reason Mimi had a deep respect for me and singled me out from all the rest as one with whom she could share her confidences. She regarded me as a man of serious disposition who could be depended upon to keep her secrets. That reminds me—I should not really be telling this story at all, but in the first place I have already commenced to do so (and I hate people who start a story and then say they can't finish!), secondly Mimi is at present somewhere in Rio de Janeiro in the company of one of her friends—a painter, and in the third place this story, upon closer inspection, does not even compromise her.

Consequently it is high time that I narrate it. One night as I sat with her in a café, Mimi was in high spirits. I begged her to confide in me the most memorable adventure of her life. After deep reflection, during which she carefully weighed the history of her eventful love life, she selected the following:

"I lived in Berlin and made friends with a young American journalist. I like foreign journalists because they only come for a short time, are not niggardly, and have plenty of work to do. Consequently they do not take exclusive possession of whole days, and are constantly welcoming new acquaintances from their home. 'Hello Jimmy!' or 'Hello Charlie!' they shout in the vestibule whenever a countryman appears and—somewhat self-complacently—introduce me to him. So if my friend's work transfers him to another big city, or he departs altogether, I can always find refuge with 'Jimmy' or 'Charlie.' No wonder my life at that time was tranquil and merry! One youngster was as nice as another and I almost had the feeling of being married—to Mr. America!

"There came a day when one of these 'Charlies' was visited by a married American couple with whom he was acquainted. They were mutually glad to see each other and at teatime my 'Charlie' introduced me to his American friends. From the very first moment they saw me they displayed an interest in me which was positively stupefying. This was all the more apparent since married couples are generally somewhat prejudiced against immoral women like me. Somehow or other, women of unimpeachable morality do not know how to treat us; either they turn up their noses at us or are far too affable. But in the majority of cases they are insanely jealous of their husbands. Sometimes they display a horrible pity for us; the next, they envy us. This couple, however, proved the exception. Husband and wife considered me worthy of their friendship, shared their entertainment with me with the utmost frankness as with an equal, extended all manner of invitations to me, took me about with them wherever they went, and introduced me to all their acquaintances as 'Miss Mimi.' I was amused, not because I had social ambitions, but because Dora, a friend of mine who had got married and now began to look down on me somewhat, almost swooned with envy when from a middle row in the pit she saw me seated in a box with some very distinguished company.

"My first thought was that Charlie had been pulling the legs of his two naïve countrymen. He had introduced me either as his fiancée or 'artiste,' wealthy widow or something similar, and the honest Americans now paid me homage—although I never concealed the fact that I was a Mimi. Charlie, however, assured me that there was no question of deception, and that he had quite openly told the couple what sort of a person I was. The most extraordinary part of it was that the two very soon began to estrange me from Charlie. They formally courted me, wanted to have me exclusively for themselves, intrigued. In short, they fought for me as two raging lovers would have done. You know how meager my power of resistance is. Well, they invited me to a month's motoring tour through Switzerland to Italy, and furnished me in addition with a sum of money which far exceeded Charlie's financial capabilities. So one day—for their sake—I deserted my friend. 'Deserted' is, by the way, not the proper expression. I ran away from him after I had left behind the usual sentimental letter of farewell. And Mr. and Mrs.——carried me off as though I were some costly booty.

"Not until I was seated in the car did I begin to meditate as to what these people wanted of me. My friend, I am a sober-thinking person. I know that I am not excessively educated and I do not make a first-class companion. In private life I could never make myself very useful. Men wanted only one thing of me: Love! And as this matter revolved through my head, all sorts of confused and crazy thoughts came to me. Here I sat in a magnificent Rolls Royce in all my youthful health and strength, trapped by

Continued on page 111

Trouble in Hell

The newcomers waited patiently for their sentence, but as everyone in Hell knew, they were unpunishable

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• SATIRE •

Dear friends: Things are not what they should be. Here I have arrived, ready to pay for all my sins, only to find that the whole place is completely disorganized. And while at first I thought that this chaos was a necessary part of Hell and that the atmosphere of a madhouse was essential to the Inferno, I discover that the strange events now occurring are quite recent. It seems I have come at a most unfortunate time. And the cause of all this is the recent arrival of two timid dark-haired gentlemen. Two nobodies.

Devils arrive from all parts. Fierce ones, lean ones, little imps, all kinds of devils come here to the main gate just to have a look at this pair.

"There they are. It's those two over there on the bench playing cards." Someone points at them.

"Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing."

You hear this all day long. And it seems that nothing can be done. And to make things worse, this cool pair is little concerned with what is going on about them. In fact they seem quite indifferent and rather enjoy being the center of attraction. While their behavior is quiet and their manner modest, still in a very simple way they have thrown down a challenge. They wait to be punished. They beg to be punished. And while they wait they play cards. Because they know very well, and so does everyone else from one end of Hell to the other, that they are unpunishable.

In other words this pair, whoever they happen to be, glance up now and again from their cards and look at the fires of Hell and smile. They glance the other way and see the raging furies and they smile. They look down into the flaming sulphur pits, into the pools of ice, each filled with a hundred agonizing bodies, into the pots of boiling oil, and they shuffle the cards again and smile.

For thousands of years miserable souls have come here for purification and the inventions of Hell have been sufficient to meet all requirements. But now along come these two meek-looking gentlemen and they defy the whole place. Such a challenge has never before been brought through the gates. No gauntlet of any furious knight was ever thrown down with such a smack. And that this should come from two mild-eyed, meek-looking fellows is all the more amazing. But I guess they know their strength. They are just unpunishable.

I want to add a little bit of information regarding the activity in our library. The scholars are working madly with the old records, checking over tables of methods and degrees of tortures, in the hope that they may find something—anything at all—that could be applied. The Grand Inquisitor, who has been here since the year 1500 and who once had a very active and distinguished career in Spain, is also working in the archives with the other scholars. We have some very fine books here that are quite unknown to European and American collectors. For instance *The Lives of the Saints* was recorded by that good old printer Caxton in seven volumes. But this wonderful work from which Anatole France delighted in quoting choice morsels has been privately revised and our edition here is bound in fourteen volumes. Also Dante's *Inferno*, whether the edition is illustrated by Doré or not, is always printed in thirty-four cantos. Our special edition has forty-two cantos. And the *Purgatorio* has eight additional cantos. Also I must tell you that Defoe's *History of the Devil* has been expanded from one badly printed volume to six fine books in black face Judas type. We have volumes that have never been known to exist, as the *Confessions of the Medici* in eighteen volumes, each by a different writer and each an autobiographical gem. We have also *The Dreams of Richard Wagner*, the words he himself dictated while he sketched in the score in four parts. The music is printed on the left-hand page and the text on the right. This book is printed in two colors. We also have a Shakespeare called *The Last Folio*, which contains six additional plays, one Mummer's Pageant and many revisions. The last two or three lines of almost every sonnet have been strengthened.

I could go on without end about the wonderful books and tell you that Vasari's *Lives of the Painters* in our expanded version fills thirty-six volumes but that Benvenuto Cellini's *Autobiography* has been cut in half. It is said that he repented bitterly and cried out against falsehood and he was finally allowed to revise his text.

Some other time I will explain more fully about the books in our library. I mention but those few that are now being consulted and checked by the scholars. These men are working feverishly, some of them under the supervision of the learned Grand Inquisitor, to find a punishment. Even the men who had for long been engaged on two of our most important projects, *The Kings of Europe* and *American Gangster Techniques* have been taken off their work and are lending aid to the present searching party.

And while all this activity is going on, the two recent arrivals who have thrown down the gauntlet and with a bow and a smile have defied all of Hell and the extra territories, Inferno, Gehenna and Purgatory; these two cool birds shuffle their cards on a side bench, deal and snap out trick after trick.

They came in just ahead of me and I believe I noticed them run through the gate with great happiness. I myself stopped to admire the wonderful figures of Rodin, a triumphant interlacing of giant human forms, through which all must now pass. These very groups were once rejected by the City of Paris and I had years, years before seen the sketches. The overpowering magnificence of these great marble masses made me pause. Coming straight to the gate of Hell and knowing quite well that I deserved to boil in oil and there was no good making any excuses, naturally I would pause to admire the marble workmanship even if it had been done by a lesser hand. And others also paused, halted, hesitated on one pretext or another; but not those two who are now playing cards and have upset the whole Flaming Empire. They skipped happily between the great marble figures and made a dash for the gate as though they feared it would close and lock them outside. I thought their behavior quite strange and that is why I noticed it.

From that moment on things happened very quickly. These two mild, smiling gentlemen were already taken to one side. It was evident at a glance that they were problem children or something very special.

And while waiting for my turn to be enrolled on the black slate and rehearsing in my mind the long catalogue of evil that I was preparing to confess, I was approached by a scarlet page boy who asked me to come at once to the High Commissioner. I recognized him at once as Prince Machiavelli himself. And contrary to any preconceived notions he was truly the kindliest and most considerate person I had ever in my whole life met. He at once put me at ease and explained to me that because of a strange circumstance and the presence of those two who were calmly playing cards, he had been asked to form a committee of some of the most recent arrivals who might be able to throw some light on the strange events that gave these men their calm indifference.

"But, sir," I protested. "I know nothing of these fellows. I have never seen them before."

"Good. Then your opinion will be unbiased."

"But my opinion, sir, is quite worthless and you flatter me by . . ."

He raised his hand and interrupted me. "You have most of your life been a printer's devil. Yes? You have lived with that cruel dagger called the deadline hanging over you. Yes? You have also spent some time in Europe and in the Orient. Yes? You have followed fairly closely the course of events during these twenty-odd years following the War. Yes?"

All these questions that he asked me he answered himself with the word "Yes."

"Besides," he concluded, "you have worked for editors and for years you have splashed about in a bottle of ink. Yes? For the time being your punishment can wait. I appoint you to serve on the committee of those recently arrived."

I bowed politely and said, "I accept." But to myself I was thinking that he should have had someone more informed, some ace newspaperman, or foreign correspondent. But my favorite two were not here and I hope they may carry on for a hundred years before they see the great gates of Rodin.

We had on our committee an inventor, who during his long life had suffered much through hope and anguish. We had also a philosopher; he had been a pupil of Santayana and had built up a philosophical "system." He too had suffered the punishment of regret before he arrived at the marble gate. We had also a fine fellow, the former captain of a transatlantic liner who had some very special knowledge of spy activities and European border difficulties. And we had also a young fellow—he was only an overgrown boy—who had recently been in the army of one of the Central European countries and was shot trying to escape.

"Just call me Fritz," he said as he joined us. He was smiling and he opened his coat to show us exactly where he had been shot. "No," he said, "I am not proud of it. I show it to you only because I want you to know I did not get here through tuberculosis or something, and I got smacked down trying to skip away. I don't want you to think I am a big hero in a uniform when I am just the opposite."

We could not help liking him from the very start. We learned later that Fritz was an Austrian baron who had been forced out of college and into military service. He had the uncomplaining grace of the true aristocrat. And because of his environment and experience he was the very first to stand up and say boldly to the whole assembly, before the great princes and everybody, "It's no use, gentlemen. You can do nothing to those two. They are absolutely unpunishable."

This assembly had been called to hear the reports of the various committees. It was more colorful than the coronation of the ruler of an Empire though it was not bound strictly to ancient ritual. There were princes and barons who arrived with retinues as splendid as those of the Oriental Princes of the Nativity and as glamorous as the lords in attendance upon a Khan emperor. It is only our poor mortal world that has been humbugged by cheap kings and fraudulent emperors, kaisers and czars. But the Princes of Hell are truly distinguished and capable rulers and have won their position by merit, talent and industry. You can see at a glance that these are superior people and that there is no place among them for petty grafters and political manipulators. I am caused to say this because the activity of the convention reminded me very much of one of those gatherings in America when one of the two leading political parties nominates its candidate for president. Only it was less rowdy and the committees did their work openly and above board.

The chairman, one of the great Ramses kings of Ancient Egypt, was, I believe, the Third Ramses because his tall hat had the combined symbols of the Upper and Lower Nile Kingdoms, and these two lands were joined under one rule by the last Ramses. At any rate this tall, dark, elegant figure, as though he were cold granite, dressed in yellow and gold brocade, took up the golden mace of office and, coming slowly upon the carpeted dais, he spoke with a voice that had in it the resounding echoes of centuries. His language was simple and free of any fancy figures and oratorical embellishments.

"We are here assembled to consider and weigh a condition that has rapidly grown into a most serious state. Our very existence is threatened with extinction. We can survive only if we are able to find a solution to our problem. If our Hell's fires no longer purify, if our tortures no longer bring pain and all our inventions are only smiled upon by those who arrive here, then we should devise other means of penalty or surrender our toys and close our gates forever. We cannot pretend to be something that we are not. If Hell is no longer Hell then we should extinguish our flames and spend the rest of eternity in darkness."

With these words spoken the great Ramses seated himself in the chair of authority and the convention was opened.

A report from the Modern Historical Committee was read to show that this condition was no sudden discovery. Since the start of the World War people had arrived and shown a good deal of indifference to many of the punishments.

And that this indifference has been growing steadily, year by year, until the very extreme has been reached with the two who have just arrived and who skipped so happily through the marble gate.

While this convention was in progress these two were outside sitting on the steps of the building playing their cards and rising respectfully and bowing to the arriving princes or anyone at all who had business in the hall. They were more than respectful and looked a bit ashamed and apologetic for all the trouble they were causing. But when nobody was coming in or out, they shuffled their cards and dealt their hands. They were asked to keep close to the building in case the convention should request their appearance.

After the report of the Modern Historians was read, it was time for the Psychologists to say something. They pursued a theory that modern life wholly unfitted persons for Hell and that the trouble was with modern life and not with anything in the Flaming Empire.

Then the scholars, who had been working under the learned Grand Inquisitor, came forward and after giving a staggering account of the records consulted, confessed their failure to find anything that could even be tried on these new arrivals. We also had reports from delegates who arrived from distant provinces and from great Princes of the Separate States. The Oriental division, who prided themselves on their marvelous museum where in glass cases they had small ivory models of all their wonderful methods of torture, likewise confessed failure. These great inventors of pain-making devices had nothing to offer!

And after all the committees had spoken, the good Prince Machiavelli, acting as directing secretary, called upon our simple committee made up of the most recent arrivals. It was then that the youngest of our group, the Austrian baron Fritz, stood up and boldly rendered the verdict: "It's no use, gentlemen. You can do nothing to those two. They are absolutely unpunishable."

Everything pointed toward failure. Not one ray of light penetrated the gloom. Here

Continued in center of page 152

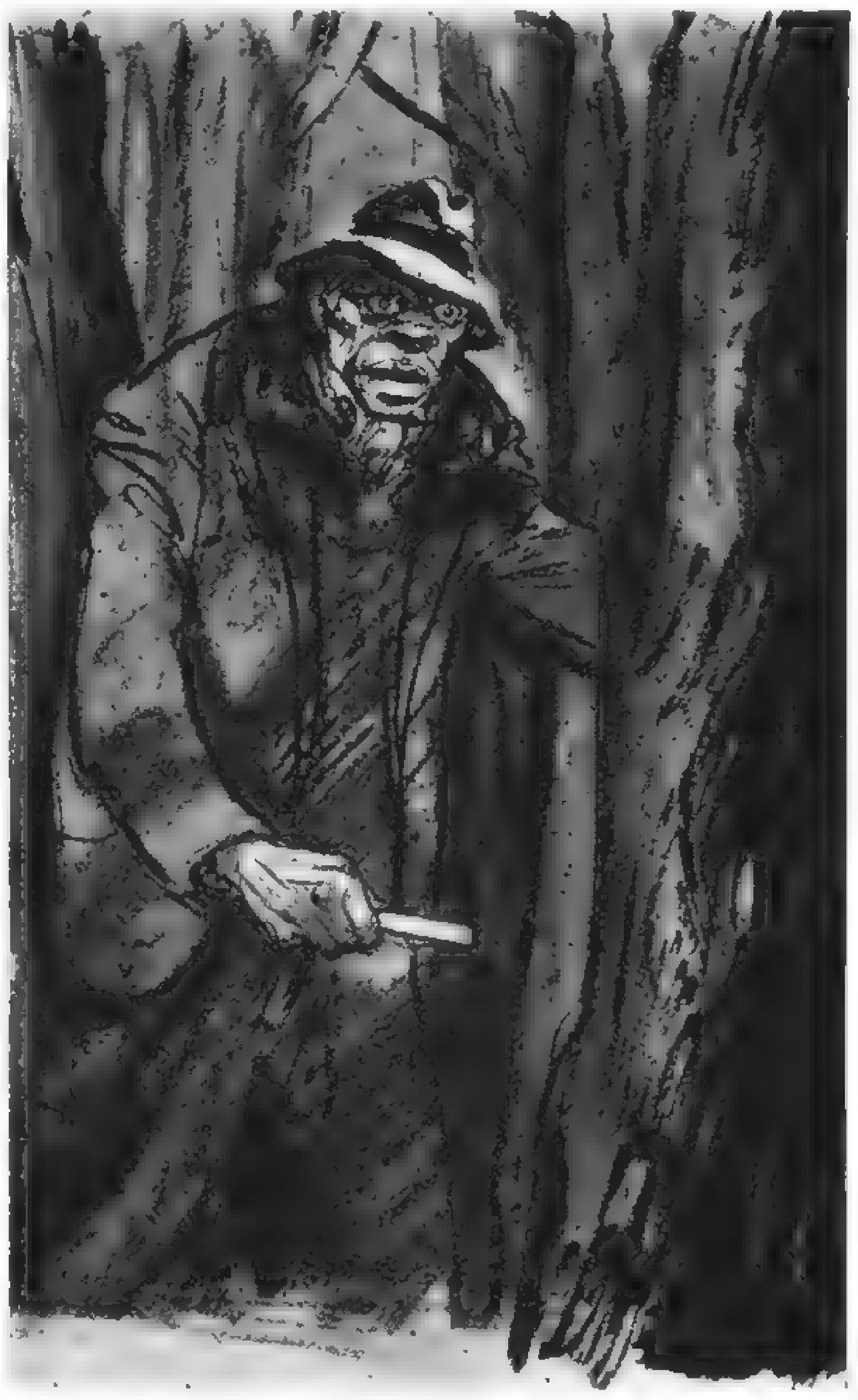
Then Came the Russians

They didn't scare easy, but got in a circle, back to back, and it was pretty to see them use their feet

by F. A. HARDMAN

• FICTION •

MY UNCLE BEALL owned one of the finest sawmills around Houston, Texas. He made lots of money out of it, too. Maybe more than anybody ought to make out of a sawmill. People said Uncle Beall was the worst tightwad, the closest fisted slave-driver they ever heard of. But being rich and single, and hard-headed as hell, he didn't care what anybody called him, as long as they didn't say it to his face. And nobody did that, because it wouldn't have been healthy.



I always kind of liked Uncle Beall myself. He didn't have any children of his own, you see, and I started being "Uncle Beall's boy" when I was still a kid.

As soon as I got out of school, he asked my old man to let me come and learn the lumber business.

Ma and Pa might have thought I'd have it soft because Uncle Beall used to buy me lollipops when I was a little shaver. They might have thought he'd just show me all I needed to know, and then go ahead and leave everything to me, someday, easy and natural-like. Uncle Beall was way over fifty, and I wasn't quite seventeen then.

But they didn't know from nothing. Uncle Beall put me on the gang saw and worked the hell out of me. I went ahead and took it, though, no matter how heavy he piled it on, because, like I told you, I always kind of liked him. It wasn't all on account of the lollipops, either. I thought I understood him, you see.

Uncle Beall had been hooked pretty bad a couple of times when he was younger. Once, he bought a place with nothing but pine trees on it, and forgot to have the timber clause put in the transfer, and found he didn't own the trees. He'd worked five years to save up the money he lost. Later on, he went into partnership with a man, and didn't know just what a partnership was, and the fellow took him for all he had. He'd been married, too, and that didn't turn out exactly like the Virgin's Dream. So Uncle Beall figured it was him against the world.

About a year after I started working in the mill, Uncle Beall began to have labor troubles.

He didn't work anybody but niggers outside of the office. And he didn't pay but two-twenty a day. Other mills paid three dollars. So every once in a while the niggers decided to leave.

Only this time they didn't leave. Jack Wellington, a tough, yellow-hided nigger, stuck around in the pine forest with the old outfit, and every time we hired a new gang, he would chase them off with razors. It had happened twice now.

Everybody in the employment office at Houston knew about it. After the first outfit got cut up considerable, we had a hard time getting takers. The second bunch stayed only one day. They were scared stiff already, and when they saw Jack Wellington's gang come out of the woods with their razors out, they just took off, and we never saw hide nor hair of them again.

Uncle Beall was madder than a jaybird. It was costing him two dollars apiece commission for every nigger the employment office sent out. But he swore and be damned he wouldn't pay a cent more, and that he had done paying out commission, too.

I went with him back to the employment bureau next morning.

"Well, the niggers quit," he said to the man behind the window. "Wellington run 'em into the woods."

"You don't say!" You could see this guy knew all about it.

Uncle Beall took out his pocketbook and planked down three twenties and a ten.

"Now look here, Monkey," he said. "You got me, this trick. But I'm goin' to make you a proposition. You find me thirty-five men that'll stick it out for ninety days, and I'll give you two bucks apiece for sendin' 'em out, and two bucks more at the end of ninety days. But you don't get paid till the ninety days are over, and you don't get nothin' at all if they don't stick."

This fellow blinked a couple of times, like he had a habit of doing, and spit on the floor behind him.

"This on the level?" he says.

"Why, you son of a . . ."

"O.K.!" the fellow says. "O.K.! I'll do my best."

Well sir, he came through the swinging doors at the side of the office, an' made a little spiel to the boys. There were maybe fifty settin' around waitin' for jobs. When he got through, there was a silence you could cut up in strips with your pocketknife and send home by U. S. mail.

"What?" He cussed plenty. "And you guys say you want a *job* . . .?"

He never got no farther than that word, job. When he said it, a kind of a big shadow rose up in back of the room, an' come towards us. There were a couple more right behind him.

"Well?" the fellow says.

This guy that had walked up was a bear, if you ever seen one. Six foot two, if he was a foot, and broad like two men. He had on heavy winter clothes, black as charcoal, and leather boots that looked like they'd weigh twenty-five pounds.

"Well?"

"Job?"

"Sure. You want job?"

"How much?"

"Two-twenty a day. Plenty tough work. Saw mill. Been a strike, and . . ."

"How much?"

"He don't understand nothin'," Uncle Beall says.

"I know. Wait a minute, and I'll get a guy that knows the lingo. They're Russians."

The fellow sent out for a guy, and after a minute he came in. The new guy chattered with the big bozo, an' they shook hands. They both grinned. Like they wanted to get off somewhere, and have a drink and talk.

They spouted some more lingo. I never heard nothin' like it. I've heard spik an'

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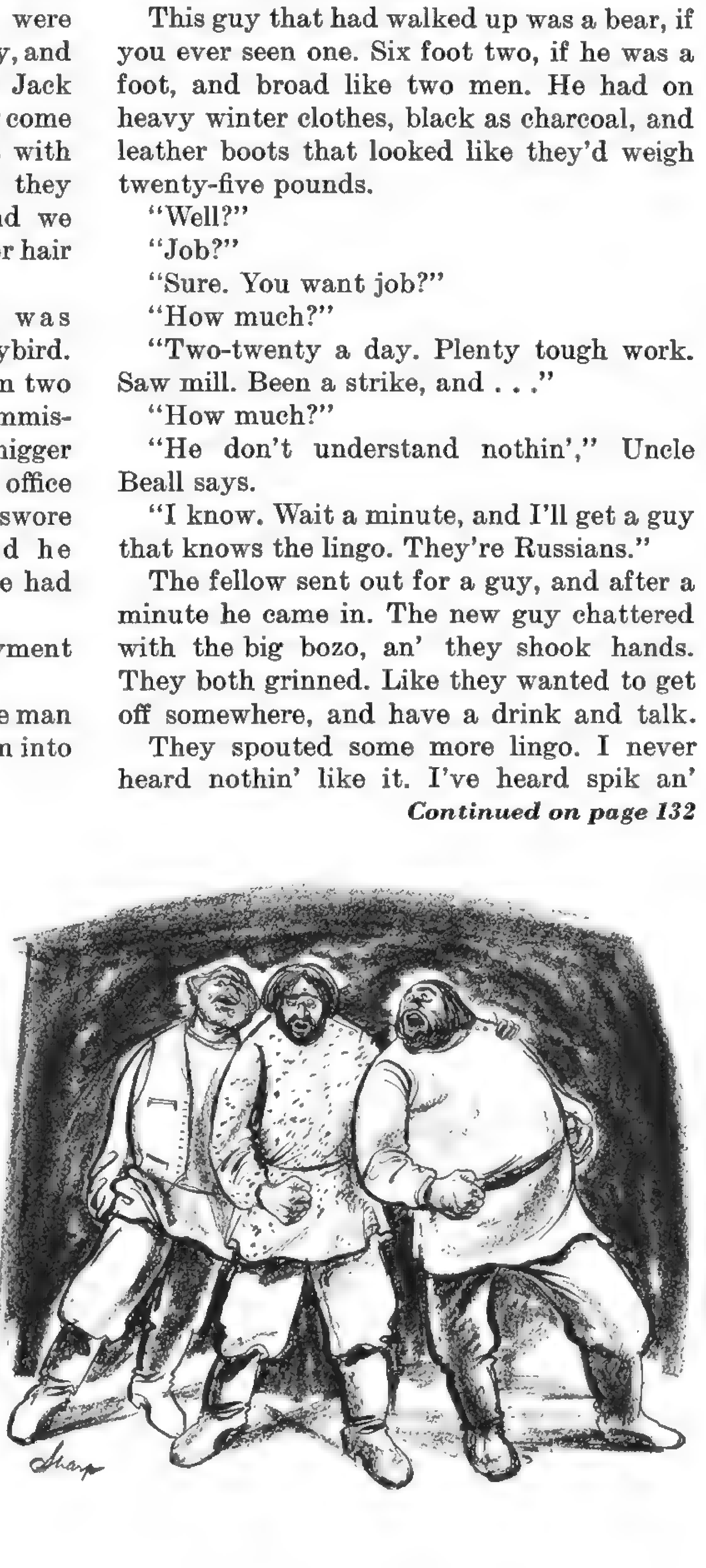
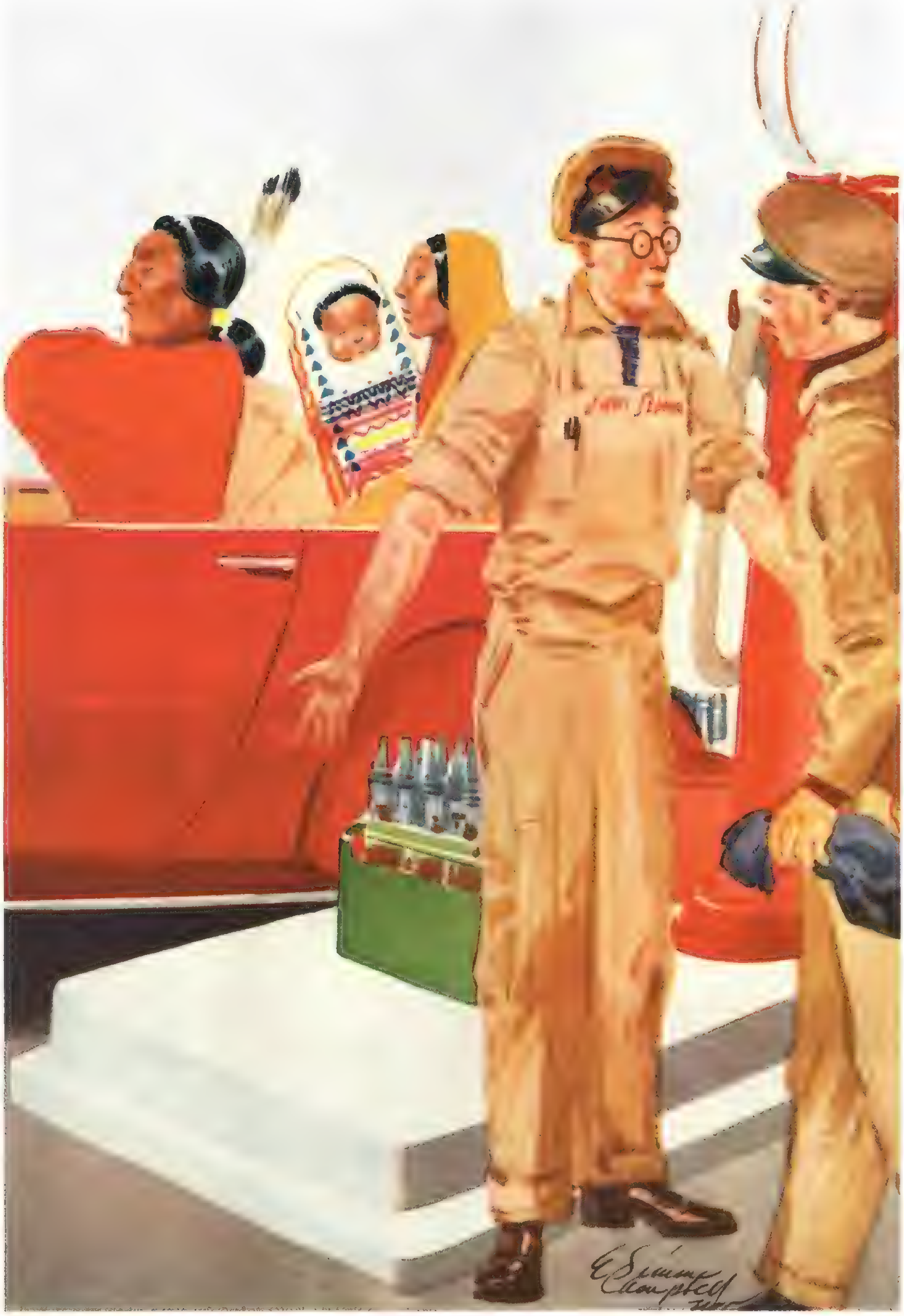
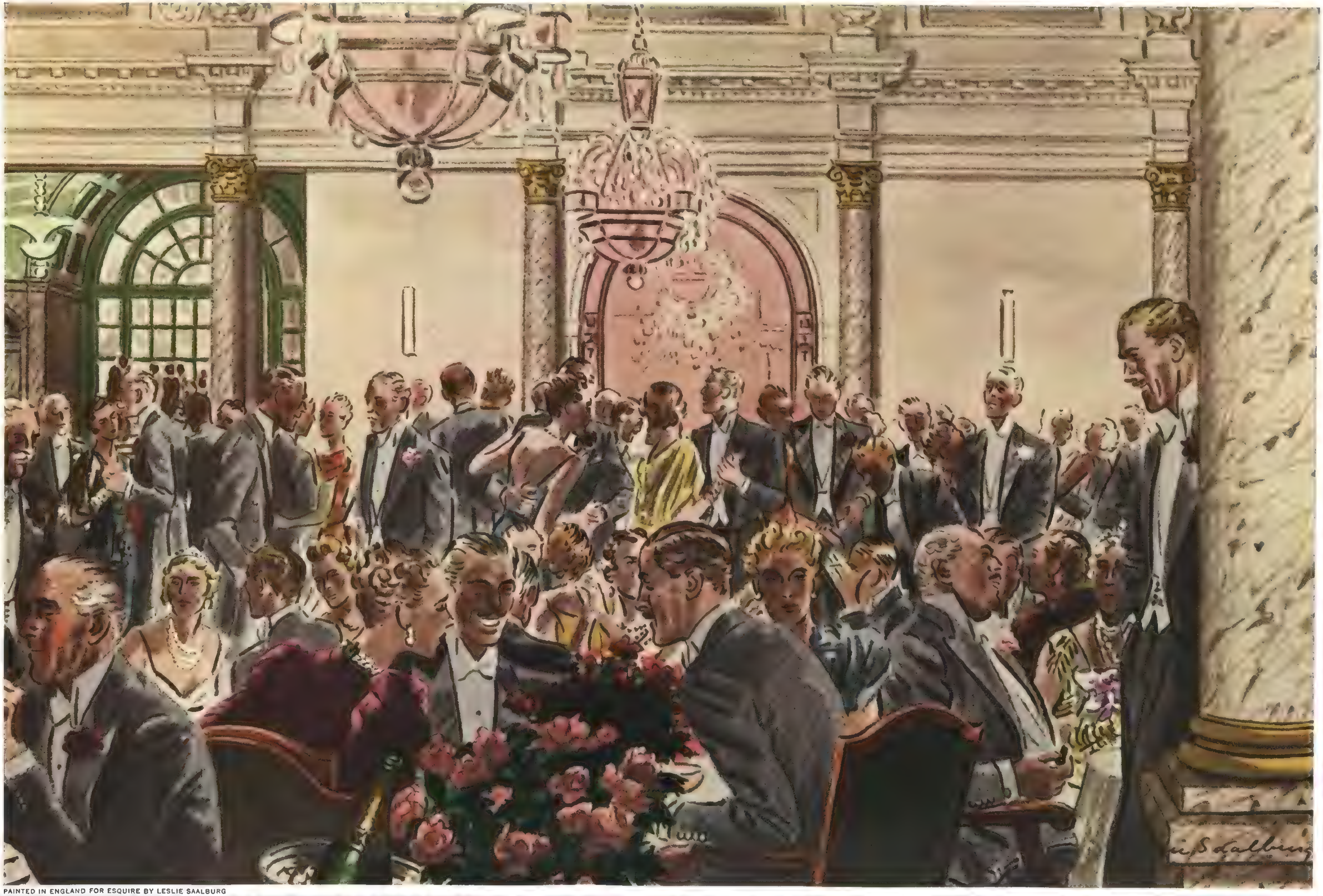




"He won't pay for the oil. He said it was stolen from him anyhow!"



PAINTED IN ENGLAND FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

The London Season

Patron Saint of Gamblers

An exiled prince must live, and no one censured the charming Ferencz for making a sporting house of his friend's palace

by MARTIN GRAHAM

• ARTICLE •

Ferencz II, Prince of Hungary, exiled ruler of Transylvania, landed in Dieppe on the 13th of January, 1713. Next day he arrived in Rouen, where the Duc de Luxembourg, Governor of Normandie Province, offered him hospitality and entertainment commensurate with his high rank. Ferencz II was very tired of the long journey and his host begged him to stay in Rouen as long as he liked. The old duke found the prince extremely agreeable. But the Hungarian Prince was impatient to get to Paris, just as a vacationing American business man would be today, if he were asked to halt in the country on his way to the Folies Bergère. When the duke realized that Ferencz was determined to leave, he asked him:

"And where are you going to stay in Paris?"

"That I don't know," answered Ferencz cheerfully. "I haven't thought of it yet."

The duke mumbled something about these crazy, charming, improvident Hungarians and smiled like a benevolent old owl.

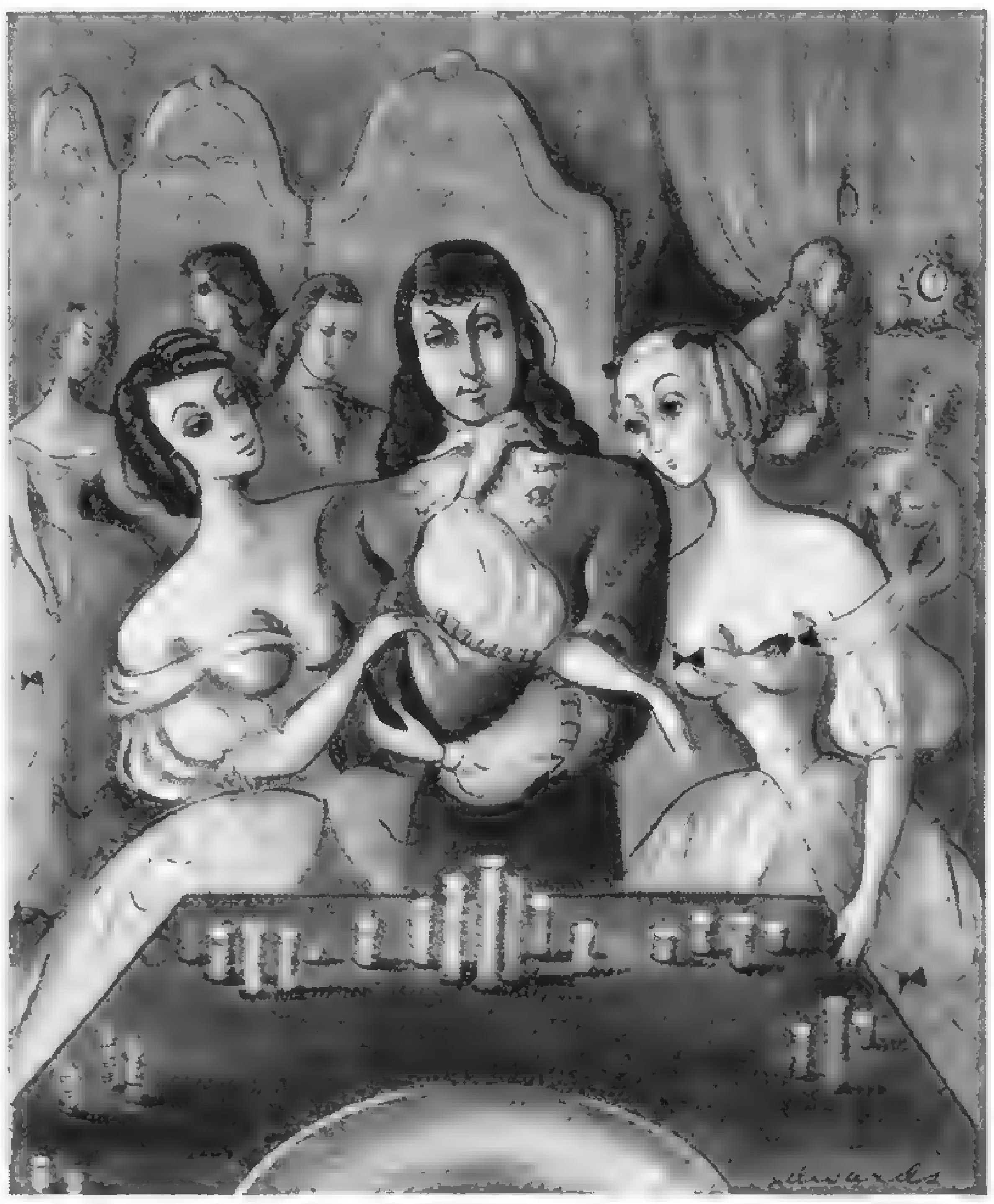
"You may use my house on Quai Malaquais. It is large enough to accommodate you and your suite. My servants have been with me for years, and are picked and trustworthy. I shall send orders by a courier that the house is yours, as long as you want it."

A few days later, on the 27th of January, Ferencz, Prince of Hungary, took possession of the splendid Hotel du Perron, Quai Malaquais, corner of Rue des Petits-Augustins. (Today Rue Bonaparte.)

Two weeks later he opened in the borrowed palace the first elaborate gambling establishment combined with a brothel, that we know of in history. Ferencz was thirty-seven years old at the time and according to the Duc de Saint-Simon in his *Memoires* he was: "very tall, had an excellent figure, marvellously proportioned, robust, and still very refined and noble. His features were exceedingly good looking and agreeable. He was very polite, and had a way of talking to people in a smooth, personal, and still dignified manner. He was very brave and you could sense this virtue at once when you spoke to him or saw him. Out of his earnings at the house of ill-repute, he gave generously to the poor and went to church every day . . ."

Saint-Simon was broad-minded enough not to comment on the incongruity of a ruling prince keeping a call house. Voltaire was even more tolerant to the Hungarian. "What was the poor man to do but open a sporting house? Louis XIV has been stingy with him." Saint-Simon and Voltaire knew life, they knew how quickly the portion of princes may change and they knew just enough of Ferencz's biography to be lenient about his strange business venture. The two farsighted and logical gentlemen were aware of the fact that if a Hungarian inherits two million four hundred thousand acres of land, he is predestined for trouble.

Two million four hundred thousand acres —over two hundred castles—874 servants who drew a salary of seventy-eight thousand florins in cash yearly—jewelry of immeasurable value! All this was the inheritance of three-month-old Ferencz de Rákóczy when his father, Ferencz I, died. Thirty-seven years later, when he inaugurated the gambling establishment in Paris, a French officer had to lend him the necessary funds to buy the faro cards.



The forefathers of Ferencz, who had had a way with women and married rich heiresses, laid down the foundation of the family fortune. The father of Ferencz was already able to afford to marry a poor but beautiful countess, Ilona Zrinyi. As soon as she was left a widow, she married Count Tokoly, a famous Don Juan of those times. Little Ferencz was taken to Vienna by the Emperor, and his education was entrusted to a Cardinal.

When he reached seventeen, Ferencz was (according to contemporary writers) a youth of quiet, amiable manners and unusual good looks who possessed to a rare degree the gift of inspiring affection. He was proud and shy, dignified and lovable. Tactful, silent and a good listener, he had a great deal of common sense, although he was never really brilliant intellectually.

In 1694 when he was eighteen, the Emperor asked him what he wanted to do. Ferencz said that above all he wanted a wife. That same year the courtiers found a woman for him—a daughter of a German ruling prince. They did their best to Germanize young Rákóczy, but no sooner did the couple return to Hungary from Vienna than Ferencz started a revolution to separate Hungary from Austria. He wrote to Louis XIV that he was ready to overturn the Hapsburg regime, and the Roi du Soleil, who had been planning for a European war, sent money and troops. After years of *guerre à outrance* Rákóczy lost his terrific struggle for Hungarian liberty and fleeing the country, he started out on his strange Odyssey.

In the Hotel du Perron, which soon had its name changed to the Hotel de Transylvania, (the house is *still* known by this name in Paris) everything seemed to go smoothly at first. Faro was played mostly, although some ultramodern gamblers insisted on throwing dice. Rákóczy kept an excellent table and Hungarian specialties were served free to the guests. Wine was free, too, and the gay blades of Paris were not backward in taking advantage of this. Drunken fights took place every night on the Quai Malaquais; temperamental Hungarian officers of Rákóczy's suite dueled with dissatisfied losers on the Square; Frenchmen who came to the palace to claim their strayed and erring sweethearts or wives, were thrown out. When they regained consciousness and were able to get to their feet, they went to the police and complained. In the beginning the police took no action. Fights, seduction of women, drinking, fail to excite a policeman in France, even today. But when it comes to a question of money, frugal Frenchmen act very rapidly. And when marked cards, loaded dice and tremendous losses were reported, M. de Torcy, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, was notified. De Torcy first ran to the Hotel de Transylvania and implored Rákóczy to stop all gambling, lead a more reserved life and receive less women of easy virtue. However, the proud Hungarian took orders from no one. He invited the agitated French Minister to go to the Devil. De Torcy went to the king instead. Louis refused to interfere. "Let him mend his fortune a bit," he said, referring to the cheating, "he had quite a run of hard luck." But Louis was not being soft-hearted. He knew that as the takings of the Hotel de Transylvania decreased, the pocket money he was already giving to the Hungarian prince would in turn have to be in-

Continued in center of page 104

Minding the Calves

He walked among his cousins as a stranger, but the calves all knew him and Dicky was his pet

by DAVID CORNEL DeJONG

FICTION

"You'd think he was crazy. Lugging through all this heat with that water." Mrs. Pierson clamped her mouth shut. The boy went on, lugging two pails up the dead grey hill. A fierce sun stood high above him so that his shadow fell close around his feet. "It won't hurt them calves any," Mrs. Pierson continued, "but he's crazy." She turned to one of her sons. "Where's he got them tied now, Sam?"

"Durn if I know." He shrugged.

"Under the old apple trees. He put them there this morning. I saw him. Pretty near took him an hour, huggin' and pettin' 'em," Margie said. Her words came with a dry intensity as if they were shreds of the heat. She looked wizened and sullen far beyond her thirteen years.

"Well, all I can say he's crazy," Mrs. Pierson barked. She shaded her eyes and studied the whitely glowing sky above the distant Berkshires. Then she turned and went in the house, shooing flies away with her apron. Margie followed. The two sons shouldered mutely into the heat.

The boy had reached the top of the slope. The grass was hard beneath his feet and grasshoppers whirred up and clanged against the pails. From a clump of trees, crows cawed monotonously.

Underneath the bedraggled apple trees the seven calves were tethered each to its stake. They had risen when the boy became visible over the slope, and were rubbing their heads against the stakes. When he was quite near, they lolled their blue-gray tongues and smacked their lips resoundingly. "Yes, I'm coming," he panted, his voice softening. He had to circle widely around the first three calves to reach the four little bulls, Abner and Tom first. The people back in the house had had no names for them. To them they were bulls and calves, brown, black and white. But he had named them. Now they were his; they knew him and needed him.

He set the first pail in front of Abner, a sturdy brown beast, who plunged his blunt head to his eyes in the milky water. "It's an awful day, Abner, boy." The other calves watched Abner's drinking greedily. When Abner was done, he let him suck at the empty pail, while he went to Tom with the other pail. He hunched in front of Tom, prattling soft things.

When the pails were empty he trudged back toward the house again to fill them. Behind him he heard the five unappeased calves smack their lips. It made him hurry, in spite of the heat.

He was thirteen, but was much smaller than Margie. Somehow he looked perpetually underfed, especially in the pair of old overalls of his grown cousin. When he had come to the farm last May, they had all poked his ribs and put their fingers in the hollows at his shoulders. "We've got to put weight on him," was their combined verdict. "Maybe we'd better swill him like the hogs," his uncle had grumbled. He had had to look up at his uncle's face to see that it was only a joke. They were all so big and red and healthy. And this farm was going to be his home, all its silently rolling greenness. It had been almost frightening.

His mother was dead. The thought of her had become like a dry hayfield, choking. At the funeral his uncle had said: "Well, I guess there's no other place for you than the farm." He had accepted the inevitable mutely, and had gone with his sun-red uncle, not expecting anything, feeling nothing.

After he had been on the farm three days, his oldest cousin had declared that he wasn't good for anything much. He might as well take care of the seven calves, bring them water and skimmed milk, find green places for them. He had not answered, but listened to all the others discuss him, even that girl Margie.

That evening they had brought him to the calves. Before that he had been afraid of the calves, of their clumsy motions, their hard heads. Now his cousins made him come close. They made him hold the pail between his knees while the calves drank. And so he had discovered the large limpid eyes of the calves—which were full of strange reflections and soft shades. That had broken his fear. Those eyes made him think of his mother and things very long ago.

He had had to look up when his cousin was standing in front of the smallest bull calf, a little black and white beast, and said: "If this young idiot don't wanna drink, just kick'm in the slats." The little beast had sniffed at the watered milk and was backing disconsolately away. "See that?" his cousin had said triumphantly. He gave the calf a resounding kick. "That's the way to treat him."

He had shut his eyes and turned his face. Suddenly he had run away. Behind him his cousin had yelled: "Here, wait, what're you scared of?" Then his cousin had thrust two empty pails into his hands and ordered him to fill them with the diluted milk. But he had already forgotten which of the calves had been fed. It didn't matter. He was going to feed them all over again, in his own way, without kicking them, also without fear for them.

That had been May and now it was August. All the calves knew him; he loved them. They were to him what the family was not. Among his cousins he sat and walked as a stranger. But the summer had turned hot and dry; green places for the calves had become hard to find. He suffered, because he imagined the calves suffered. They would stand taut and expectant whenever he approached them, and then his love for them fused with anguish that soon there would be no more green places for them.

But at the house they called him crazy, because he worried, and because he didn't kick the calves, and because the little black and white one had become his pet. Already the second day he had found a way to make the little fellow drink. He had plunged his elbow deep in the whitish water, his fingers extending upward, and the calf had sucked greedily at his fingers, drawing the water up along them, as if he were drinking from an udder. He had named the calf Dicky.

But the heat was great and the drought increased. "He'll get sunstroke, sure as pie," his aunt said about him. "He's crazy," they scolded. All of them, except his uncle, who never scolded and who never spoke kindly to him. But his uncle had the same eyes his mother had had. That made him look long and steadily at his uncle sometimes, who then became uncomfortable and turned his face.

* * *

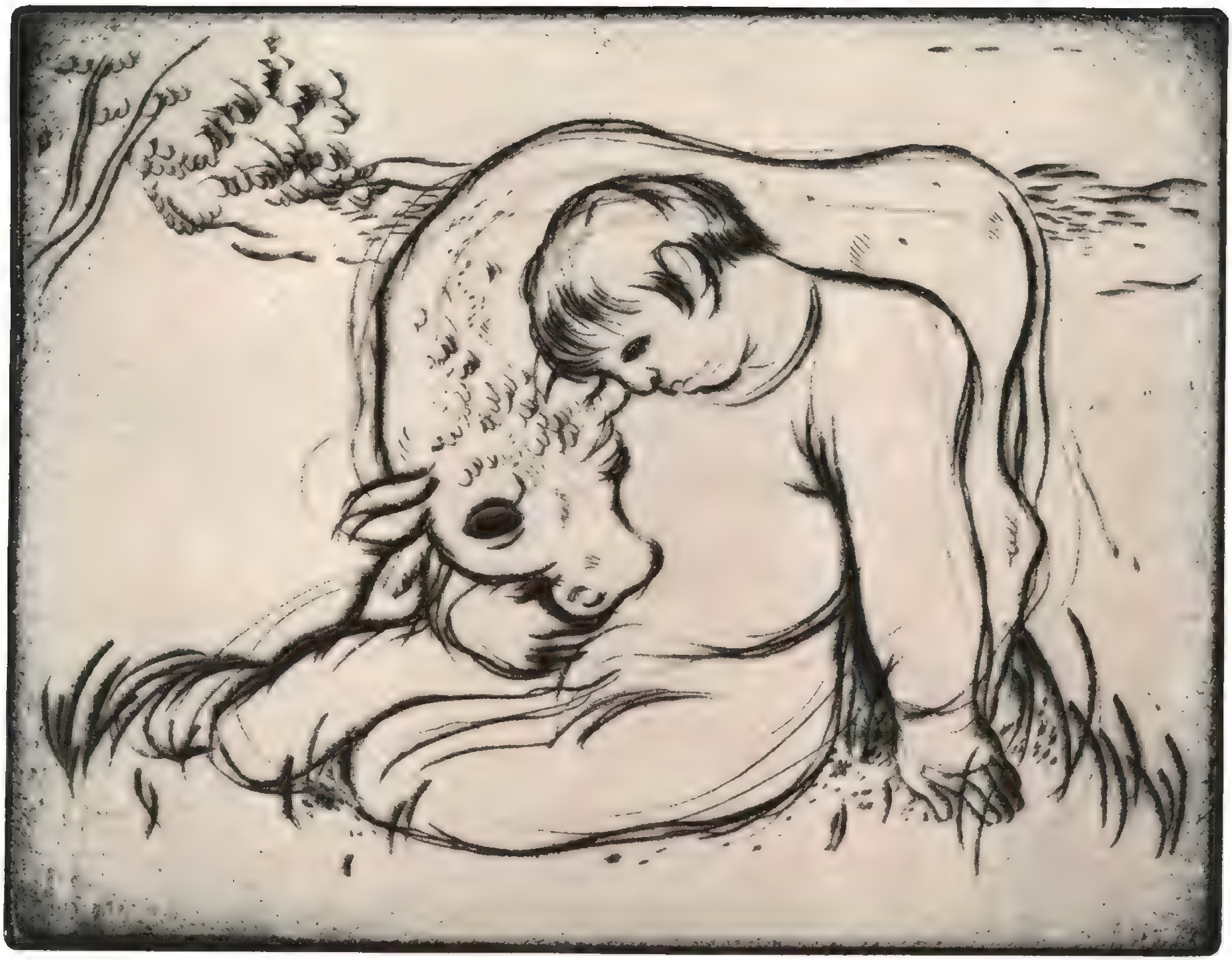
Now it was late August and still the drought remained unbroken. It was early morning. He had just come back from putting the calves beneath the trees before he ate his breakfast. When he entered the house he heard his aunt say: "I don't like butchering at this time of the year. But all my cans are empty, and fresh veal will taste good. And if Mat and Grace want to visit here for a week, all right. He can do the butchering, seeing that's his job in Worcester, and she can help me can the meat."

Her husband had nodded gravely and said: "It's all right by me. It'll save the boys a job, that's sure."

He listened to their conversation. Margie grimaced at him from across the table. When his aunt shoved a bowl of oatmeal in front of him she said: "There, Joe, how's it seem to you to have three less calves to take care of? The three biggest bulls?" Suddenly he understood. He watched his aunt's red fingers loosen from the bowl and disappear. "How's it seem to you, three less to take care of?" his aunt continued.

But he couldn't even look up. "You see," she went on, "you done such a good job feeding them. They're that nice and fat. And then you won't have to run around in the hot sun a hundred times a day."

At last she was silent, but he realized that they weren't even waiting for his answer. They talked of the butchering. His temples seemed to be pressing together. He looked up in desperation and saw Margie grin meanly at him. He pushed his chair back and ran out



DRYPOINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

of the kitchen. "Eat your oatmeal," his aunt shouted.

"I've got to go," he stuttered, running.

He ran up the hill. The calves had heard the door slam and were waiting to see his head rise above the slope. He stumbled blindly on, his eyes stinging. "Because I made you nice and fat, they're killing you. Because . . ." he panted and ran on.

When he saw them, he shut his mouth grimly and walked to Abner, the sleekest one, the kindliest one. He laid his forehead between Abner's eyes, against the hard platter of bone. Abner tried to lick his shirt with his long blue tongue. "They're going to kill you Abner," he sobbed. "Because I put you in the shade." Then he went to Paul and Tom.

While he sat with his forehead against Tom's, he heard footsteps behind him through the dry grass. He turned and saw it was Margie. She came and stood beside him. When Tom tried to butt her, she kicked his wet nose till he staggered back.

"Cut that out," the boy said.

She laughed. "You couldn't eat your oatmeal because these bulls is gonna be butchered," she taunted.

"Go on home," he cried.

"You're a sissy. Crying about them bulls. You're a sissy."

He walked away from her, but she followed him.

"You're a big baby," she continued. "A sissy. You know what my brothers did when they was no bigger than you? I tell you what they done. They butchered a bull calf two weeks old. My brothers did. And they had the old cow standing right there on the other side of the fence. You should have seen that old cow. She got crazy, she yelled, almost like a horse, because she saw them butcher her calf. But my brothers just laughed. They're not sissies."

He had come to a stop near the sledge hammer which he used to drive the calves' stakes in the ground. He waited, his eyes fixed only on her feet, his face drawn and bloodless. When she was near, he grabbed the hammer and lifted it. "Shut up. Get out of here. Get out," he shrieked, jumping toward her with the hammer.

Suddenly she ran, shrieking like a maimed fowl. But he did not follow her. He dropped the hammer and walked to an apple tree, and pressed his face against the rough stem. "I'm gonna die," he sobbed. "I am going to die."

It was the day before the killing of the calves, and Mat and Grace were coming that evening. For days the skies had threatened rain. Clouds shifted from the Berkshires and rumbled dull thunder. The boy stood against the house, watching his aunt scrub boards in preparation for the killing. His thoughts seemed to have gone to dust; nothing had come of that endless threatening of the sky to prevent the inevitable. Tomorrow they'd be dead.

He watched the uneasy shifting of clouds. He saw them pile higher, and at last reach the fierce sun. Thunder growled louder; dragonflies swooped tiredly. "This time we'll get something," his aunt remarked, studying the sky through her tumbled hair. "Just look at that mean sky. I don't like the looks of it."

His lips parted and his breath started coming fast as he watched the awful blackness over the hills. From the fields came the excited yelling of his uncle and cousins and the snorting of horses. But excitedly he watched only the terrible commotion of the clouds. "Come on," he whispered. Unexpectedly the dust whirled up in slow grey spirals and stung his face. Corn blades rustled, stalks creaked, the whole earth seemed to shudder. He licked the dust off his lips and after a flash of lightning he crooned: "You're coming, coming," in the reverberating volley of thunder. The roaring of the thunder filled everything. From the fields his uncle and cousins came running. Near him his aunt shrieked almost hysterically: "Get in the house, you fool. Are you crazy?"

He looked at her. "No," he shouted, and then he ran away from her into the sudden sheets of rain and hail. He hurled himself up the hill toward the calves, the rain and wind nearly toppling him. The terrible blackness of the sky was churning above tossing trees. He ran. "Ah," he shouted. He almost flew, flayed by the wind, his clothes plastering against his back, the hail stabbing his neck. "Come on, come on," he yelled.

Suddenly he was among the calves, their backs hunched to brunt the wind and hail. Then the earth darkened. The blackness had come, and everything bent beneath it. But he stood holding Abner's head, and watched the sky. "Come now, come now, quick," he sang. He shut his eyes, but through his closed eye-

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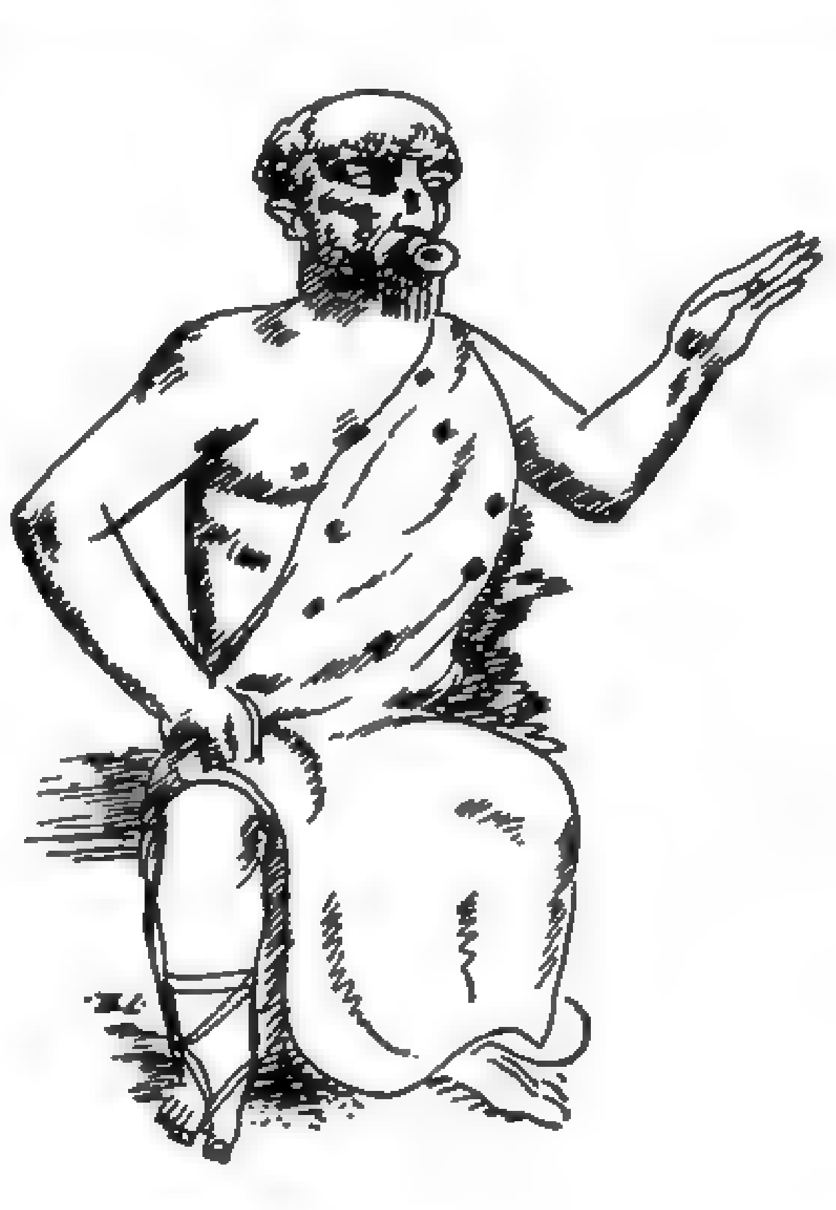
The Old Guy in the Spotty Toga

He kept squawking that the bouts weren't what they used to be in the day of Sparticus and his gang

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ SATIRE ▪

IT WAS a toss-up between Sertorius Quintus at the Forum, and Prothous, the Athenian, at the Colosseum. Some lug or other was putting on a little show, with Prothous in the arena. The town had been plastered with handbills advertising the event. My friend Marcus Appius, the poet, was all for the old general.



"So he's going to tell us that Rome isn't what it was when he was a kid," I protested. "To hell with that. Let's pick up some Falernian and a couple of loaves of bread and go over and watch Prothous mop up a couple of Aethiopians."

"Have it your way, Varinius," my friend shrugged. "I grant you Sertorius is superannuated. On the other hand, Prothous'll mop up a couple of Aethiopians, and all it'll prove is that Sertorius is right and that Rome is very definitely not what it used to be." We finally threw up a silver denarius. I called Caesar's head and won the toss, and so we went to the Colosseum.

There wasn't much of a mob. "I hope they give us some of the Catervarii, the ones that fight in bunches," I said, as we settled ourselves in seats directly behind those reserved for the patrician class. "Some of these second-string gladiators they've been dumping into the arena lately are terrible hams. This Prothous is all right, though—I've seen him fight. Man weighs over two hundred, yet he's as light on his feet as a cat. He fights as a *secutor* with sword and dagger, and meets all comers."

"It strikes me," said Appius, munching his loaf and glancing about the rapidly filling amphitheatre, "that these gladiatorial shows are somehow barbaric. They don't make very much sense. They don't add up to anything."

"How do you figure that? This is the sport of kings, my boy," I said. "Cicero thinks they're okay, the best discipline against fear of death that can meet the eye."

My friend Appius, who is a cryptic fellow, took a swallow of Falernian from his flask, then turned and winked his eye satirically at me. "Clever lad, your Cicero. He ought to be preserved for posterity. No doubt about it, the best discipline against fear of death is to remain the spectator in a gladiatorial contest."

I was going to call him an introvert or something when the procession of gladiators filed across the arena and riveted our attention on the proceedings; they deployed around the entrance to the box of the giver of the show, who made the cursory examination of their weapons. Then the *praelusio*, the clowns with their wooden swords and javelins, paired off and mimicked in sham battle the contests of the gladiators. A blast from a bugle, ending this hokus-pokus and the hilarious laughter of the crowd signaled commencement of the real fighting. Several weak sisters had to be prodded into the arena with whips and red hot irons. There was an old guy in a spotty toga sitting next Appius and me, and when he saw a great black giant attempt to flee the pairing-off, he rose up in his seat, and with a gesture of vast disgust, aspirated his contempt with the exclamation, "Phooey!"

I didn't pay much attention to him at first. You meet all kinds at the circus. The show started off with *Retiarius* and *Secutor:* Retiarius was a little hoppity bird, and he came out spinning and whirling his net; Secutor, fully armed, a big gawky fellow, ducked this way and that, attempting to get in closer without becoming entangled in the cast-net. Everybody could see it was all over for the awkward *secutor*—he kept lunging at the air with his sword until finally little *Retiarius* feinted as though losing his net. *Secutor* rushed in gauchely for the kill. *Retiarius* went down in the dust, flipped his net about *Secutor's* ankles, jerked him headlong, was up with the blade of his trident flashing, and finished him off. A great howl went up from the appreciative crowd. The old gent with the spotty toga turned his head and spat mockingly over his left shoulder. "Phooey!" he scoffed derisively.

Now it wasn't much of a contest. But the way I figure it, these fellows go in there and they do their best, and there's no sense of getting up and yelling, "Phooey!" after every bout. I turned around to the old fellow in the spotty toga and I said, "Caius," I said, using the term of endearment satirically, "Caius, don't you like this show?"

"Caius," said the old guy, "it smells."

"Well, if it smells, Caius," I said, "why don't you go some place else? We like it."

By this time another match was in progress. After putting the old boy in his place I turned my attention to the fight below us. Two husky Samnites, with long oblong shields and vizors, plumed helmets and short wicked swords, had squared off and were battering away at each other. Their movements were the conventional ones, uninspired but earnest. After exhausting the few fancy steps they'd learned in *ludi*, or training school, they gave up and stood flatfooted and slugged away at each other, hoping one of their wild thrusting whacks might find a vulnerable spot. The crowd began to bellow for the kill. This upset one of the Samnites. The other caught him in the armpit, and down he went, the great cry of "*Habet!*" rising from the spectators. Being at the mercy of his adversary, the wounded man raised his forefinger in supplication of clemency from the mob. As the prescribed signal for mercy was most in evidence, his life was spared and he was dragged, bleeding profusely, from the arena. Something compelled me to glance over toward the old gent in the spotty toga.

"Caius," he murmured, fixing his attention on me, "this show smells. Phooey!"

Before I could give angry reply, my friend Appius interposed himself between us. "Caius," he addressed the old man in the spotty toga, "give thought to the words of the valiant pen-pusher, Marcus Tullius Cicero, who informs us that the best discipline against fear of death that can meet the eye is the gladiatorial contest. Just what, Roman, are your objections to these bouts?"

"They're wish-wash," the old gent answered. "Pish-posh. A disgrace to the names of our forefathers. In my day—"

"You infer, Caius," murmured Appius, a telltale ironic twinkle in his eye; "you infer that our contests lack the virility which characterized the *gladiatores* of an older day?"

"Caius," the old guy said to Appius; "and you, too, Caius," he turned to me. "I fought against Sparticus the Thracian in Calabria."

"So you fought against Sparticus the Thracian in Calabria," I said. "What do you want us to do, give you a triumph?"

"As I was saying," he went on, "I fought with noble Crassus against the greatest gladiator of them all. I'm an old buzzard, and all the sap's gone out of me, but I could go down there and lick the tunics off half of them weaklings just as I am. And yet Sparticus, with a few dozen rebels, stood an army of us young fellers up on their heels and beat the livin' hell out of us. Them, gentlemen, was gladiators." By this time another pair of

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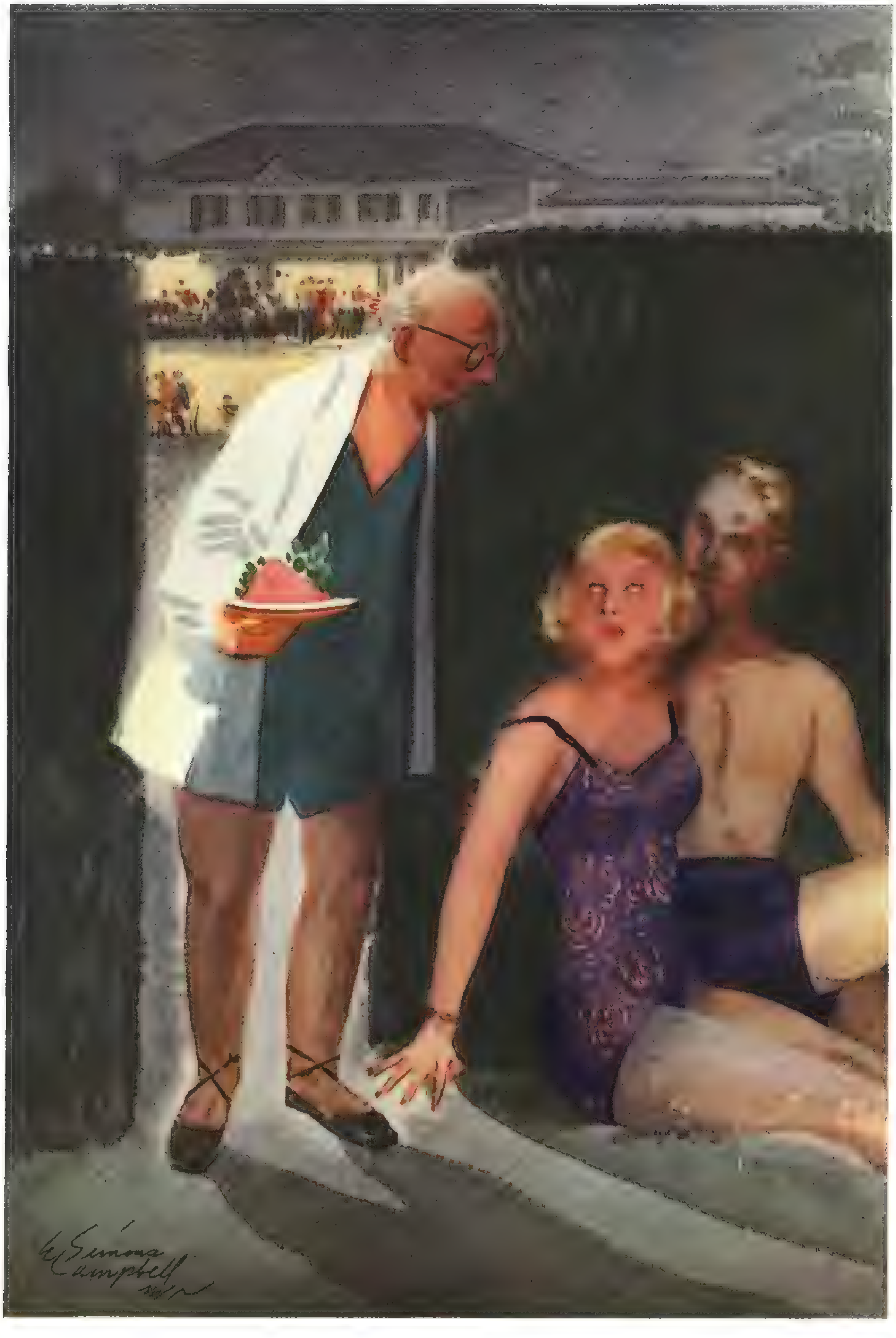
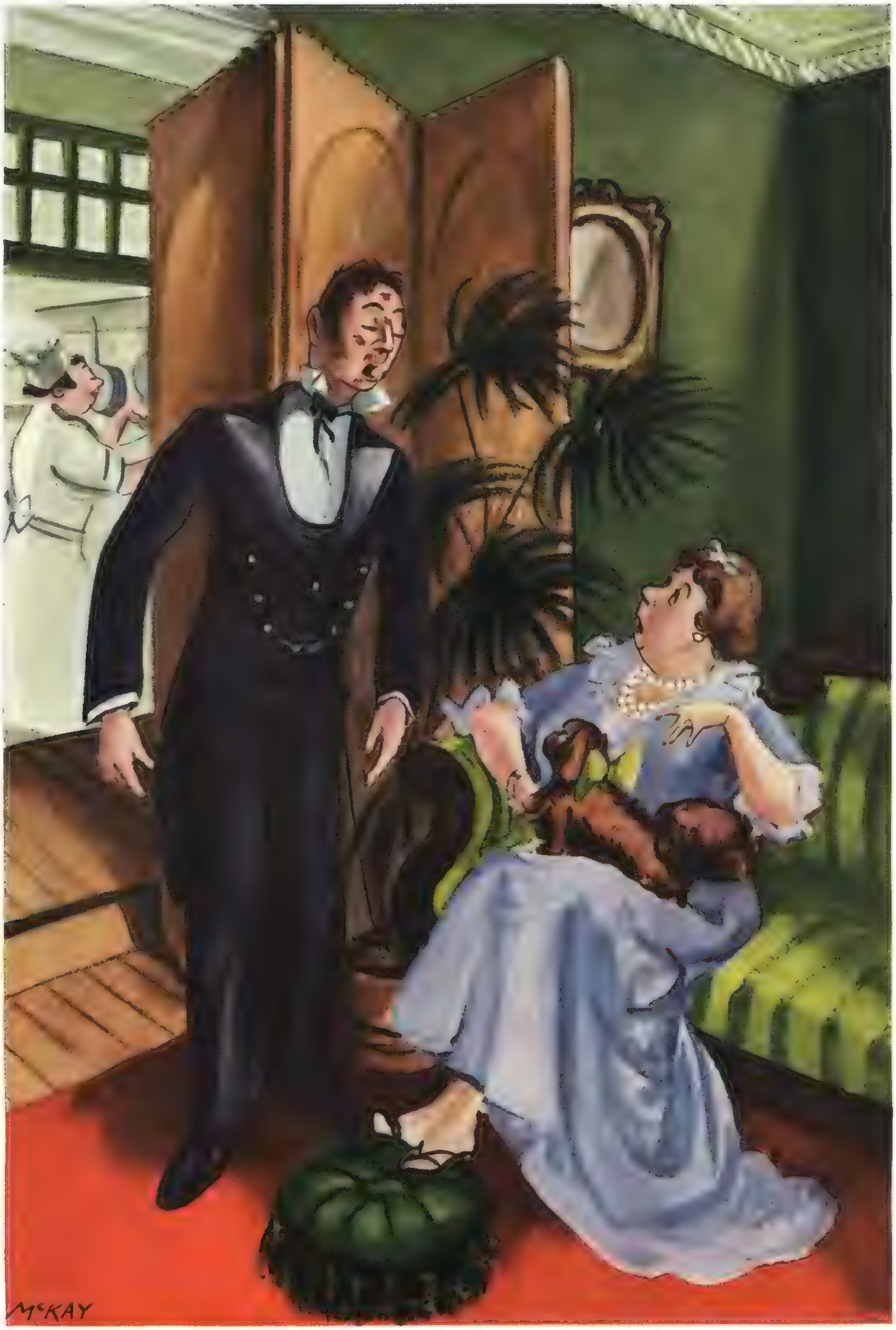

E. Simms Campbell

"They're serving ice cream now!"



"It's the cook again, Madame—she says I fascinate her!"

Prime Roast Rib

Luke Jeremiah Barnett has made a nice thing out of his favorite sport, which is insulting people

by E. D. MELLINGER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

If the next time you visit Pittsburgh's ultra-plushed William Penn Hotel you take the elevator to the rooms of Amen Corner, you will doubtless find pink-faced, bald-headed, bespectacled Luke Jeremiah Barnett at a table round of good old-fashioned poker. The Corner is a perfect hideout for him. For when Billy Brennan, the oldtime Democratic boss, found nowhere to tip a chair among friends of a sultry afternoon, he leased a corner of the hotel lobby and gave it the nearest Biblical equivalent he knew to "The Last Word." Since those days the Corner has moved one flight up, and where Billy Brennan, Democrat, once led the "Amens," Frank Harris, Republican, leads them now, but it is still "The Last Word," and most any afternoon you will find Luke there.

Luke is a dark rumor in the undertone of a sooty city. He is perhaps the only man who has tantalized James J. Corbett, Hack Wilson and Jim Londos, and gotten away with it, who has indiscriminately accused senators and congressmen of being drunk, and ordered Mrs. Walter Chrysler out of her private box. The man has a quirk. Nobody else seems ever to have had a quirk just like Luke's particular one, and that made it a windfall, for he has been subsidized half his life for insulting people.

RODNEY deSARRO

His first thirty years were even enough. Born of an Irish contractor's family, he left grade school to help his father, left him to sell cigars, then whiskey. Jerkwater hotel lobbies with their droning gossip wearied him, and he took to relieving his ennui by "ribbing" others. His early life among mill men had given him a command of Polish, German and Italian dialects, and he capitalized on it. One day he thundered down upon a total stranger with:

"You not to mek a leaf, pleass. Absolutely to stay here till I get my money back. You should not rob me efery cent what I have."

The stranger ventured a word of protest.

"Halp! Poleeece! A robber here right now before me!" screamed Luke.

The stranger, a circumspect businessman, began to object vociferously. He knew nothing, he assured the rapidly collecting crowd, of any outrage upon the large, foreign gentleman. Meanwhile, Luke bawled like a new calf for the law. When that person finally arrived, Luke presented his case.

"Not to take unfair of me I want. Mister detectif, work strong my money to get back again. Mek this man to gif back efery cent."

And before the house detective could ask a question, the accuser broke down completely and began to cry. Sobs that gave testimony to his unutterable anguish wracked his big body. Tears rolled down his cheeks and stained his shirt.

"*Pleass* not to steal my money so little I haf. I no spik em·Inglees such good. I no haf got friend anywhere. *Pleass* not to steal my money. *PLEASS.*"

The crowd was satisfied. With a low, wolfish snarl it surged a step closer toward the accused. Dramatically the detective lifted a hand for order. The dispossessed foreigner writhed in his torment. Suddenly he stopped dead, his hand at his pocket.

"Eferyting all right," he beamed, his tears already dry. "You stop now. My money, it iss here. 'Scuse, pleass." And he bore off barward.

Awaiting him, leaning with his back to the bar, was another man.

"You did it," he announced happily. "The offer goes. Five dollars if you do the same thing tonight to my wife."

And that is how, because he was bored, Luke Barnett made professional distracting pay. For the past twenty-five years he has worked four and five nights a week at one hundred dollars a night and expenses, has gone as high as six hundred dollars for a few hours, yet he has never planned a single word of any gag in advance. His job has taken him all over the country, has made him match his wits against innumerable notables from Lillian Russell to Raymond Moley, from Heywood Broun to Walter Kelly, and from Jack Dempsey to Elihu Root. He has appeared before five thousand banquets and conventions, and insulted the guests every time. He has been chased through dining halls, into kitchens and down fire escapes with everything from ice picks to butcher cleavers and sub-machine guns, yet he has never been touched. He has spoken before the most august of gatherings on every imaginable subject, including cardiac surgery, the Dawes Plan, and combustion of fuels, and before every kind of audience from the International Baby Chick Convention to the Appalachian Logging Congress (where he was nearly murdered). He was carted off to the Detroit jail twenty-two times in one day, and stayed just five minutes each time. He has been the nemesis of astrologers from Professor Seward on down, and public-spirited citizens have long employed him to rid their towns of mediums and phrenologists by heckling them to distraction. Thus (to a snoring accomplice):

"Vake up, Chonney, vake up my poy, und hear vot der schmart man says about der head bumps. Maybe you gratchuate from der school yet if you bump right."

The Barnett system for developing a stark, staring maniac runs along somewhat like this, with variations: First, insult his religion, political views, race, appearance, sportsmanship or social conduct. When he becomes angry, misunderstand him, grow righteously angry yourself. Now you can accuse him of insulting you, and refuse to listen to an explanation. Continue to take the wrong meaning of everything he says. Keep it up for ten minutes. Q. E. D.

By way of illustrating what one can accomplish if he follows the Barnett formula, Luke, who is a devout Catholic and Knight of Columbus himself, once posed at a Knight's prize fight in Youngstown, Ohio, as the manager of "Kid Rough."

"My boy has been in ten fights," he perorated from the ring, "and won nine of them. The one he lost I didn't referee. Tonight I'm not taking any chances and I'm going to referee again." (Bronxes.)

"Don't be so funny out there. The only reason my boy is fighting at all for the dinky purse he's getting is because he's a Knight of Malta himself." (More Bronxes.) "No, no, I mean the K.K.K." (Suggestive noises.) "No, and I won't get out of the ring till my boy says he doesn't care if I referee or not." (The boy immediately said so.) "All right, just for that you can walk back to Akron tonight. I've got your share of the purse and I'll keep it." (At this point he was removed.)

Luke's quirk is not a cruel one. Not long ago he was asked to speak at a miners' labor meeting. The affair was to be sort of swank, and his instructions were to go in his favorite role, that of the insolent Polish headwaiter, and embarrass the guests, most of whom had never before eaten outside their own kitchens.

"That isn't humor," says Luke. "If I did

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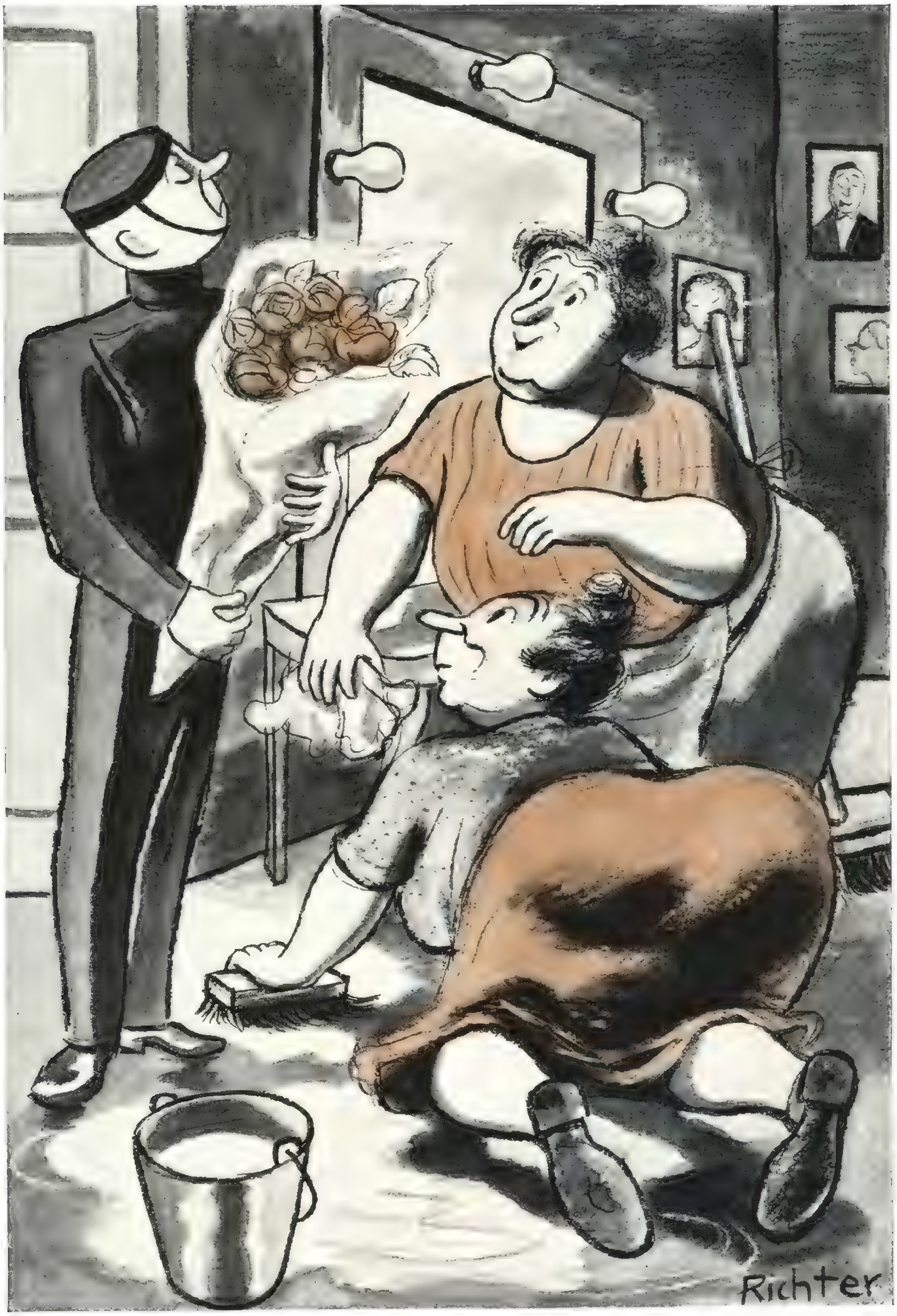


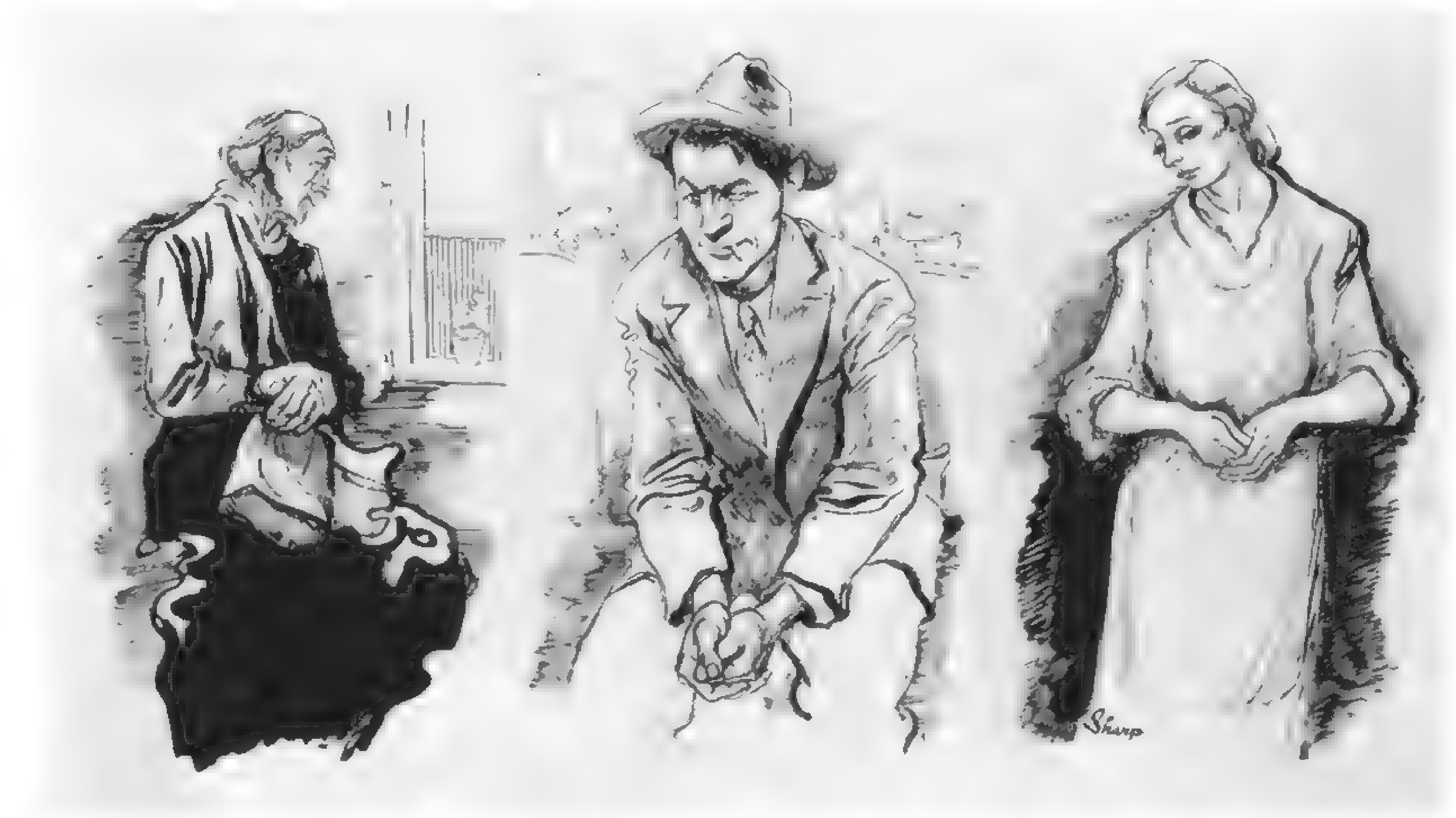
"Which one of you ladies is Miss Fifi LaPlant?"

Not the Old Lady

Planning his marriage, he felt at last he could pay back the world for the long forced wait

by HENRY ANTON STEIG

▪ FICTION ▪



THE dark-haired man with the face like a sawed end of a timber sat sidewise in the elevated train, elbow on window sill, cheek on hand, jaw pushed awry by the weight of his head. A dirty-red, grey and black arrangement of rectangles flowed by outside, continuously distorted by changing perspective. Squalid rectangles, none the less so for bright spring sunshine—more for being sharply brought to light. A flaw in the glass captured his interest. Idly closing one eye, he trained the other through and beyond the flaw. The houses galloped by in grotesque waves. Amusing. Then a glimpse of painfully familiar interior: a red spread sprawled on a messed bed and a figure, indeterminable as to sex—doing what?—made him twist around in his seat.

That hole in the wall, just like the one he lived in. But he'd be out of it soon. No more scabby walls, falling plaster, arguments with the wop next door over use of the bathroom; no more cursing the people upstairs who spitefully tramped about all night, no more crazy rages of terror in the dark against the elevated cars which might hurl themselves, wheels screaming, into his room upon him.

Next time the landlord came around he'd slam the door in his face, maybe knock out a couple of those gold teeth. Call in a junkman tomorrow (no, Sunday—have to wait till Monday night), sell the whole works, except the little rug and the smoking stand, get fifteen, anyway ten dollars. Give it all away if he had to. The rug and the stand too. What did he want them for, to remind him of that rathole? He never wanted to see it again, or the house, even from the outside. Ought to set fire to it, burn the whole crummy place down.

His station next.

The train stuttered to a swaying halt. He stepped out, squinting in the light. Going downstairs, nervous, he felt in his breast pocket for reassurance from the little bank book which represented the reward of years of penny-pinching self-denial. He was ready.

He was ready for Gertie. A woman to clean his house, make his dinner, fill his nights, have fresh hot coffee (the good smell!) waiting for him in the morning when he awoke.

There was little pure joy in the picture. It had hung too long in his mind. Getting married and setting up a decent place in which to live was something to be carried through mainly for the reason of having arrived at it. Just as he had gone from 8-A to 8-B, from graduation to carrying bundles twenty years before. His small pleasure hung essentially on a note of vengeance. Three times in the past he had been almost set to marry Gertie and each time a catastrophe had robbed him of the savings that would have made it possible. First his father's funeral, then a long period of unemployment, then a sister's costly illness and death. Somehow, in marrying Gertie at last, he would be paying back the world for the repeated thwartings, the long forced wait.

As he stood outside the door to her flat he felt particularly vindictive, thinking of her mother.

"Hello, Matty."

Gertie put her face up to his and he kissed her. He did not look at the old woman whose sagging body filled an armchair in a corner of the small sitting room. She sought no greeting, said nothing, made no sign. Matty removed his hat and coat and dropped them on the sofa.

"Come on in the kitchen. I want to talk to you."

The old woman had grown quite deaf, but he could not stand being in the same room with her.

"All right, Matty," Gertie said after glancing at her mother.

She preceded him through the short hall to the kitchen. Following, he studied her, sadly critical. Gertie was not as pretty as she used to be. Working too hard, getting muscular. But what did he expect? Thirty was not the same as twenty-four. And she was still pretty damn nice. He only wished, as he faced her across the kitchen table at which they had seated themselves, that she didn't have that dent in her cheek; it had begun to look more like a crease than a dimple.

"Well, Gertie—here, look." He took the bank book out of his pocket, opened it and handed it to her. "I guess we can get married now all right."

She looked eagerly at the figures and smiled.

"Gee—Matty!"

"There's enough, heh? How much'll you need? Nothin' fancy, you know. A livin' room suite and... Well, for God's sake, what's the matter?"

Gertie had risen and turned partly away.

"Nothing. I just want to get a pencil and a piece of paper. Got to do some figuring. I didn't know," she said, going out of the room.

"Well, I thought I'd kind of surprise you," Matty called after her. "And I didn' wanna shoot my mouth off until I had every last cent of it. I wanted to be sure, this time."

Gertie returned and sat down at the table again and began talking and jotting down numbers. He was somewhat annoyed; hadn't she been figuring enough? But, well, let her have the fun.

"Let's put a limit—say three hundred—and we can save the rest," Gertie said. "Counting what I can take from here, though, we could fix up four rooms maybe on less, even."

That was what he had been waiting for, the obstacle for which he had prepared himself.

"Three rooms," he said.

"Three? But we need a bedroom. And a place for mother. Oh, of course, we could put a daybed in the living room."

Matty took a deep breath. "Not the old lady," he said, letting it out. "She ain't comin' with us."

He frowned at the table, rubbed a finger along its edge. Then he looked up at Gertie, doggedly meeting her incredulous stare.

"Don't look at me like that—as if you didn't know I don't like her! Always sittin' in the corner, watchin' us. Afraid I might do somethin' to you, like I was, I don' know what, some sort of a wild animal."

Gertie's accusing silence infuriated him.

"She never liked me, either, right from the beginning. The way she used to look at me that time when I was out of work! And as soon as I stepped out of the door, always tellin' you what a lazy, good-for-nothing

Continued at top of page 120

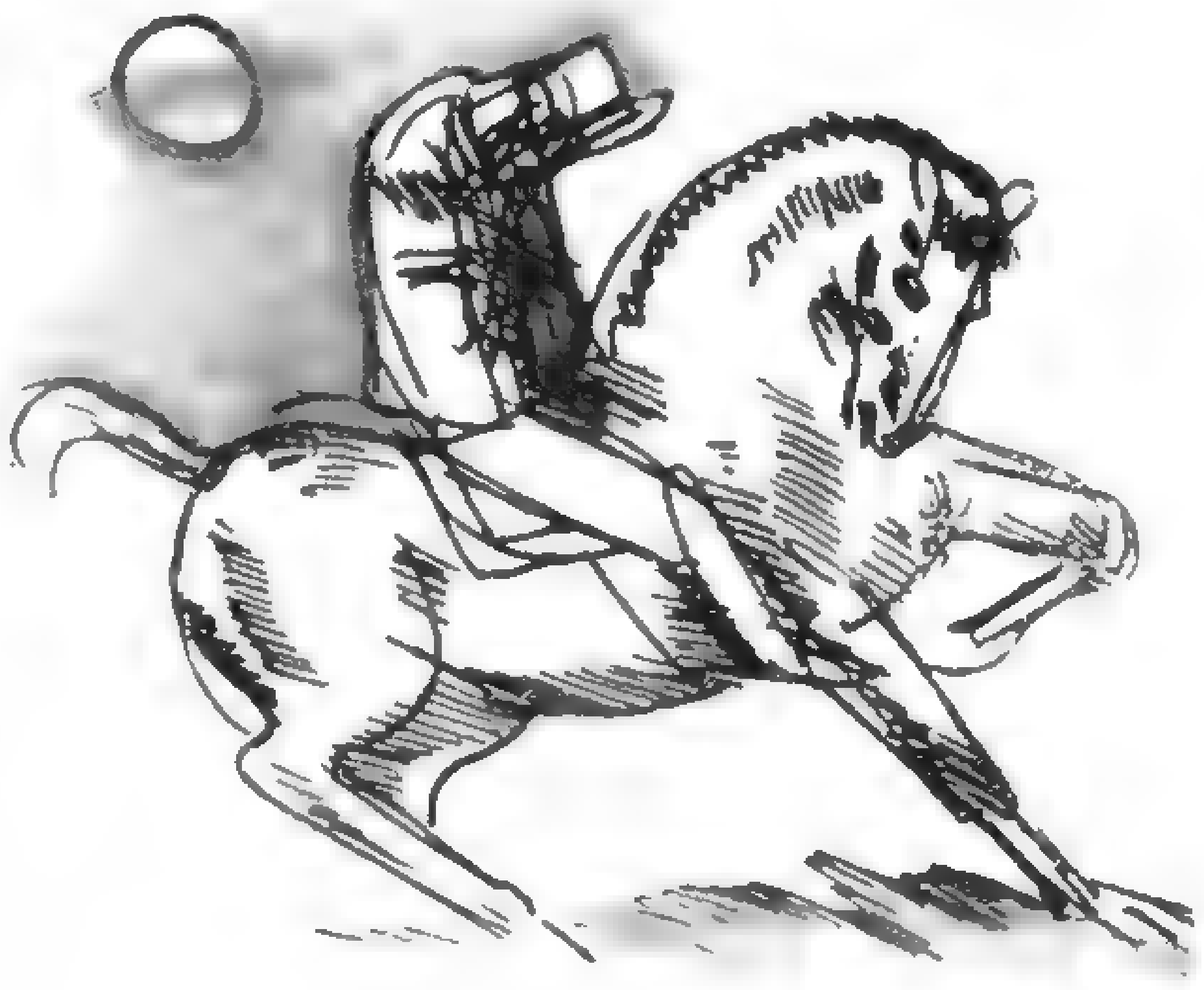
The Lives of a Hungarian Hussar

And notes on other cavalry from the Death's Heads of pre-War Germany to French Spahis and Royal Scots Greys

by ILES BRODY

• SPORTS •

On the 5th of October, 1892, at exactly seven o'clock in the morning, a strong-bodied and beautifully-shaped horse was galloping towards the Templehof military exercise grounds of Berlin. The courser had that peculiar gait of the nearly exhausted horse whose nature is infused with gallantry and sense of duty and who would rather drop dead than change his pace without permission from his master. The cavalier who wore the gay gala uniform of a Hungarian hussar officer—heavily gold-braided, sky-blue tunic, red breeches and top boots—was half-asleep in the light hunting saddle; the whole upper part of his body swayed, and his head with the white plumed shako on it nodded like a flower being blown by the wind.



Horse and horseman had come to the end of a very long journey, indeed, at the Templehof drilling ground—which today, by the way, is a huge flying field. They had trotted and galloped nearly the entire route from Vienna, covering the distance of 380 miles in seventy hours, and were the first to arrive of the forty German, Austrian and Hungarian cavalry officers who had taken part in the contest. Today, when aeroplanes fly between the two "German" cities in a little over four hours, the Hungarian hussar officer—feted at the time by two Emperors—still holds the horseback record. This Lindbergh of the epoch, Vilmos Count Starhemberg, was immediately promoted; the young lieutenant overnight was made captain by King-Emperor Franz Joseph and the story goes that later, "Franzl," who was never much on handshakes, actually shook hands with the Count. The more emotional Wilhelm II, hugged and dined and wined Starhemberg after the victory and personally decorated him with a high order. He did not make money with the venture: money was not omnipotent as yet and marathons were undertaken just for the hell of it; but in that happy era during which it was not considered nice to live on anything but one's credit, he could not escape hero worship. The young count was the idol of the period and it was most unfortunate that his horse, *Athos*, a halfbred Hungarian gelding foaled at the stud of Count Forgách, near the Tokay wine district, could not share in Starhemberg's immense popularity. While the young nobleman lived on to capture four hundred other races, poor Athos expired at Templehof as soon as the Count alighted. The latter promptly burst out crying before the high assembly and completely disregarded the fact that in stoic Berlin this display of Hungarian sentimentality was somewhat distasteful.

The history of the Hungarian hussars is literally studded with such gems as the Starhemberg-Athos triumph; I merely picked it because a forced long-distance ride is the greatest and most impressive undertaking a horseman can attempt. Just try to ride for only five hours! Gallop a horse for only a half-hour! In the first case, you would not be able to walk for days unless you were in training; and a half hour gallop makes the average horse think fondly of the hay bed in his box; even after a ten-minute canter, he loses most of his speed. So let us hoist the red, white and green Magyar tricolor and then lower it to half-mast; and I feel sure that the *Star Spangled Banner* will gladly join in paying homage to the long departed heroic Athos.

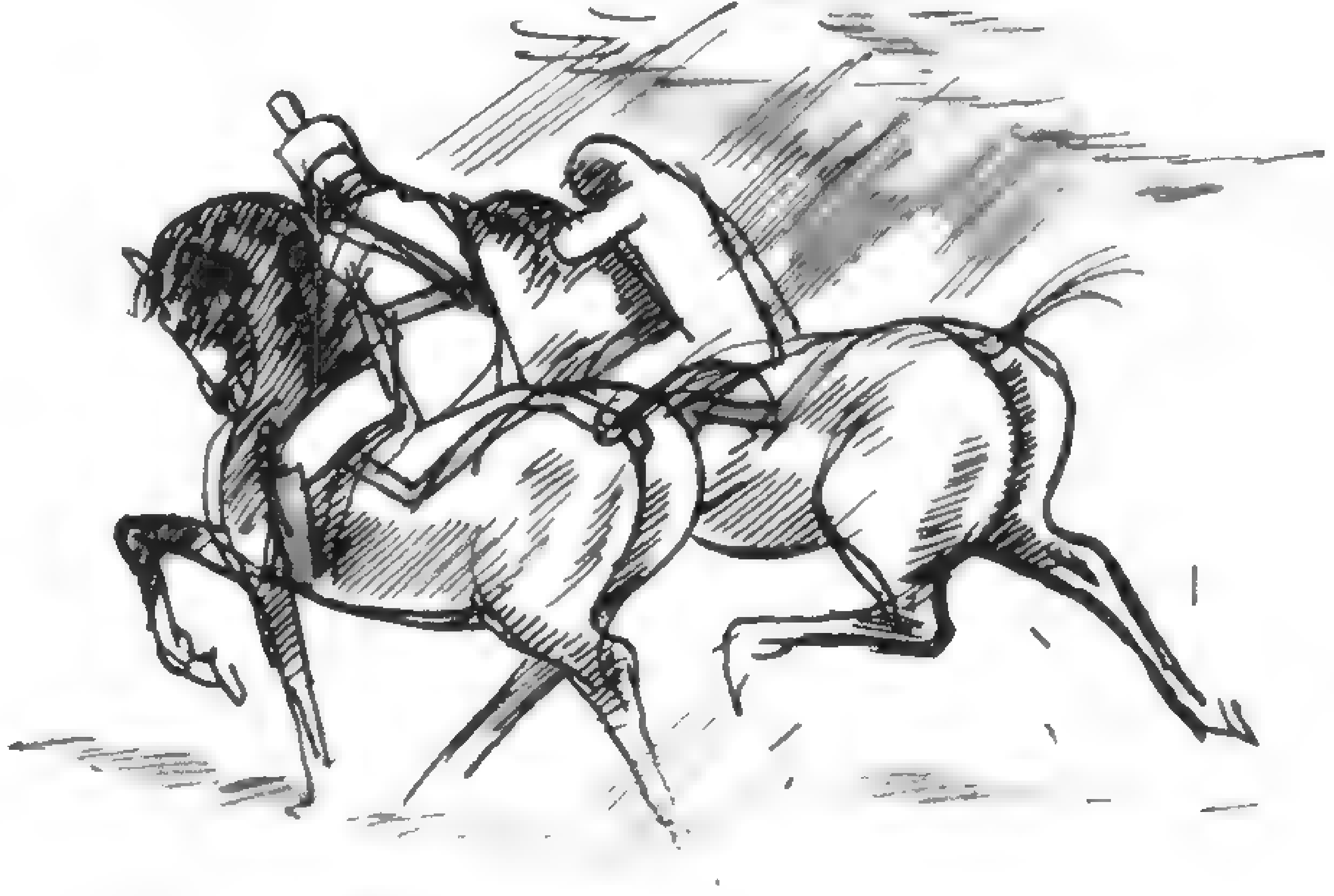
Hungary is one of the few remaining countries where the horse still rules the road, and this land so rich in horse history is really responsible for the term, "hussar." It is a Magyar word (meaning twenty mounted soldiers), yet every country had its hussars in imitation of Hungary, and in many countries Hungarians were responsible for introducing this light-mounted warrior. It is hard to imagine now, but there was once a time when the attacking method of the Hungarian hussar—riding on the enemy at a terrific pace and engaging in individual saber-combat—was considered very up-to-date and modern.

The recruiting for foreign nations went on feverishly in Hungary. Not because the foreign nations lacked men and horses, but because that famous hussar attack was worth nothing without the fiery Hungarian temperament. In the 17th century many of the hussars rode abroad to seek fame with their swords. The organizer of the French hussars, in 1713, was a Hungarian, Count Ladislas Bercsényi, who later became a marshal of France. Two Hungarians, Counts Antal and Bálint Esterházy, founded the still-existing First, Second and Third French Hussars.

Frederick the Great, who always kept a large army, employed ten regiments of Hungarian hussars and considered them all-important in his warfare. But the unruly and fierce Hungarians, who had many of the characteristics of the Irish, at first fought with their German employers. The German host tried to rule the Magyars, not knowing that they would not allow themselves to be ruled by foreigners, especially Teutons. Then Frederick took great pains to find out everything about that allegedly ungovernable temperament in order to govern it. The result was that he issued orders that the Magyar hussars were to be handled with gloves, and that especial care was to be taken not to injure their sensitivity. They were to have the best living accommodations, the best food for man and horse. Also, they did not have to turn in their booty for division like other troops, but could keep anything gained with the help of their swords.

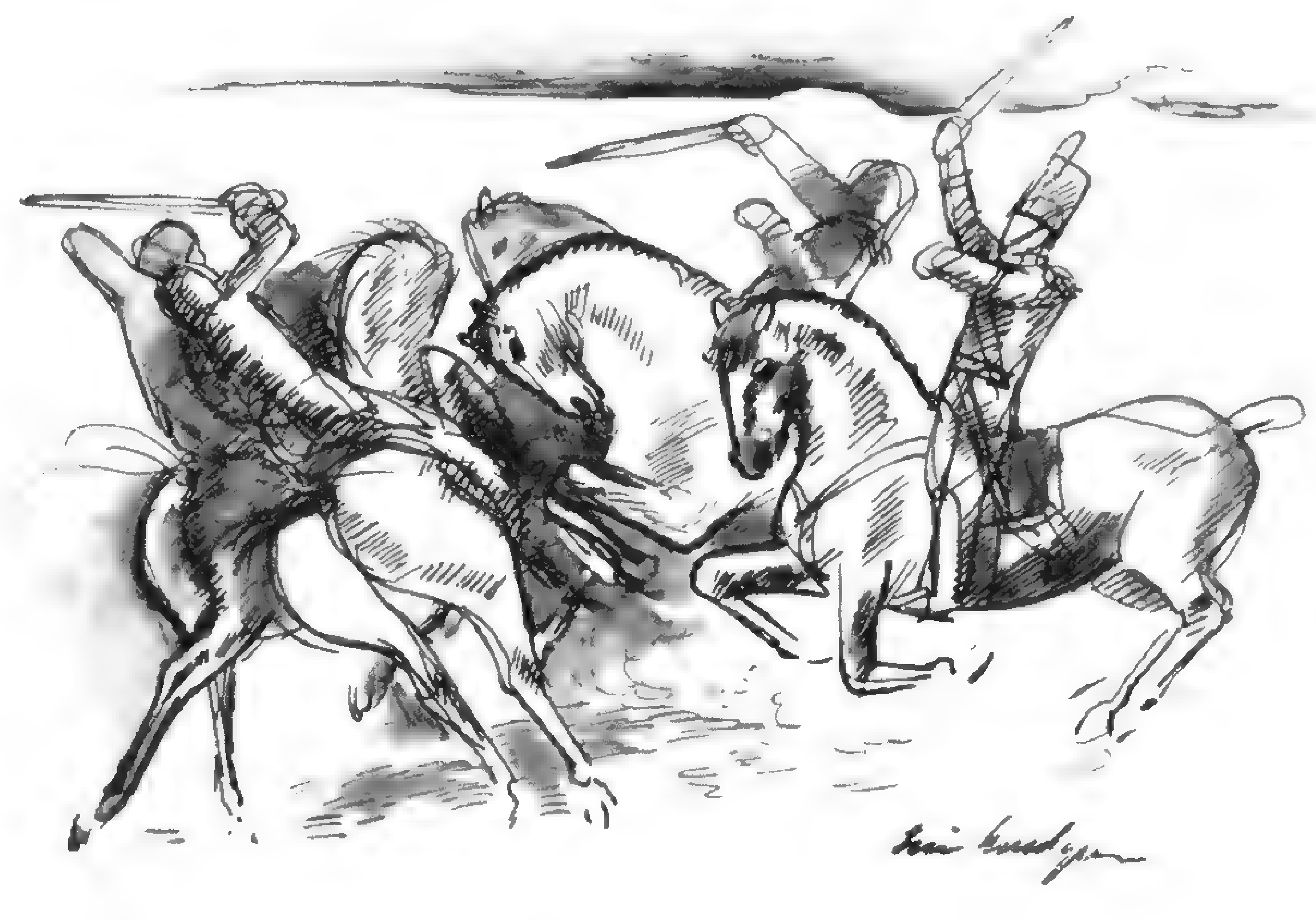
Thus the Hungarian hussars got along nicely in Germany, but offer your little finger and your whole hand is wanted: dashing hussar officers began climbing up balconies of the Potsdam palace at nights to visit charming German royal princesses. It seems that after all that effort, Frederick the Great did not find out *everything* about the Hungarian temperament; he got very angry and there were long imprisonments. But I am running off telling you stories which have been celebrated in fiction, while I am mainly concerned with facts.

It is a fact that Michael Kováts, Hungarian captain of hussars, soon after his arrival in America was made colonel of cavalry by George Washington in 1778, and after fighting heroically for a year, fell near



Charleston. When a literary-minded British major learned of Colonel Kováts' death, he made an entry in his diary: "The best, the bravest officer of the insurgents is no more."

There were other Hungarian hussars, however, who fought for the liberty of America. There were two Counts Benyovszky, a Count Polerecky, Colonel Figyelmessy; all of them had that strange martial nature which was supposed to be the prerequisite of the hussar. A legend had grown up around the hussars during centuries and they did everything to substantiate the fable—even to the extent of committing downright foolish acts of daring. They loved to expose themselves to unnecessary danger and were as happy as a Mohammedan to die honorably on the battlefield. Away from warfare they were also supposed to be irresistible; they could drink fabulous quantities and still hold their liquor; and they must have been positively hypnotic speakers. One of them, a captain, took in the famous but hard-boiled Voltaire, who was accused of lending money only for profit. This certain hussar, however, wound the great man around his little finger and got all sorts of sums out of him, never returning as much as a single sou. I hasten to add, that a long time has passed since; the story might not be true at all, and we are much more reasonable nowadays. To whom it may concern . . .



My personal history of hussars began when I was six years old. It seems that a royal duke, a captain of hussars, was once quartered for a few days in the guest rooms of the humble country home of my grandmother. She had to tell me the story on an average of about once a week and each time new and unheard-of wonders were added by grandmother who possessed a fine imagination. It all happened during maneuvers. Grandmother was in the kitchen when the four beautiful thoroughbreds, covered with fine flannel blankets bearing the ducal coronet, were lead into the courtyard by two hussars. A sergeant reported to grandmother, and the two held a conference right there next to the pots boiling on the stove. The poor woman nearly fainted when she was informed that the duke was to follow his horses in an hour! The house resounded to commands; grandmother, realizing the importance of the situation, was shouting orders to the maids like any hussar colonel, and the girls rushed to scrub and sweep and clean and dust. A Viennese lackey came first, to bring His Highness' belongings and lay out a magnificent set of ivory brushes on the dresser.

"He could not have been more than twenty," grandmother would go on, describing the arrival of the high personage, "he was blond and frail and pale; I felt sorry for him but I curtsied just the same, and he took my hand and—kissed it! Like you or any other ordinary man . . ."

A special kind of hot chocolate from an old Swiss recipe was concocted for His Highness' breakfast and some "kuglopf," Viennese pastry, made on the pattern of an old Austrian secret recipe, accompanied it. The duke liked the kuglopf so well that he asked grandmother to tell him the secret so he could tell it in turn to his royal mother. Grandmother gave a full dissertation on the marvelous dishes that were made for the duke. And then even a fuller description followed about the fine uniforms and shirts and other undergarments of the young man, because grandmother personally supervised the maids who cleaned his rooms. Finally, another hand-kiss, a framed photograph, a tie pin for grandfather, and the royal duke was gone forever.

The No. 9, the Count Nádasdy Hussar Regiment, was the one in which most of the young archdukes served. It was all right when they came there from some other regiment where they had already seen service for a year or two, but when they came straight from home where they were kept on a very tight rein (for Franz Joseph was of the old school and wanted the archdukes to be brought up most strictly; we all know the tragic consequences that resulted from this "dictatorship"), they let loose like crazy young colts in the already wild environment of the 9th Hussars. Some of them came from the extremely snooty but very good college of nobles, the *Theresianum* of Vienna, which not only taught beautiful manners, but also raised diplomats for the dual monarchy and gave preliminary instructions to would-be hussar officers. Then there were several other schools where cavalry officers were turned out, notably in Budapest, Wiener-Neustadt and Maerisch-Weisskirchen; the course lasted for four years.

Since its foundation in 1668, the Count Nádasdy Hussars had nothing but the cream of the aristocrats serving as its officers. Most of the time the 9th Hussars were stationed at Sopron, a Hungarian town, but they made many excursions to foreign lands in the 17th and 18th centuries and took part in wars in France, Germany, Holland and even Denmark; often being acclaimed as one of the best cavalry units of Europe. In the latter part of the 19th century it became a definite fad for young aristocrats, from barons up, to get commissioned at Sopron. For two years, Archduke Franz Ferdinand—whose assassination at Sarajevo was indirectly responsible for the starting of the World War—commanded the regiment with the rank of colonel. And for two years Hungarians hated to belong to the 9th Hussars; Franz Ferdinand did not like Hungarians and often showed his feelings, to the great dismay of the sensitive hussars. He ridiculed their dances, banned the gypsies from the officers' mess, and often severely punished the junior officers for their frequent romantic escapades.

The life of a Hungarian officer was certainly more romantic than the life of a Bengal lancer, for while the unbearable Indian sun beat down mercilessly on Mr. Francis Yeats-Brown (author of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*) in the womanless garrison of *Bannu* on the Northwest Frontier, the Hungarian hussar's existence was filled with feminine influence, gypsy songs and Tokay wine. Each officer used to have his favorite gypsy orchestra, the members of which would gather towards midnight on the deserted Hungarian village street near the place where the officer, their "owner," was reported to be. Not only did they know all about his problems of the heart, but they were great psychologists, these gypsies: they came at an hour when they figured the young officer would either be in very high spirits or very blue. They would accompany him to the house of the beloved—an orderly carrying bottles and glasses—and while the officer drank in the background, the musicians would play very very *sotto voce.* An angry father might pull the covers over his ears, but a delighted daughter would place a bare arm and a lighted candle in the window and draw the curtain ever so slightly to acknowledge that she enjoyed the serenade.

The 9th Hussars sighed with relief when Archduke Otto took the place of Franz Ferdinand. Otto was an extremely handsome and charming young man, liberal, brave; an excellent horseman, beloved by his fellow officers and by the peasant soldiers. But he lead the already wild officers literally astray: he was faster than any of them, and set a terrific pace in dissipation until he finally contracted a fatal disease and died while still young.

There were other famous cavalry regiments in Austria-Hungary; one of them being the 13th Hussars, whose men were all supposedly pure Hungarians, descendants of Attila. The list of the officers was very distinguished, containing such names as the Duke of Braganza, several Princes Esterházy and Odescalchi, Counts Cernin, Bissingen, Zichy, De Halmágyi, etc. Several times during the World War the 13th was almost totally wiped out, for they were wildly daring, but the regiment was always re-established, and new men took the place of the thousands who died on the battlefields. The 4th Hussars' honorary owner was the Duke of Connaught; the 7th Hussars belonged to Kaiser Wilhelm, and Tsar Nicholas II was a colonel of the 5th Uhlans. The 15th Dragoons were also rich in regimental history; Empress Zita's brothers, the Dukes of Parma, served here, not only

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Six Miles a Minute...Why?

George Eyston believes his risks are worth taking if he can help others to master their motor cars

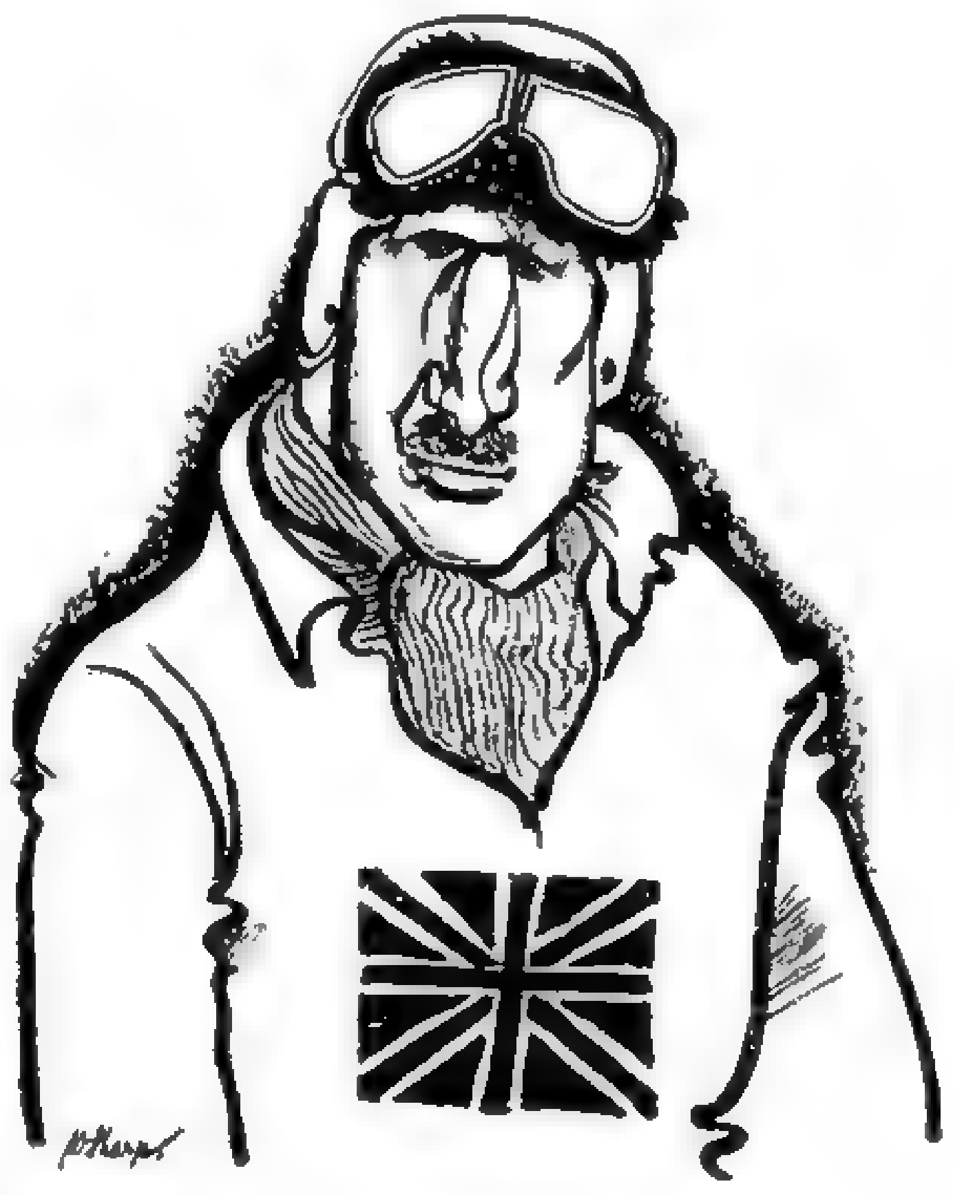
by LAWRENCE M. HUGHES

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Death comes quickly enough, on wheels. Thirty thousand or more Americans will meet it this year in the "regular" course of motor traffic events. Often they will not even be speeding.

Why should anyone purposely set out to travel six miles a minute toward this rendezvous?

I wondered about it as I went to observe and discuss speed with the man who has gone fastest of all men on land.



Captain George E. T. Eyston has devoted twenty-one years to breaking speed records. On Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats, where I visited him, he has gone, successively, 309, 312, 345 and 357.5 miles an hour.

With fears of war at the moment upsetting his native England and demanding his presence at home, probably he will not be back on the Flats this year. If and when he does come back, he believes he can do 375, possibly 400, miles an hour.

Such a speed may be 300 miles an hour faster than you or I ever may be asked, or able, to drive.

Why does Eyston strive for it? What could it prove? Does not his success merely aggravate the disease of an already speed-mad world?

I traveled fast myself, that week end. Boarding a United Mainliner in Newark, one Saturday morning, I was in Salt Lake City, nearly 2,000 miles away, by evening. Early next morning, by Greyhound bus, I covered the 127 miles farther westward to Wendover, Utah, "capital" of the Salt Flats. . . . I was moving rapidly, but safely—under established and proved auspices. I would not risk my neck alone, in an unknown domain of speed.

The Flats stretched for many miles on either side of the straight paved ribbon of road . . . Somehow, I pitied Eyston. This would be a lonely place to die. No sign of life. No houses. No grass, no trees. Only gray-blue sky above barren gray-black mountains in the distance. Between, the expanse of gray-white salt—dazzlingly white whenever the sun emerged from the clouds. . . .

By then we were many miles west of Great Salt Lake. The salt around me was the dead and decayed bottom of a greater body, Lake Bonneville, which once covered perhaps 100,000 square miles of what is now Utah and Nevada, and of which the Salt Lake today is the last vestige.

Surely, the Flats were wide and smooth enough for any motorist to find what speed his car could do . . . And hard enough to crush him, if something slipped. . . .

Then the bus driver pointed to a group of tents, perhaps four miles away, out on the salt. This was where the race course began. The tents were the headquarters of Speed.

A few minutes later I had greeted Eyston at the Ideal Hotel in West Wendover, Nevada, and we were consuming flapjacks and coffee in the A-1 Bar & Grill across the way.

There is something sane and normal about flapjacks and coffee. They lifted me a little out of the desolation of the place and the dangers of the project. . . .

There were, in fact, some things sane and normal about the appearance and manner of the man. He did not look like a Speed-King. He did not even look like a daredevil. He was slender, pink-cheeked, with wavy brown hair and a little brown mustache. His blue eyes, behind horn-rimmed glasses, were thoughtful. His mouth was rather sensitive.

Yet he was authoritative—dignified, too. I noticed it in the quiet way he discussed his enterprise. He seemed to know what he was doing . . . But perhaps the blue coat, which he wore over a white sweater, prejudiced me. Coats and hats and neckties were rare in West Wendover. Only transients, hastening across the Great American Desert toward civilization, of California or the East, wore such things.

And Eyston by then was hardly a transient. He had lived in the Ideal Hotel several weeks. In fact, he and his mechanics and other aides had taken it over—all twelve rooms of it—for themselves. The big brown burner in the "lobby" was regularly fed with oil, as if they intended to stay a while. Surely, such sustained heat was not alone for the benefit of Eyston's baby alligators, in the farther corner. It implied a long, carefully-planned project.

But was the project worth the planning?

Eyston and I borrowed a car and drove over to a garage in Wendover. It proved to be a very private garage. The door was opened to our knock by one of the mechanics, then locked again behind us. We entered the great white presence of "Thunderbolt."

I'm afraid I gaped vulgarly. Only the movies could have expressions to fit this most powerful motor car ever built.

But Eyston, Bert Denly, the little relief driver, and the others tried to help me appreciate this power.

Though only four feet high, "Thunderbolt" is thirty feet long. Her two 12-cylinder motors, set on either side in front of the driver's seat, generate 4,000 horsepower.

This is more than three times the power of Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Bluebird," which had made a record of 301 miles an hour on the Salt Flats in 1935. "Thunderbolt" has 50 per cent more power than the United Mainliner which had swept me across a continent at 200 miles an hour. It has nearly as much power as newly-developed locomotives,

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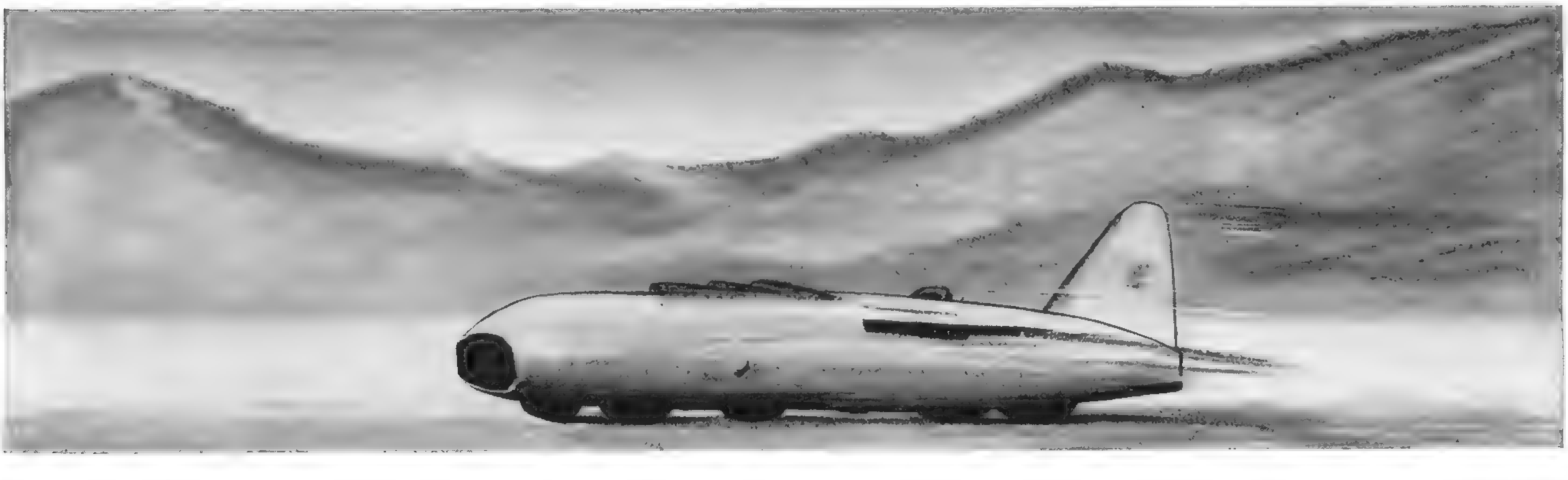
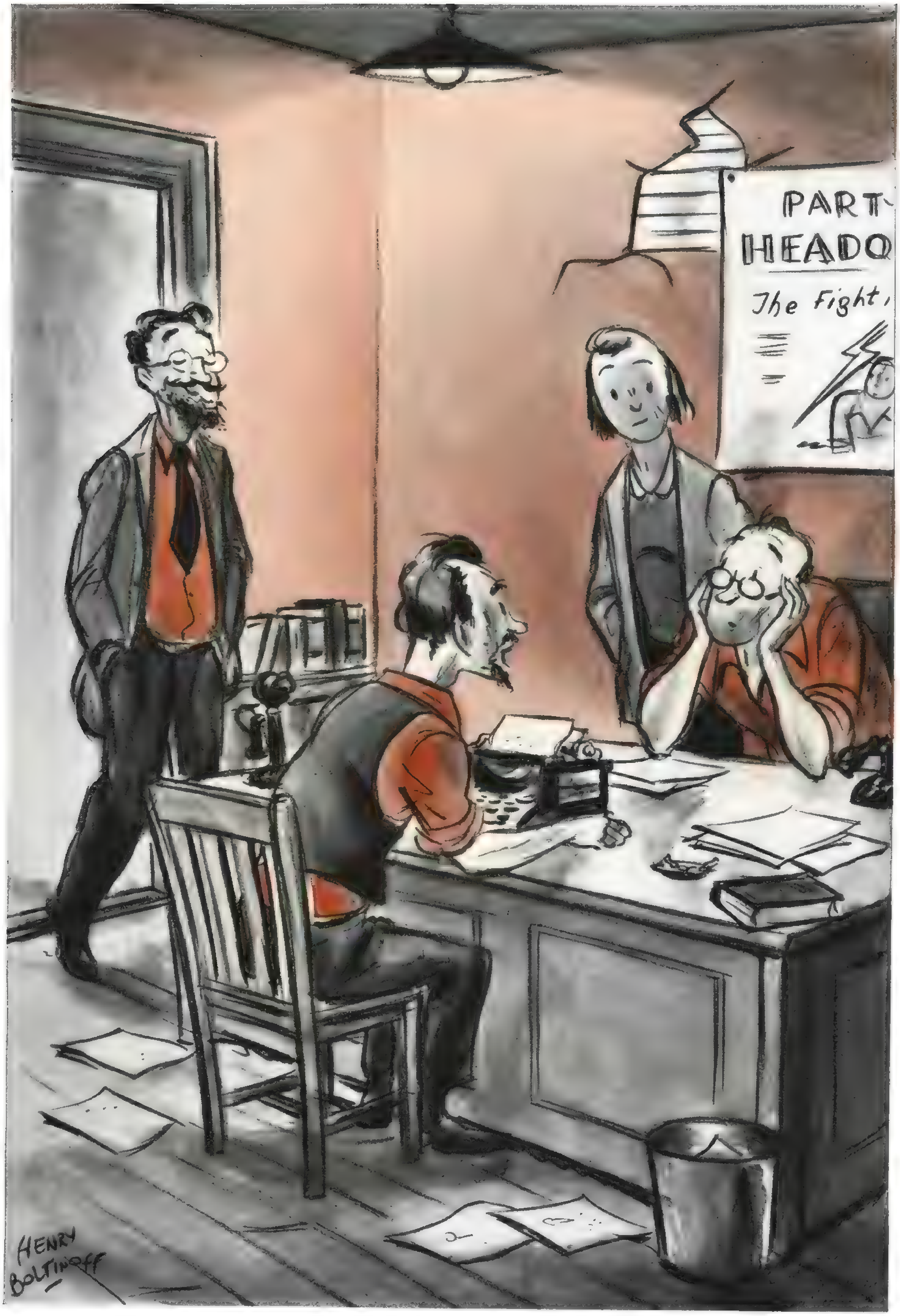



PART
HEADQ
The Fight,
HENRY BOLTINOFF

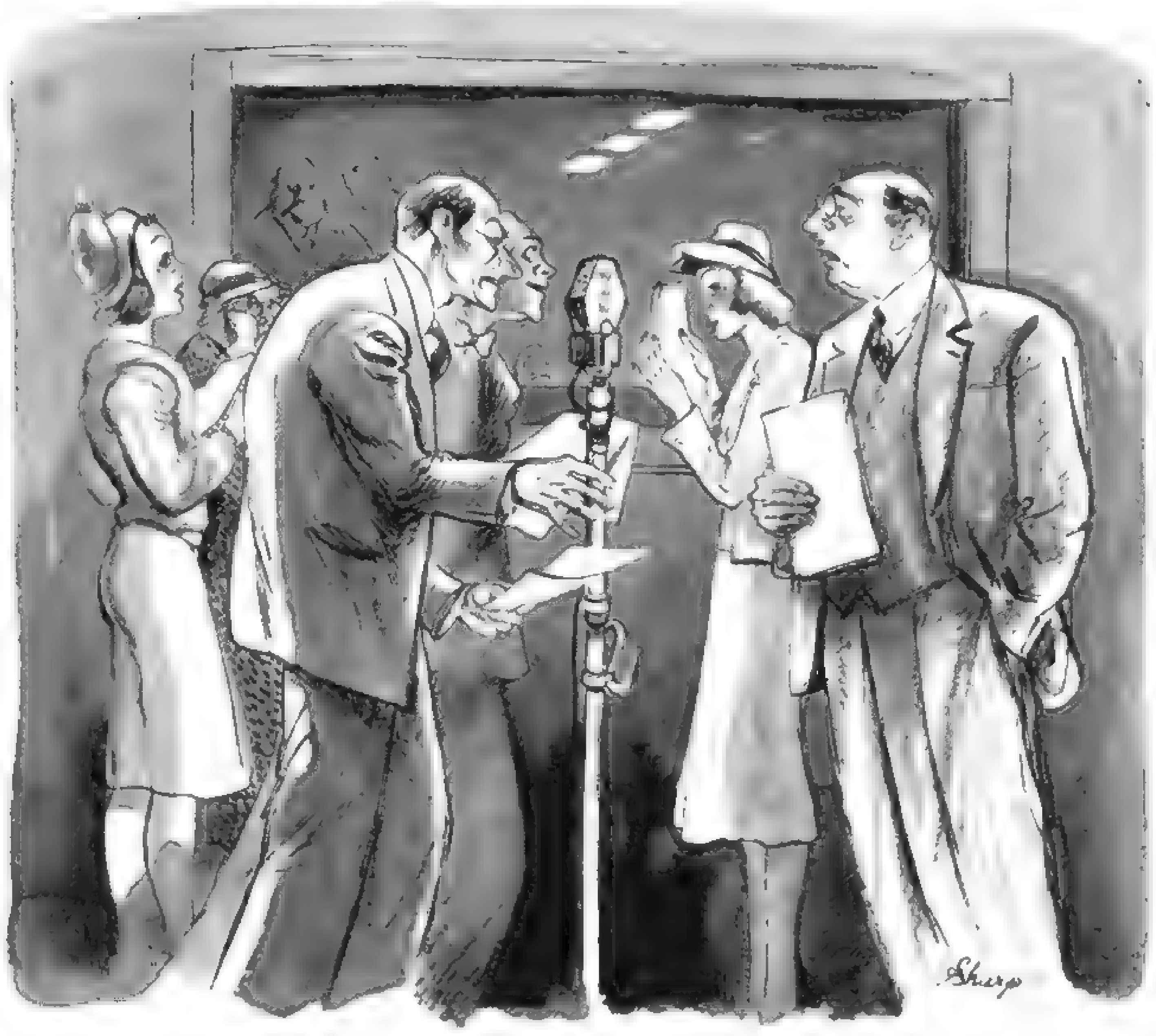
"Billikoff is starting to bore from within—he's wearing a necktie"

Have You Had Your Serial Today?

When the sponsor decides to check out, obstacles are removed, the drama ends happily and ten actors are unemployed

ANONYMOUS

▪ SATIRE ▪



Every day, Monday through Friday, over four national networks, America listens to some fifty serial stories—presumably for adults. Between 9:30 in the morning and 6:00 at night there are only two quarter hours when the frantic afficianado is irrevocably doomed to lead his own life. At any other time a twist of the dial will plunge him headlong into the palpitating heart of one or more "true to life" stories.

Did you miss your favorite life at 10:45 a. m.? Be consoled. If it is sufficiently popular, you will find it happening again at 3:15 with the same freshness, the same catch in the throat, the same unexpectedness—but a different network.

Aerial life exists on a small island entirely surrounded by sponsor. No death too tragic, no heartbreak too bitter to be curtailed by a cleanser, a toothpaste, a stomach tablet. Charitably the sponsor has brought you eleven minutes of life to live. Now he offers you extremely concrete benefits for your own earthbound existence.

Do you need cellophane covers for your ice box dishes—named, for purposes of seduction, pantry panties? Send ten cents with the inevitable label from the sponsor's product, and they are yours.

Do you want that refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, thousand dollars dangling in the air? Buy a bag of flour, make a cake and name it. If you can write as well as cook, send twenty-five words describing your sensations (presumably pleasurable) on using a new, and of course, improved cleanser. Those who can neither write nor bake must be content with the kiddie contest where the world is theirs for the mere tracing of a label.

Today the offer is for listeners in the United States only, and the heart swells with the pride and profit of true Americanism. Last week our heroine bought a new vacuum cleaner for $71.50. She babbled of the little bulb that lights up dark corners, let envious friends try it, rejoiced that her backache mysteriously vanished after this week's house cleaning. Today this coveted appliance is yours. Simply enter a contest in which you have as much chance as anyone—or for that matter everyone—else.

Tomorrow when a steamship appears on the aerial horizon, the confident housewife mentally rearranges her best parlor to accommodate it. What golden opportunities are hers! Or not quite golden. With commendable caution the advertiser never offers a golden opportunity, if the opportunity happens to be only gold plate or gold wash.

One well-loved radio character with a big following makes good luck pins in his spare time. His daughter Nancy wears a gold one of wishbone design. Generously the sponsor offers you a copy in gold wash, emotionally the characters assure you that they believe the old superstition that the wishbone brings health and happiness.

Cautiously now, the sponsor does not vouch for the miraculous power. The modern miracle monger simply permits you to see Nancy, owner of the pin, achieve her heart's desire.

When a few weeks after the offer expires, Nancy's baby is killed by a hit and run driver, surely that leaves undiminished the potency of the charm. She had undoubtedly mislaid the pin.

In the next offer the sponsor is even more cautious. This time he "has a lot of faith in the old belief that this beetle pin stands for friendly wishes for health and happiness." But Nancy, undaunted and ardent, ends one episode with these words reverently aetherized: "Dear little beetle pin, you stand for wishes of health and happiness. Dear little beetle pin!"

But faith pays. This particular serial is one of the most popular of aero-lives. Several years ago when Nancy was deciding which of two men to marry, she received thousands of tender letters of advice and admonition.

As for the stories themselves, the real life stories of "people who might be your own next door neighbors," the thrilling adventures, the "laughing through lifes," all have much the same formula. For recipe: the omniscient elder. If he is the central character, the young people appeal for aid in droves; otherwise his advice mustn't be too successful. Unlike the magazine story where boy gets girl, on the radio boy almost never gets girl or job or whatever he is after. If he does, the audience presumably heaves a sigh of relief and doesn't "tune in on this same station tomorrow."

No matter how unclouded the quarter hour, at the end the announcer hastily injects his note of warning. "Is the future really as bright as it seems to Donald and Dorothy, or are dark clouds even now gathering? We know that the secret of Donald's past lies in Allen's hands. Listen tomorrow and—"

The possible combinations of disaster are infinite and insoluble. One power alone can save the young couple. The sponsor. Should his omnipotence decide that advertising does not pay, troubles evaporate. Insane wives die so that husbands can remarry. Generous uncles appear with unexpected fortunes. The sponsor waves his wand; happiness follows. Ten actors are out of jobs, and a story which but yesterday seemed eternal proves perilously mortal.

For ingredients: a shocking rate of infant mortality, exceeded only by loss of population from disappearing husbands. Casts are incomplete without one absent mate whose wife remains faithful in spite of *all*. Second in aerial frequency is the insane wife in an asylum. But it is a man's world; her spouse always finds another girl.

Most startling of all is the incidence of amnesia. Presumably the population suffers from being hit on the head by air waves.

These patients supply careers for the medical profession which makes up such a generous disproportion of the aethereal world. Their vocation is forever embalmed by the fluid voice of the announcer of one popular program that is brought over the air as a flour mill contribution. "I expect to pass through this life but once. If therefore there is any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow being, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again."

Close seconds for preferred occupations are the theatre (glamor) and the law, for our true-to-lifers are eternally menaced by false criminal charges—preferably murder.

All grandparents are philosophic and wise. All wives are faithful; only appearances ever deceive. All husbands are jealous, and most are hounded by seductive and unscrupulous females. (Run, do not walk, to your nearest

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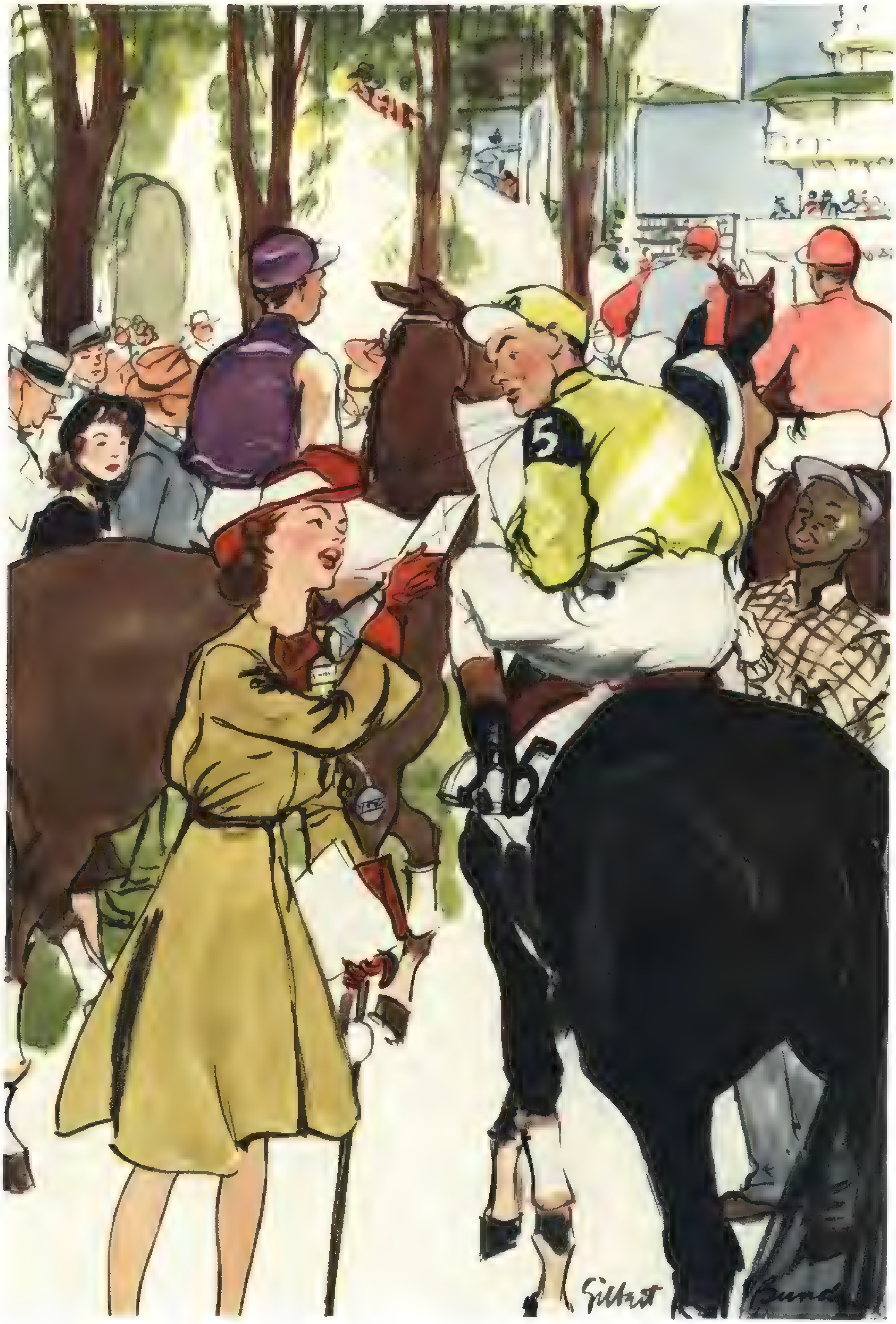
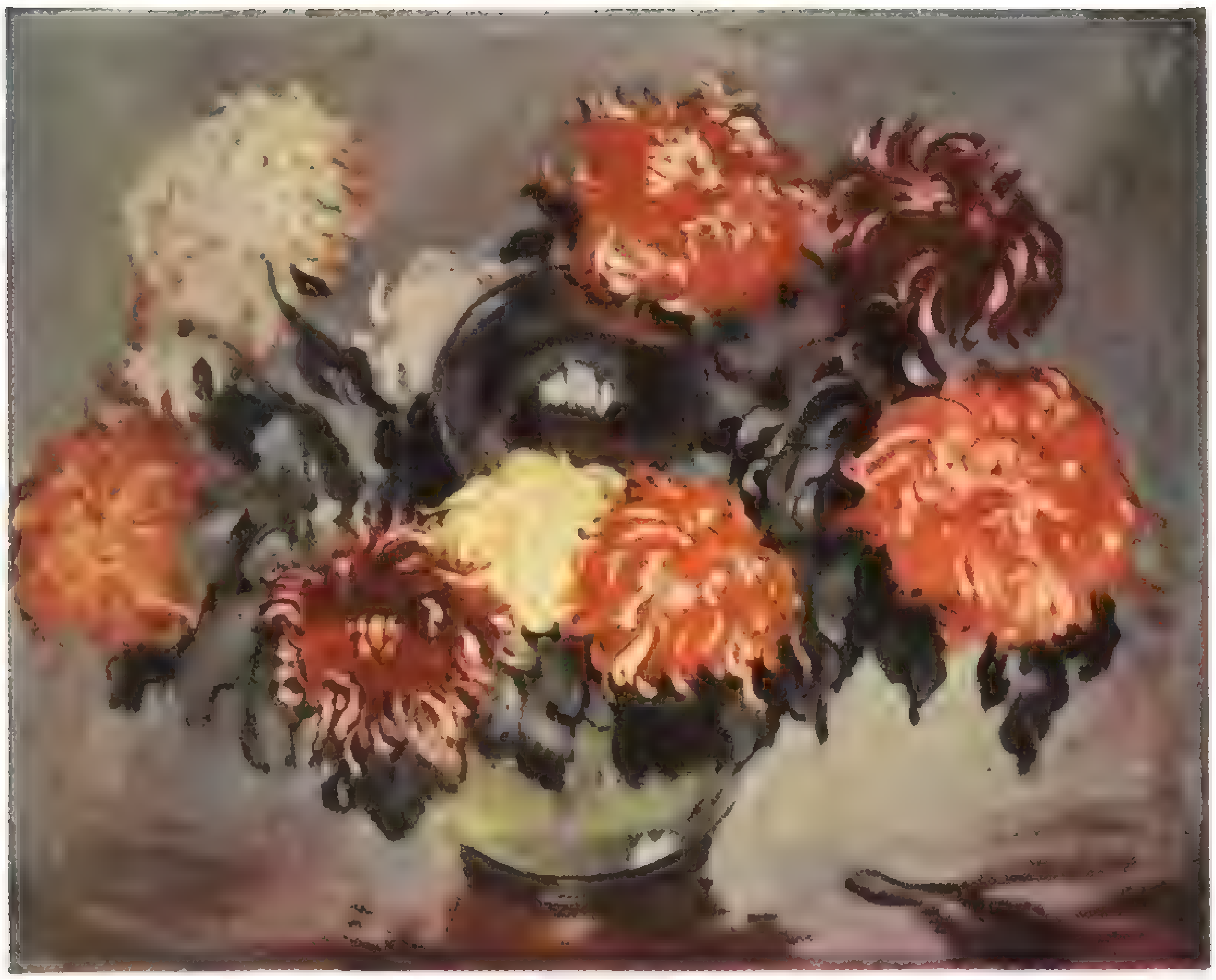
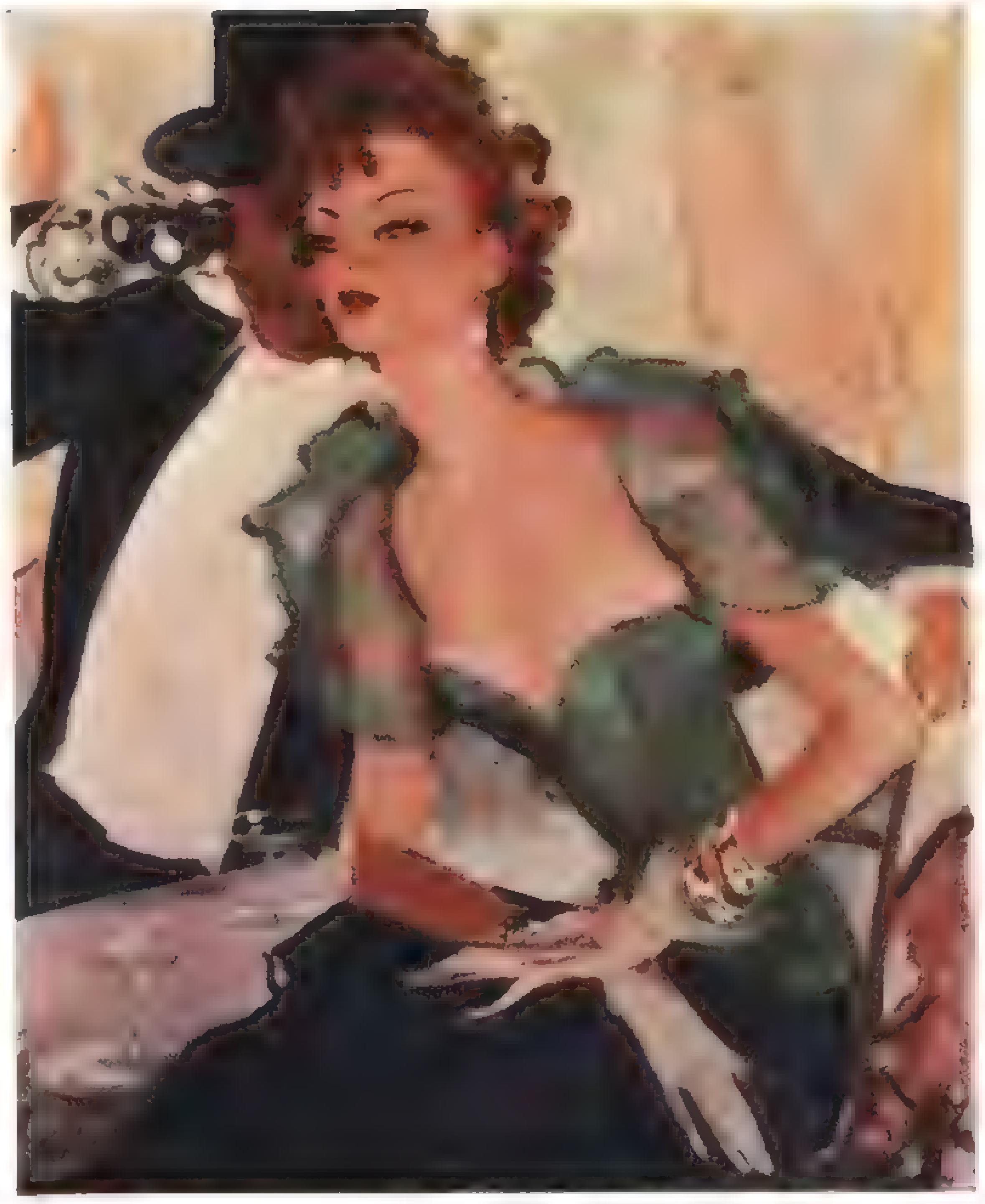

5
Gilbert Bundy

"Now when you reach the three-quarter-mile post you will open this envelope for further instructions"

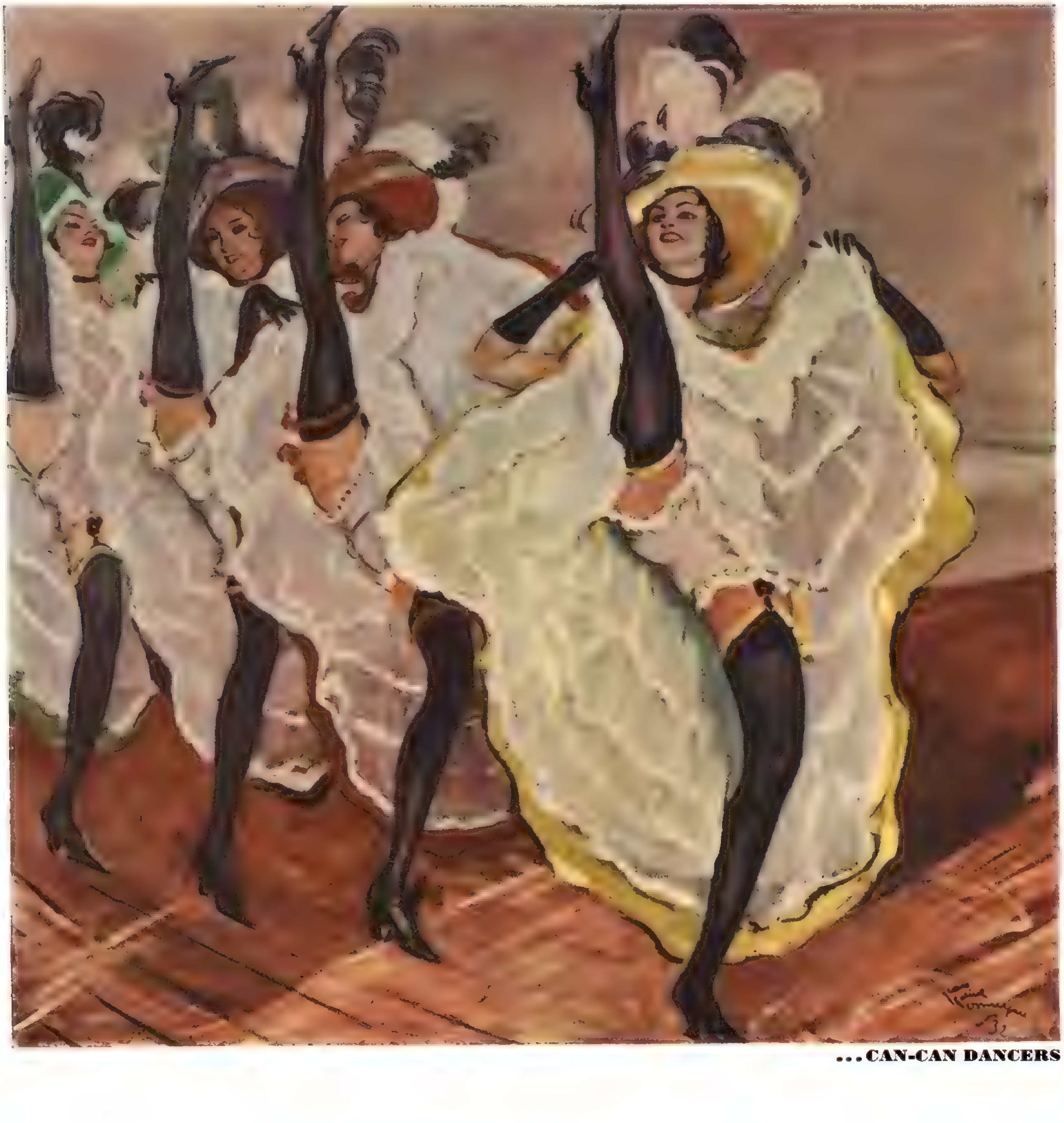


CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Durand-Ruel Galleries, New York City



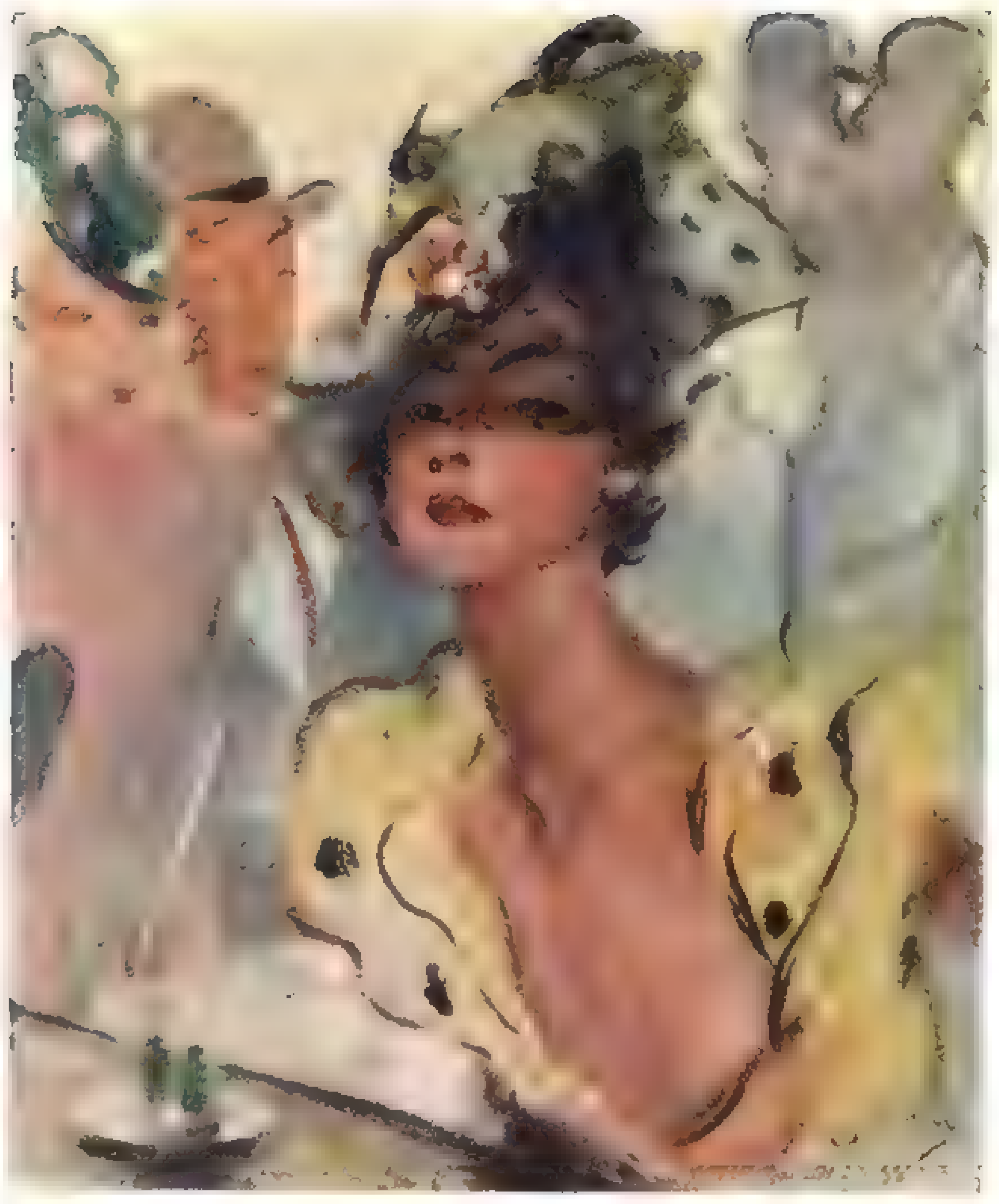
AT THE GREYHOUND RACES



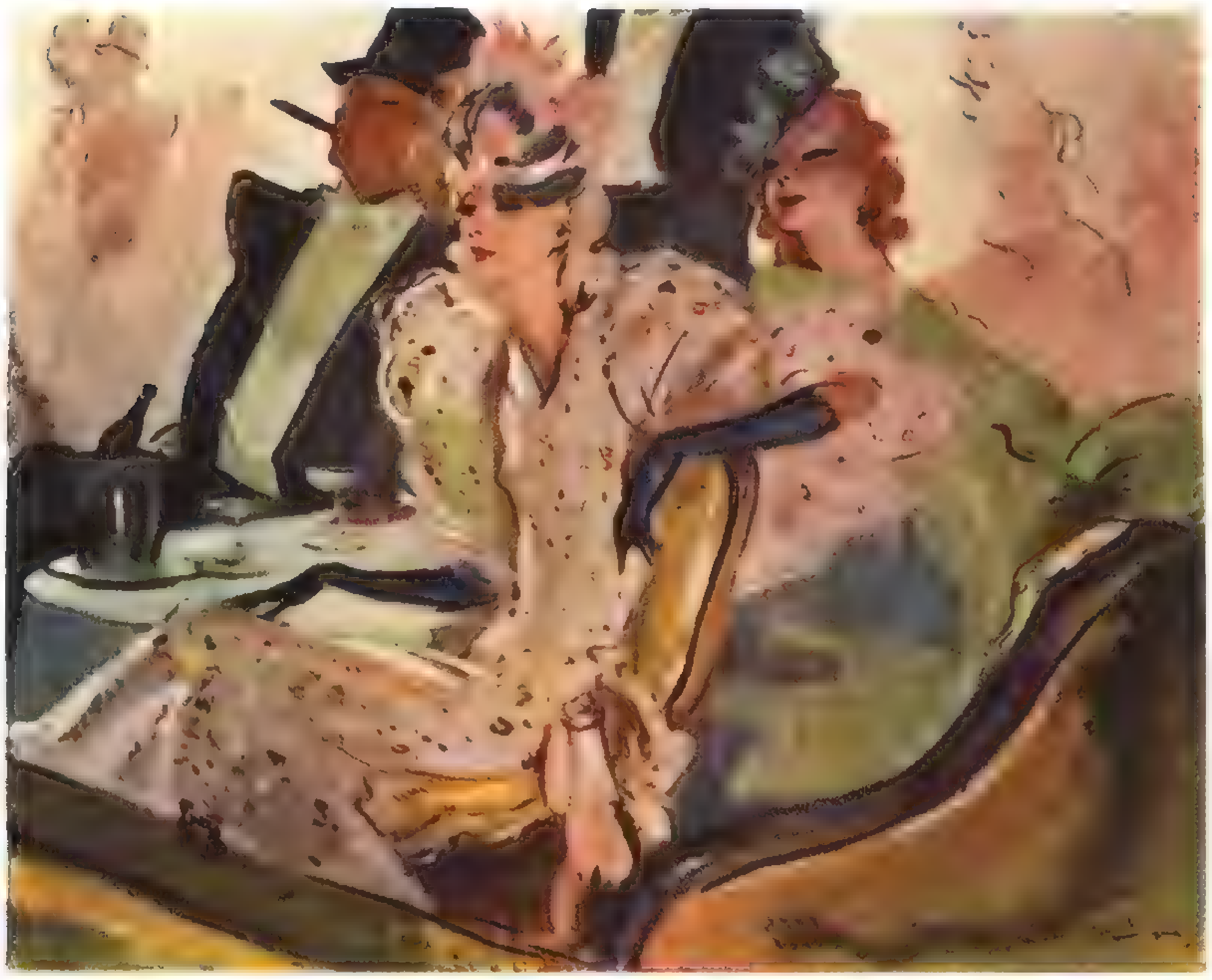
. . . CAN-CAN DANCERS

DOMERGUE, DREAMER OF FAIR WOMEN ON CANVAS

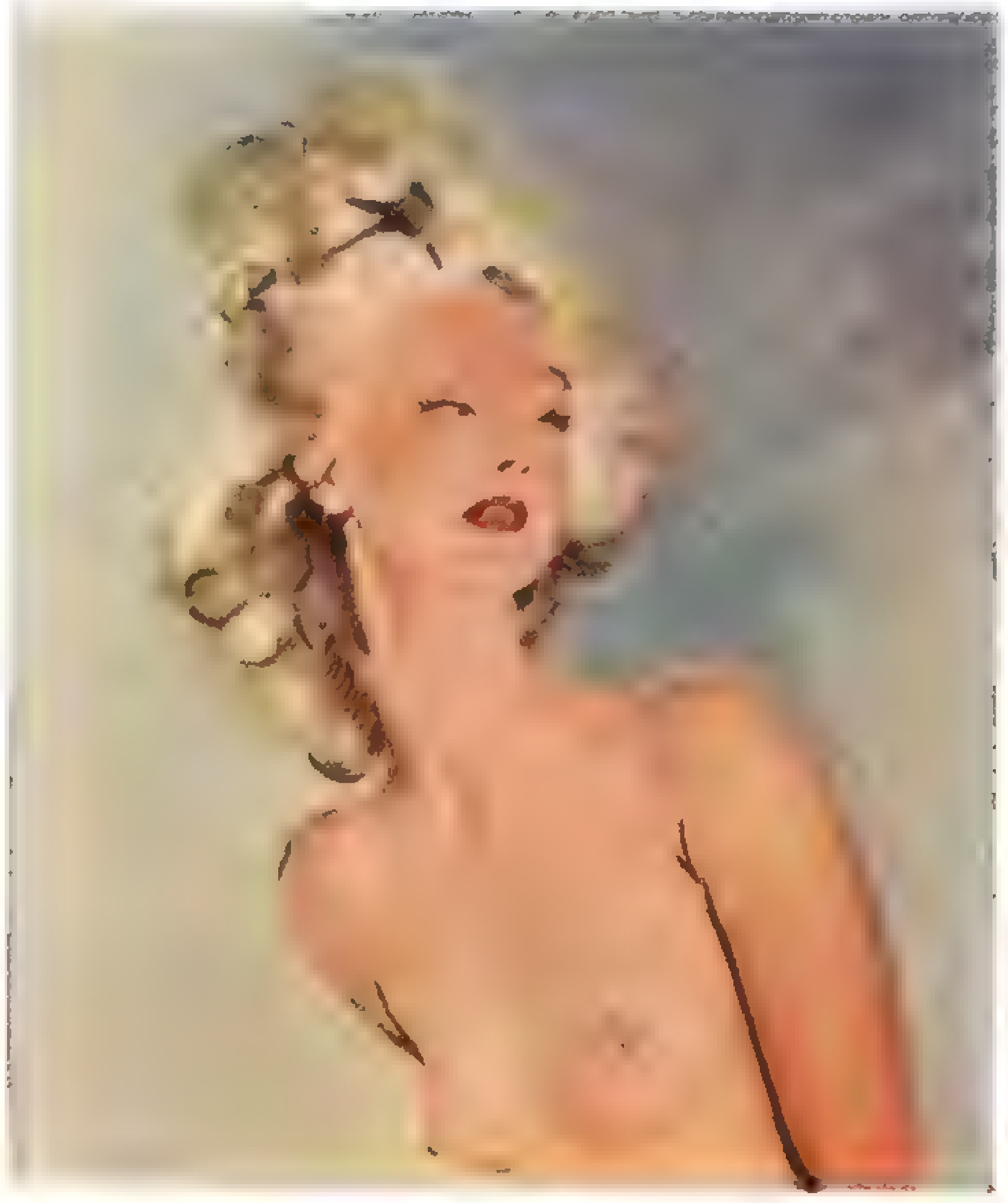
Since his reception into the Salon at the astounding age of fifteen and his receipt of the Prix de Rome at twenty, his native France has awarded twenty-seven prizes of the *Academie* and the *Institut* to Bordeaux-born Jean Gabriel Domergue. Nor has the gold that has come his way all been confined to medals. For M. Domergue has richly reaped the fair rewards that always await the portraitist of fair women. But even so, America will undoubtedly redouble, at least in a material way, the recognition that he has had to date. The talent-teeming fingers of Domergue have consummately mastered that magic knack of making women look on canvas as they have yearned to look in their mirrors. He devotes his glamour-oozing brush, by preference, to the glorification of brown-eyed blondes and blue-eyed brunettes. By commission, he will devote it to the American Beauty in all its forms, from deb to dowager. Then watch the gold rush begin! He will become a fashionable portraitist over here, as he is in Paris, but not even jealous colleagues can ever call him a mere slick "society painter." The fact that his American sitters have included such cogent people as Mrs. Chester Dale, Lady Mendl and Frank Gould lifts him above suspicion on that score. Not that it ought to keep him from cleaning up! For what American woman could resist being made to resemble, even a little, one of these?



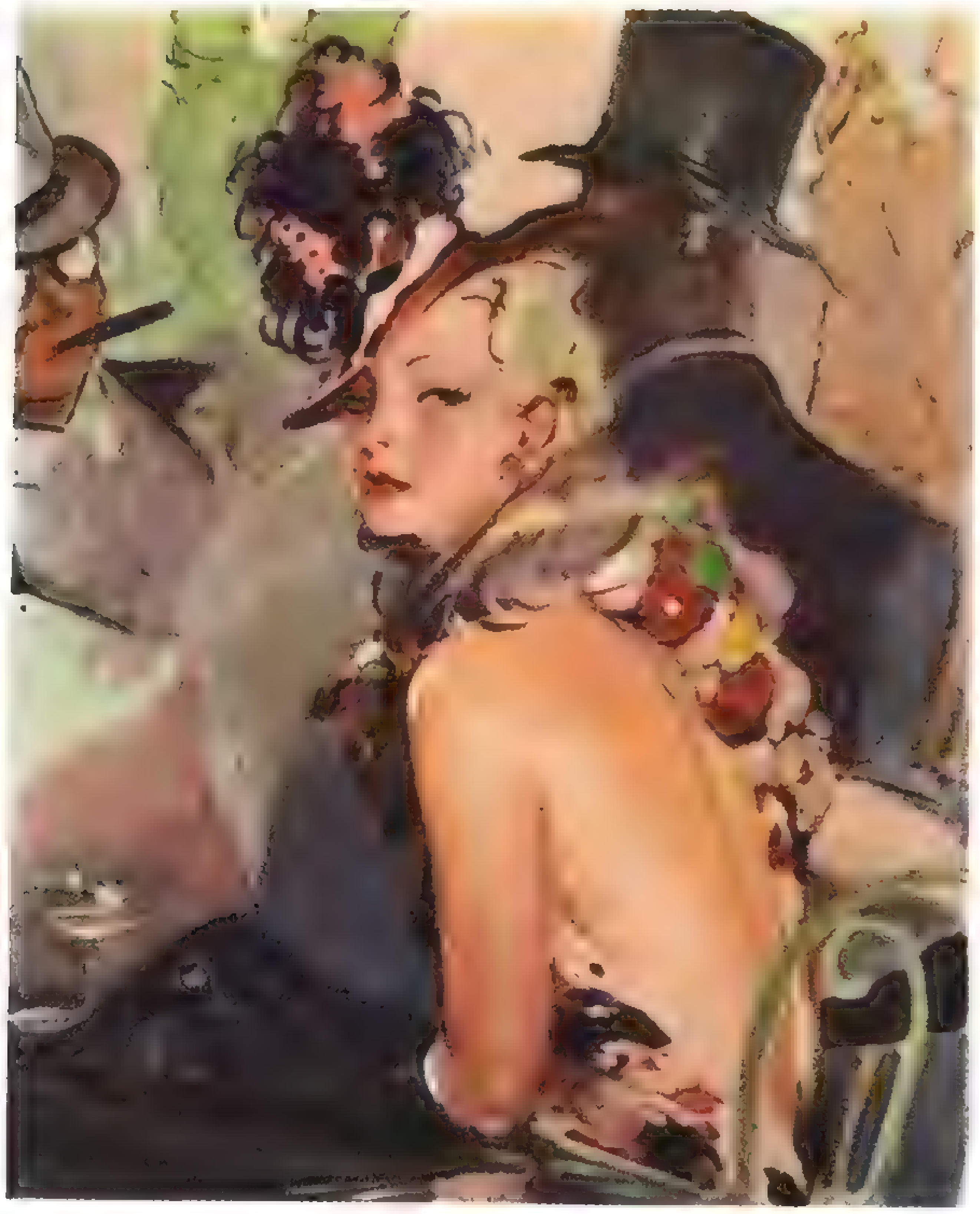
EVELYN ROGERS AT A BAR



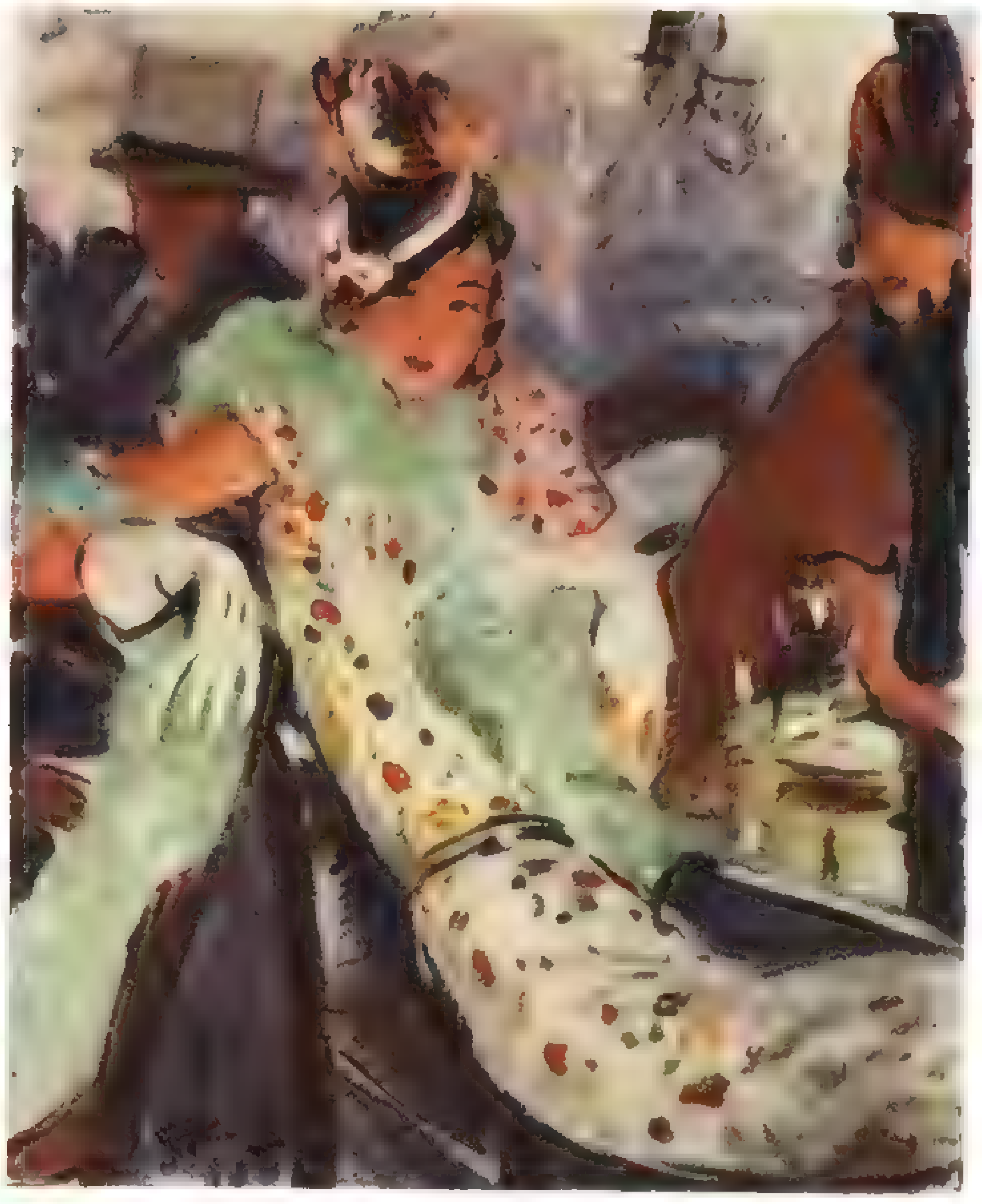
...AT THE AMBASSADEURS



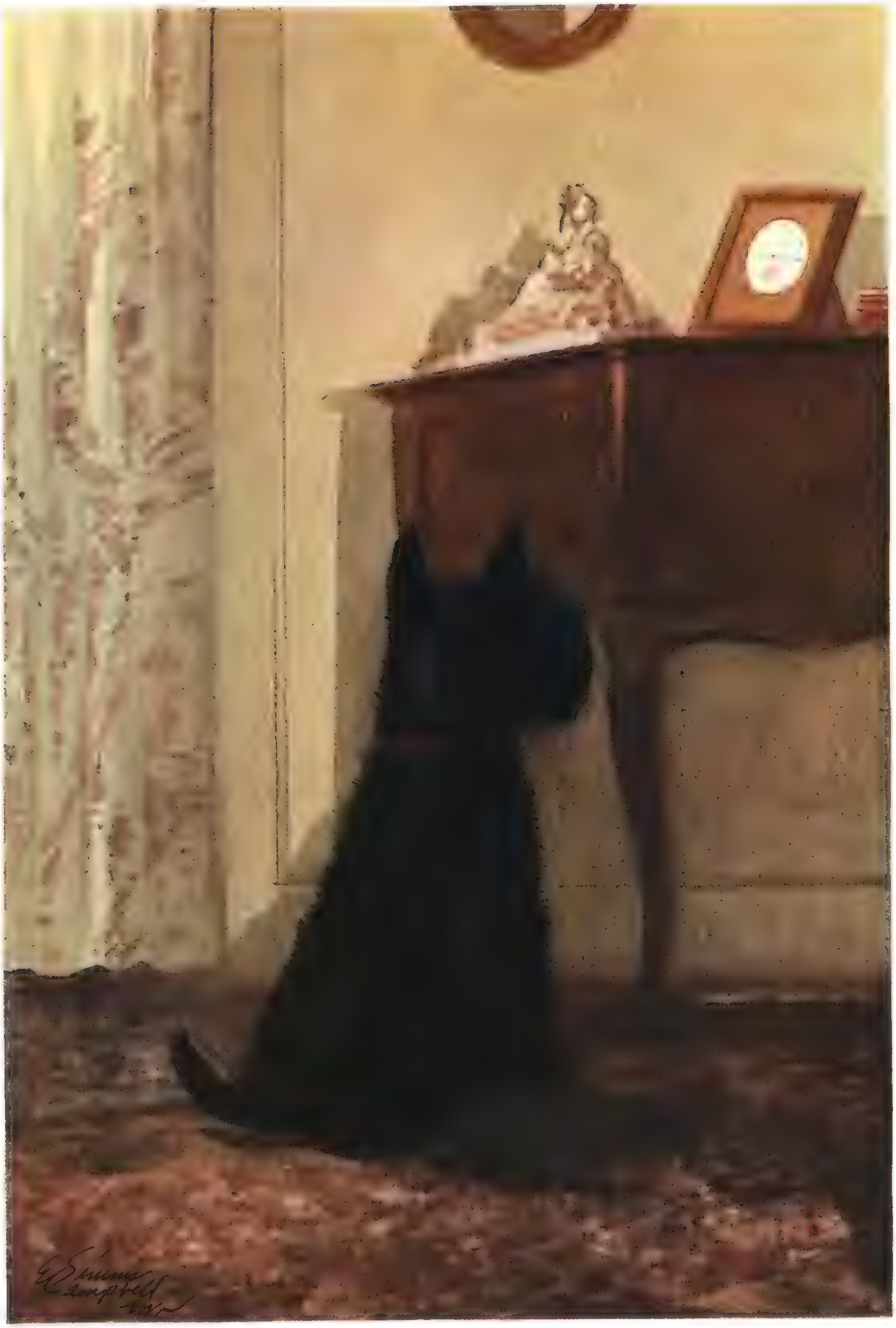
...BIRGUITE



...ON THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES



...AT A MONTMARTRE CAFÉ



"I'll give them 'til nine-thirty—if they aren't here then, I break training!"

To Find Dog Intelligence

Dogs are like children, and the smart ones often feign stupidity to get out of tasks they dislike

by FRED C. KELLY

• ARTICLE •

A FRIEND was telling me about a handsome big dog he had just bought and I inquired: "Has he got any sense?"

"He has a pedigree a yard long, with champions on both sides," was the proud reply.

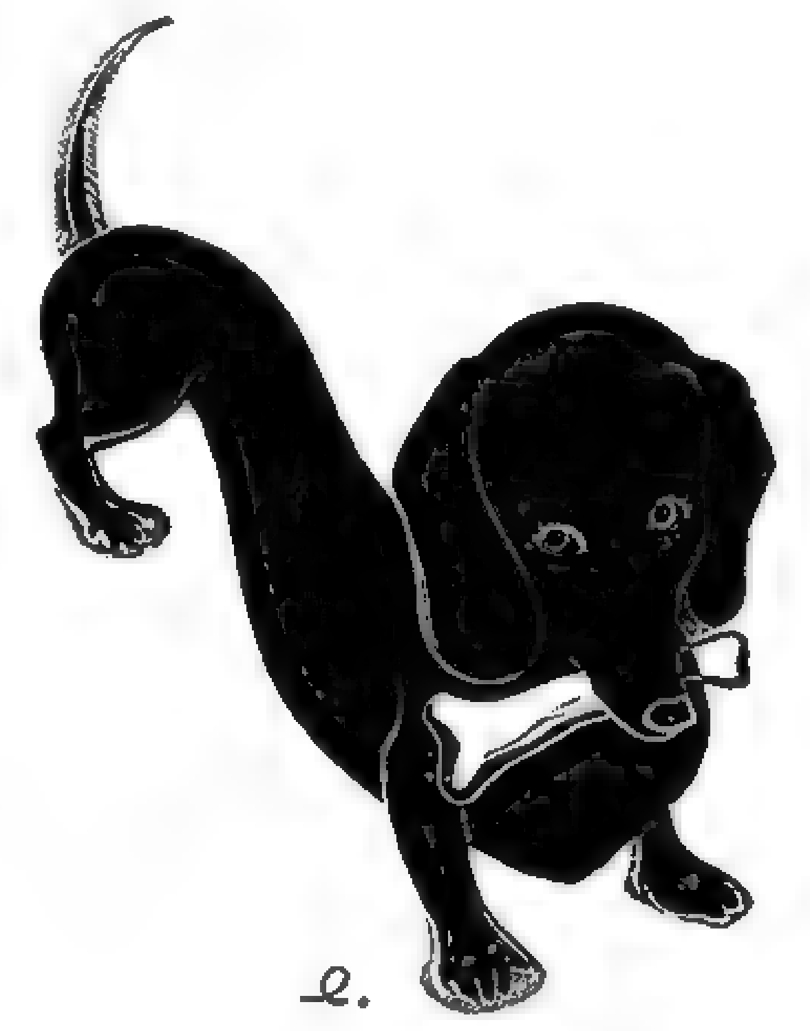
I was tempted to ask: "Champions at doing what?" My friend doubtless thought that long pedigree made the dog superior at doing almost anything. There is a widespread misconception about so-called "show dogs." If you have a dog that won trophies in a show ring and your neighbor has a mongrel, of mixed breed, or unknown ancestry, it is unwise to assume that yours is superior. Though a bench-show champion is not necessarily stupid, the chances are fairly strong that he may be. If he does happen to be smart, it is not because of the blue ribbon winners in his pedigree; his ancestors probably took prizes not for intelligence but for physical points—maybe a certain length of muzzle or shape of ear—that appealed to the judges. This ancestral stock may have been bred "away from intelligence." If a breeder is aiming only at bodily conformation to meet certain arbitrary standards, he is bound to ignore mental characteristics. Between a dog beautiful though stupid and another less handsome but more intelligent, he will breed the one of better appearance. That kind of breeding, if persisted in long enough, would naturally develop a strain of dogs pleasing to the eye but otherwise of little use; and that has often happened.

Though countless efforts have been made to improve physical characteristics of various breeds, relatively little has been done to find out exactly how to obtain dogs of superior abilities. Lately, however, the United States government has recognized the need for that kind of research, and the Bureau of Animal Industry is carrying on scientific studies to determine how canine intelligence, aptitudes, and temperaments may be improved by selective breeding. At a government experimental farm, a dozen miles from Washington, is a kennel containing thirty or forty dogs, solemn and jovial looking, of several breeds, and not one of these is a pedigreed blue-ribbon winner. It is here that facts are being compiled regarding the relationship of intelligence, temperament, and other psychological traits to a dog's special aptitudes. The experiments include tests to determine the degree of a dog's intelligence and plans for discovering how and to what extent intelligence is inherited. In charge of the studies is a young scientist, Dr. Walker M. Dawson, trained in psychology, genetics, and statistical method, and also a dog owner since his earliest childhood.

When I arrived for a visit at these kennels, Dr. Dawson was giving intelligence tests to four or five alert, able-bodied dogs that had showed promise of attaining high ratings. He was using, among other schemes, what is known as the multiple-choice test. The apparatus for this consists of a large wire-covered cage at the rear of which are four narrow stalls, each having a small door to the outside. All these doors are locked except one which can be opened if a dog simply pushes it with his nose. Each dog has previously been taught that he can open one or another of these doors and thus get out to reach food of tempting savor placed just outside the *front* of the cage. A dog attracted by the food must turn and go to the rear and there ascertain for himself *which* little door permits exit. Now, if a dog is stupid enough, he will not turn away from the food but will stay within sight of it, scratching at the wire of the cage. If a bit more shrewd, but yet only moderately intelligent, he tries to find an unlocked door but does so in a rattle-brained fashion without any systematic plan. He tries one door, then another and if both are locked he may go back to the first one. But a really smart dog does not go to a locked door twice, and he is likely to take the others in fairly regular order.

Anyone could rig up a cage and try this test on his own dog. But to get a dependable measure of the dog's intelligence is not quite so simple as it sounds. Sometimes a dog does something that may indicate either superior intelligence or almost none at all, and the experimenter isn't sure which. Dr. Dawson called my attention to one dog that sniffed at the food with interest but made no effort to find the unlocked door. He simply strolled over to a corner of the cage, sat down and looked at us as if to say: "I don't care to bother with these tests and can stay here as long as you can." That, Dr. Dawson thought, was probably the dog's feeling. He had discovered that if he just waited a little while he would be released from the cage and get the food anyhow. He may be a dog genius, and the problem would be to figure out how best to turn so philosophical a dog mind to good use. Here, you see, it is necessary to separate intelligence and another important trait, *willingness*, and to find out if the two go together.

Another test regularly used by Dr. Dawson is to keep careful record of the number of times required to show a dog how to execute a simple command. He presses his hand against the dog's head to make him sit down, at the same time blowing a short note on a whistle. The idea is to train the dog to drop when he hears the signal. From three or four to a dozen trials are needed, according to the dog's intelligence. Then the test goes further and the dog learns to stand up again on hearing *two* notes from the whistle. As a rule, the dogs that show up well here are the same ones that seemed to have superior acumen in the multiple-choice test. Naturally the test is much more accurate if you take the average for several dogs than for one or two—just as is true in testing of schoolchildren. You can be sure that six dogs, or six children, are smarter than six others; but you would be less sure of how much smarter one individual is than another. In giving the sit-down-and-stand-up test, Dr. Dawson had one dog that learned readily enough and then seemed to "go dumb." He appeared no longer to appreciate that the sounds of the whistle were commands. But one day Dr. Dawson happened to stamp his foot with impatience and then the dog began to obey the commands as before. He evidently had understood all along. Then it was discovered that this was the same dog that had declined to bother with hunting for the unlocked door in the multiple-choice test. Evidently he is a wise dog, one who keeps his own counsel and uses his intelligence not so much for doing as for getting out of whatever bores him. As with children, it isn't always the smartest that is the most obedient.



Though these government-sponsored studies are still in the earlier stages, the results thus far tally with and support the findings from another set of studies, probably the best of the kind ever made. I refer to the work of Elliott Humphrey and his associates at Fortunate Fields, Switzerland, and at The Seeing Eye, Morristown, New Jersey, in breeding dogs of superior abilities for use in leading the

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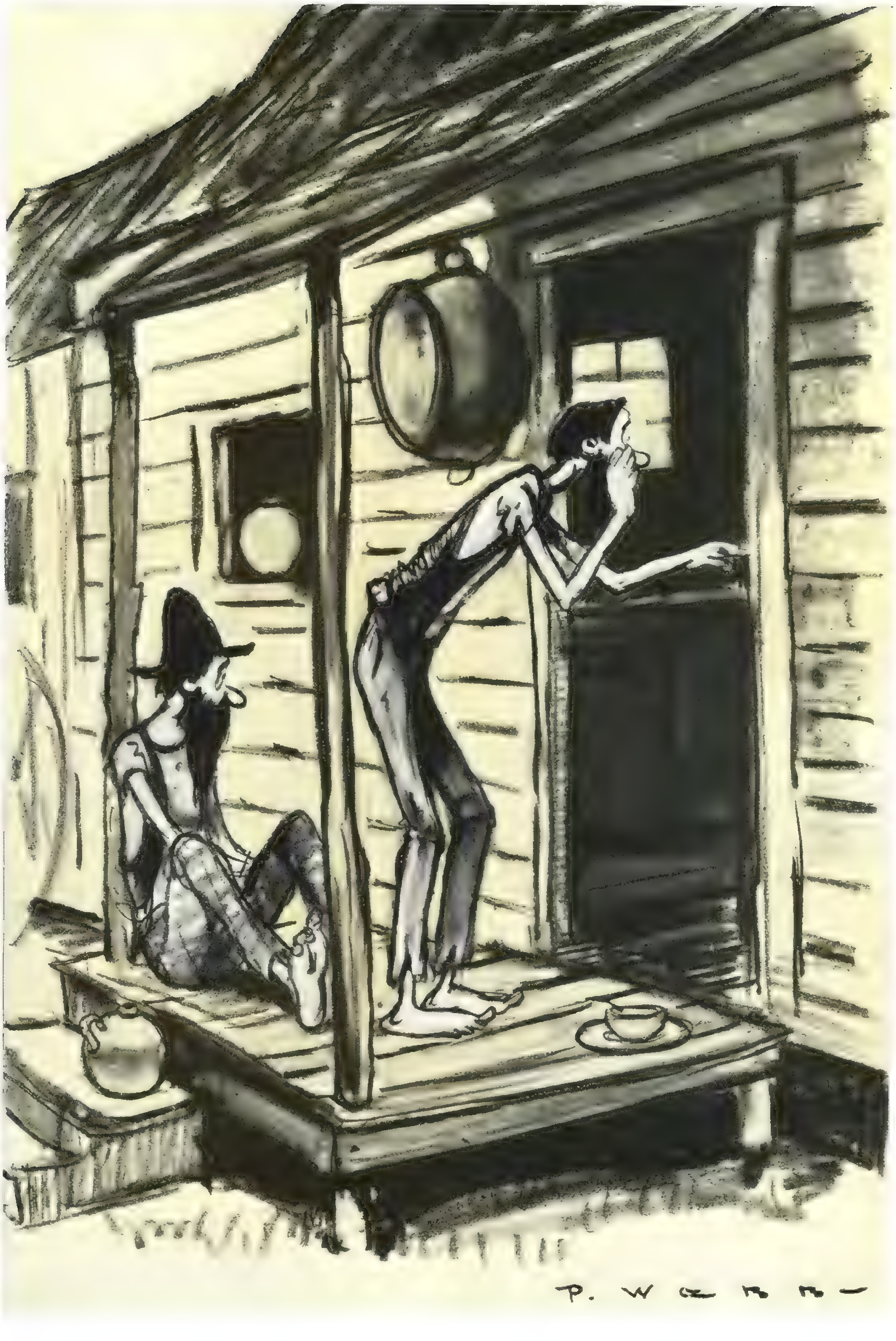


"Hey, Willy—take your feet down off'n the table—Paw's pourin' ketchup on 'em"

Hoosier Hot Spell

It wasn't the God-awful heat that bothered Ellen so much as the way the natives took it sitting down

by WILLIAM E. WILSON

FICTION

Father came in from the front porch. He had tucked a handkerchief inside his high, stiff collar, but he was still wearing his white linen coat.

"Hundred and five," he reported, shaking his head in disapproval, and yet with a certain pride, as if the heat were a personal victory. Then, sitting down again in his chair by the library table, he picked up the palm-leaf fan he had left there only a minute before. "Hundred and five and still climbing!"

It was perhaps his fiftieth excursion to the thermometer that day. He would sit and fan himself quietly for a while, then go out on the porch, study the mercury, and come back in and report. As early as eight in the morning, the red line had stretched up to ninety-six. It was two o'clock now, and the hottest part of the day was yet to come.

I was lying on the floor, which was the coolest place I could find. At my wife's insistence, I had taken off my coat—but reluctantly. I had lived in Southern Indiana most of my life and I knew that any concession to the summer heat was lost ground. When the occasion came for putting the coat back on, I would feel as if I were wrapped in a woolen blanket.

"Want me to go out and fry you an egg on the front sidewalk?" I said to Ellen.

She did not answer. Maybe she hadn't heard. Over her head, the electric fan was droning. It had been scientifically adjusted by my father and placed on top of a bookcase. Maybe she was wondering why she had ever consented to leave New England and join me in this first visit to my parents since our marriage. Maybe she was asleep. Her eyes were closed.

"I saw a man do it downtown yesterday," my father said. "Burnt it to a crisp in five minutes. In front of Smith and Butterfield's It was a hundred and thirty-five in the sun."

Tony Palazzo

Up the street, a screen door slammed and a radio blared out under someone's careless thumb. The noise seemed to intensify the heat. I looked out the door. The lines of the house across the street wavered crazily in the shimmer rising from the asphalt paving. One lonely maple tree stood limp in the breathless sunshine.

"We could go to the movies," I said. "The air conditioning . . ."

Father shook his head.

"Suicide!" he said. "Go into one of those places out of this heat. Drop of thirty, forty degrees. They've got it in the gas company office. I was in there yesterday. Made my bones ache."

"Best just to stay at home away from the Saturday crowds," mother said then, "and be comfortable."

She stirred the pitcher of lemonade beside her. The clink of the ice was more refreshing than the lemonade itself. Drinking only made you hotter.

"Comfortable!" I snorted.

"Anybody like some more lemonade?"

Everybody shook his head. It was too hot for anything more than faint gestures and fragmentary words and phrases. The heat, I reflected, probably accounted for the Hoosier habit of speech. Hoosiers are probably the smartest lot of people in the United States, all told. But when it's hot, grammer is one burden you can dispense with.

For a long while, none of us said anything. The neighborhood was quiet again. There was no traffic in the streets, except an occasional delivery truck. About the only other sound was the drone of the electric fan, and it had been going for so many days—and nights—that we no longer heard it.

"Too bad you all came in July," mother said irrelevantly. Or, maybe it wasn't irrelevant. She may have been reading Ellen's thoughts. "In August, the nights at least are cool."

"Ninety-two at midnight last night," father said. "I got up and looked."

There was another period of silence, while father fanned, and mother rocked, and I held my face as near the floor as possible, and Ellen sat perfectly still, with her eyes closed. In another room, Sister was trying to sleep—but only trying. We could hear her toss about from time to time. Finally, the quiet was broken by a shrill whistle coming from the street corner.

"Do you want a dainty, Ellen?" I said.

That wasn't quite enough to make her open her eyes, but I did see her lips move.

"A what?"

"It's a little chunk of frozen stuff, wrapped up in wax paper," I said. "With flavoring. It's like sherbet, a little. Penny apiece."

"Two cents now," mother said.

"That was the daintyman's whistle," I said, looking at Ellen.

She shook her head.

I rose on one elbow and watched the daintyman go by, pushing his little red house on high, creaking, wooden wheels. He sagged heavily over the handlebar of the wagon and, from time to time, blew the pea-whistle that hung from his mouth. He looked so shriveled and hot and tired that I expected him at any moment to vanish in a puff of dry, white smoke.

"Mrs. High's Frozen Dainties," I said reminiscently.

Mother stirred the lemonade again. The ice was almost gone.

"Remember how you used to love them when you were a boy?"

"Yes. Only, I always had to put on my shoes to go out and get them. You couldn't run across the asphalt barefooted."

"When I was a boy in Posey County . . ." father began.

But he did not finish. Ellen was standing in the middle of the room. Her hands were clenched at her sides. Her mouth was drawn tight with determination.

"Let's *do* something!" she said.

I stared at her. The mere sight of her standing up and clenching her fists exhausted me as if the exertion were mine. I couldn't say anything. But I didn't need to. She was doing the talking.

"No wonder you suffer from the heat! No

Continued on page 148

The Censor Marches On . . . III

A list of the works that were banned during the last three thousand years reads like civilization's honor roll

by MORRIS L. ERNST & ALEXANDER LINDEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"These absurdities in the administration of censorship serve only to strengthen the independent thinker's resentment against the essence of the practice. The saving of a man's soul, which one must presume is the object of the censorship, is after all a man's own affair, and is not to be achieved by external compulsion or guardianship. It is of a man's free will that he buys a ticket for a play or borrows a book from the library. If he wants to pander to the lower side of his nature, no censor will prevent him."

—William Allan Neilson,
The Theory of Censorship (1930)

So far as the record goes, the case against censorship is formidable. A great deal of the evidence damns the process itself; the rest convicts the censor.

Two doctrines lie at the heart of censorship. Their central idea is the same; the difference is a quantitative, rather than a qualitative, one.

The first flows directly from the Biblical concept of the temptation and fall of man. According to the doctrine, man is a fallible being, a prey to sensual appetites. If he is to be saved from eternal damnation, he must be stripped of his follies and vices. Satan—who can don innumerable guises (as witness what happened to St. Anthony), at times squeezing himself, horns, hoofs and tail, between the covers of a book—must not be permitted to tempt him.

The second doctrine lacks the picturesque theology of the first. It, too, presupposes the frailty of man, but ascribes that lamentable condition to the essentially coarse grain of the human stock, not to predestiny traceable to the serpent and the apple. It assumes that man's nature must and can be improved, and that the exposure of the species to sexually exciting material is injurious, if not indeed fatal, to the process of improvement.

The lack of proof as to the correctness of the underlying assumptions in either doctrine has never given any concern to its advocates. The uplifters have never paused to consider the implications of evolution as against religious dogma; if they were to be told that it was the destiny of humankind to work out its spiritual salvation as part of the march of evolution, they would rise up in hot denial. And yet the plain truth is that there is no reason to suppose that man, if left alone, would sink into the mire, or that surveillance over his mental fare can either keep him from corruption or forcibly alter his nature for the better.

When genial Jimmy Walker said that he knew of no girl who had ever been ruined by a book, he was touching the Achilles' heel of censorship.

Science has profound respect for the law of cause and effect. It doesn't take things for granted. It doesn't assume that if a dog follows a rabbit, the latter "produces" the former. It bases its conclusions on concrete things closely observed under strict controls over periods of time. Hunches, hopes, hypotheses are all right as starting points for investigations, but only as such.

Censorship is vulnerable from the point of view of science because it scorns facts. Given allegedly obscene material, it does not seek to ascertain, by clinical methods, the nature and extent of the influence such material may wield over human beings. It substitutes guesses for findings.

Anyone studying the subject is shocked to discover the extraordinary fact that there has never been a thoroughgoing, impartial, wide-range experiment conducted to ascertain within possible limits the psychological or psychiatric effect of matter claimed to be objectionable. Whatever surveys have been made—and they have been few—have been unsystematic or narrow or prejudiced from the start.

To be sure, the scientific problem is much more complicated here than in a field that lends itself readily to observation and analysis. Bacteria can be identified and counted under the microscope. The physical manifestations of disease can be established virtually beyond dispute. But how are we to look into the mind of a man who has been infected with the "virus" of *Ulysses?* If we cannot cut a window in his skull, how shall we pursue our investigation? Shall we observe him over a space of time? How long a period? Under what controls? If he misbehaves, shall we be necessarily justified in blaming *Ulysses?* How shall we be able to isolate the book from the complex of all other impacts on his mind so as to assert with reasonable certainty that it was *Ulysses* and not something else that caused his dereliction? And even if we established the existence of cause-and-effect in his case, what validity will that finding have with reference to the community at large?

Or are we to discard the laboratory method as unsuited to inquiries of this kind, and try questionnaires? Even assuming that questions can be worked up which, if truthfully answered, will turn a man's mind inside out, how shall we make sure that our subject won't lie, consciously or unconsciously?

The field is *terra incognita.* Without surveying it, without even penetrating its labyrinth to any appreciable extent, censors have seen fit to draw the conclusion that books, plays and the like have a capacity to corrupt human behavior. The meagerness of the evidence has not disturbed them, nor the fact that there is at least as much evidence the other way.

For it cannot be denied that a substantial gap exists between things in the mind and things in real life. A small-town Rotarian can see Paul Muni in *Zola,* sympathize with the unfortunate Dreyfuss on the screen, and yet ally himself, all unaware of the inconsistency, with the forces of intolerance and vigilantism in his community. A mother may be moved to tears by a sob story in a magazine in which a child is cruelly treated, and yet not hesitate to cuff her own youngster when unruly.

"Once I had the opportunity," says Heywood Broun in *Anthony Comstock,* "to talk about books and plays with a young man in the Tombs Prison who had just been indicted for murder. Asked to outline the plot of the best book he ever read, he animatedly retold a story of a young wastrel who reformed, upon being elected mayor, and cleaned up a dissolute city by rigorously suppressing vice and crime. The young man had read and enjoyed this novel just a week before he was moved to shoot two policemen."

THE WEAK AND THE STRONG

Let's get over this hurdle and see how far we get. Let's assume that the noxious effect of a certain type of material on people in general has been demonstrated with sufficient certainty, and that the suppression of such material is more to be desired socially than freedom of expression. The next question is, who is to do the winnowing?

The censor, of course. But in order to entrust him with the job, we must make certain assumptions. These are (1) that he is a superior being qualified for the task; (2) that his superiority is such as to invest him with immunity from the poisons to which he is to be exposed; and (3) that he can produce the desired result.

Well, is the censor a superior being? Does he know what's good for society? Can he be relied on unerringly to separate the wheat from the chaff?

HOW LIKE A GOD

"But I have again to point out that censorship is the wrong method," wrote George Bernard Shaw to the *New York Times* in 1936. "Whatever its moral and religious pretenses may be, it always comes in practice to postulating the desirability of an official with the attributes of a god, and then offering the salary of a minor railway station master plus a fee per play to some erring mortal to deputize for Omniscience. He who is fool enough or needy enough to accept such a post soon finds that except in the plainest cases judgment is impossible. He therefore makes an office list of words that must not be used and subjects that must not be mentioned (usually religion and sex); and though this brings his job within the capacity of an office boy, it also reduces it to absurdity."

Omniscience in the guise of Customs Inspectors condemned da Vinci's frescoes, and

LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

ruled that Utrillo was not an artist. Comstock, back in the days of Daly and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, showed his knowledge of contemporary letters by saying, in a burst of temper: "George Bernard Shaw? Who is he? I never heard of him in my life. Never saw one of his books, so he can't be much."

When the motion picture *Birth* was banned by the Maryland board of censors, only to be vindicated by Judge Ullman in a ringing opinion, H. L. Mencken wrote in the *Baltimore Sun:*

> It is difficult, if not downright impossible, to induce men and women of really enlightened minds to sit on any such board. The daily torture of gaping at imbecile movies would drive them frantic, and they would shrink from the grotesque task of considering the tastes and regulating the morals of morons. Thus recruits must be sought mainly in two classes—that of the professional job-seekers and that of the professional uplifters.
>
> All boards of censors, it seems to me, are useless, and most of them are evil. No one ever heard of one that carried on its business in a sensible manner, and no wonder, for its business, at bottom, is simply not sensible. Such posses of smellers are quite unnecessary. There is plenty of law on the books to punish any actual obscenity, and volunteer snoopers may be trusted to complain whenever it is violated. The country swarms with them, and they are always snuffling for smut. When they complain there is an open trial in the ordinary courts, with the rights of the defendant safeguarded. Before a board of censors he has no rights at all. The board is at once the complainant, the prosecutor, the judge and the executioner. It has all the powers of a court, but none of the responsibilities.

A BETTER BREED?

And yet would things be otherwise if better men served as arbiters?

Plato suggested that Homer be expurgated. St. Bernard deemed Abelard "an infernal dragon and the precursor of the anti-Christ." Thomas Carlyle called Charles Lamb a shameless and despicable abortion. Sir Walter Scott trembled for the morals of adolescents exposed to Richardson's *Pamela*. Robert Buchanan condemned Rossetti's sonnets as "one profuse sweat of animalism," and Gautier's *Memoire de Charles Beaudelaire* as "skillfully and secretly poisoning the mind of the unsuspicious reader." When *La Terre* was published, Anatole France said of Zola: "His work is evil, and he is one of those unhappy beings of whom one can say that it would be better had he never been born." Whittier, himself a victim of persecution for abolitionist poems, threw Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* into the fire in a fit of disgust. Edmund Yates called George Moore a "bestial bard" for writing *Flowers of Passion*. Jerome K. Jerome found *Dorian Gray* corrupt. In the course of the controversy over the denial of the mails to *The Kreutzer Sonata*, Theodore Roosevelt called Tolstoy a "sexual and moral pervert." Paul Elmer More described a novel by John Dos Passos as "an explosion in a sewer."

A GLANCE BACKWARD

History is probably the most eloquent, and certainly the most persuasive, witness against censorship. The list of works banned during the last three thousand years reads like civilization's honor roll. The men who wrote them were in most cases the pathfinders, the leaders of thought in their field, the intellectual giants, the people responsible for human progress. Here is a sketchy tabulation of material that was proscribed in the past.

Prose Literature: Homer's *Odyssey*, *The Letters of Heloise and Abelard*, Tasso's *La Gerusalemme Liberata*, Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, Pascal's *Letters to a Provincial*, La Fontaine's *Fables*, Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels*, Voltaire's *Candide*, Fielding's *Pasquin*, Richardson's *Pamela*, Casanova's *Memoirs*, Goethe's *Faust* and *Sorrows of Werther*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, Hugo's works, Balzac's *Droll Stories*, Stendhal's *Rouge et Noir*, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, DeMaupassant's *Une Vie* and *L'Humble Verité*, Heine's *De L'Allemagne*, Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, Eliot's *Adam Bede*, George Moore's *Flowers of Passion*, Zola's *Nana*, Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Upton Sinclair's *Oil*, Cabell's *Jurgen*, Lawrence's *Women in Love*, Sherwood Anderson's *Many Marriages*, Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry*, Aldous Huxley's *Antic Hay*, and Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

Drama: Shakespeare's *Richard II*, Ben Jonson's works, Molière's *Tartuffe*, Racine's *Theatre Complet*, Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, Ibsen's *Ghosts*, George Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*, Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado*, Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*, and Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*.

Poetry: Dante's *La Divina Commedia*

Continued in center of page 142

Baseball's Little Brother

Stuck with a lot of unsold sporting goods, Raymond Dumont conceived the national semi-pro baseball tourneys

by DUANE A. YARNELL

• SPORTS •

When they ran out of ducats, the ticket men began to sell anything that was pink or blue or green and had numbers on it. The gate keepers were dizzy from looking at the vari-colored pasteboard array and ten minutes before game time, you could probably have gotten into the ball park with a tomato can label.

Later, the papers said that 15,000 customers were in the stands—which was an exaggeration only because the seats wouldn't hold that many. At any rate, the stands were packed and the bleachers sagging. The rest of the crowd surged down over the playing field, planted their posteriors against the foul lines and a cordon of cops couldn't move them.

At game time, E. C. Quigley, supervisor of national league umpires, dusted off home plate with his whisk broom and the national tourney finals were under way.

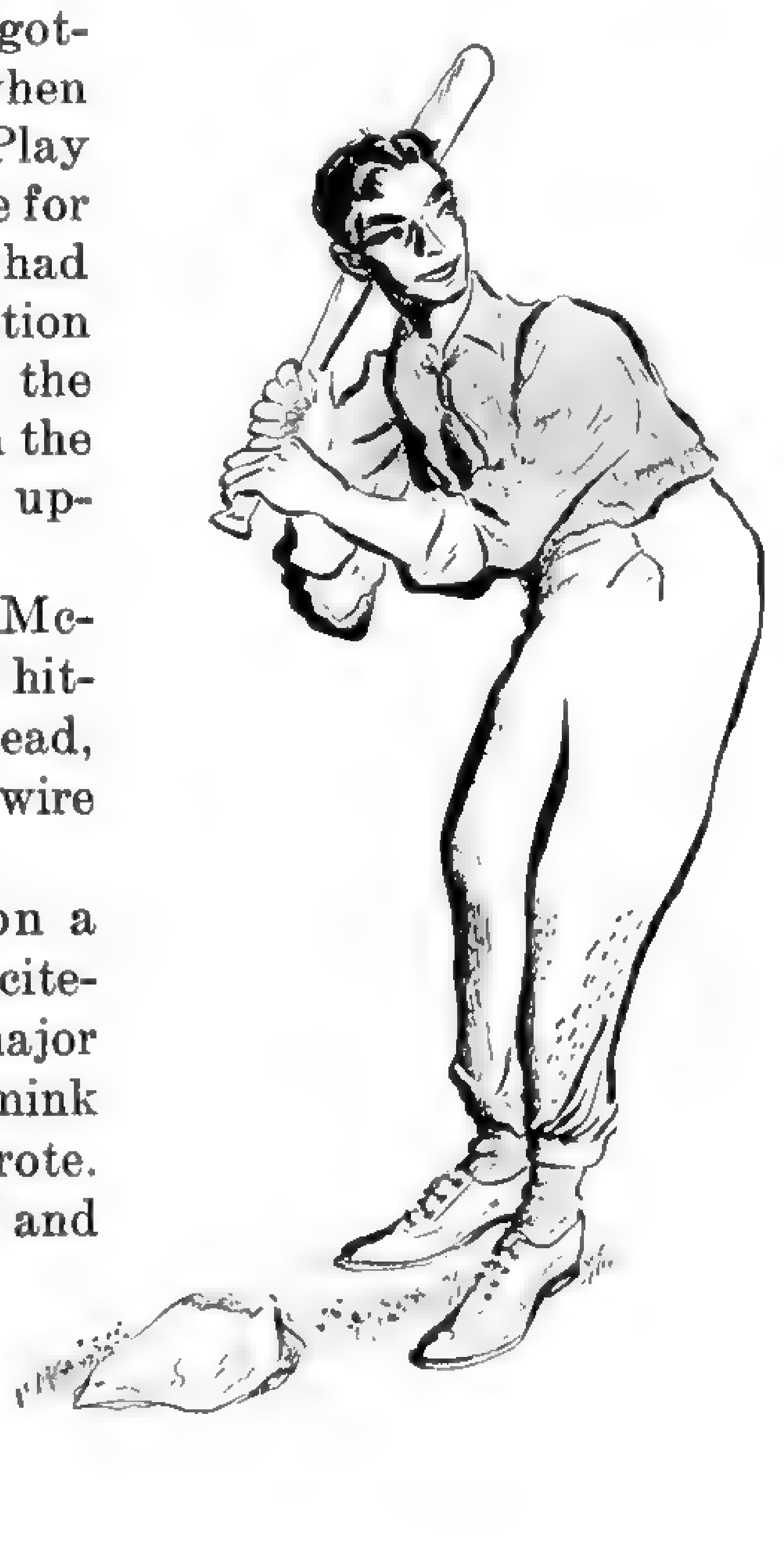
It was at that precise moment that baseball's little brother, The National Semi-Pro Baseball Congress, emerged from puberty to long pants. The fans in Wichita, Kansas, whose contact with big time baseball had, up until then, been the play by play radio broadcast of world series games, were getting quite a bang out of the occasion. And that went double for the sixteen ivory hunters, who represented every team in the major leagues.

Atop the stands, in the press box, the country's leading sports writers were scratching their heads and assuring each other that the thing that was transpiring before their eyes was not an apparition but was indeed a reality.

For four years, they had been hearing of the national semi-pro event and for four years they had been dubious. But the barrage of publicity laid down by the national headquarters office had finally gotten under their skins. So, when umpire Quigley shouted, "Play ball!" they were there to see for themselves. Naturally, they had come expecting some variation of the old shell game and the fact that everything was on the level was, to say the least, upsetting.

The story that Henry McLemore, who has a habit of hitting the sports nail on the head, sent out over the press wire can't be improved upon.

"The semi-pros put on a show, that for color and excitement, surpassed most major league efforts as far as a mink does an alley cat," he wrote. "With the bands playing and the fireworks setting the high heavens on fire, I couldn't help but think of the dull, drab and utterly lifeless handling of the world series. The semi-pros put on an elegant show. They had real music played by live musicians who wore pants and understood the meaning of the word rehearsal. And they played music that customers other than those over seventy remembered."



Then Mac got serious. Now anyone who knows Mac, or reads his column, realizes that his getting serious can be compared to such epochal events as the rise of Joan of Arc and the fall of Rome. In one short sentence, Mac summed up what the rest of the baseball world was thinking. "This National Semi-Pro Tournament," he wrote, "is an amazing thing."

Of the 15,000 who saw that final game, there was only one who wasn't amazed. He was seated high up in the grandstand. In one hand was a scorecard, in the other, a sheaf of congratulatory telegrams. His name was Raymond Dumont and on the official program he was listed as the president and originator of the national event. The thing he was watching was not just another ballgame. Rather, it was the climax of something that four years before had been nothing more than a sketchy idea.

And that is the point of this story. A few years back, before hackneyed "depression" became "recession," Dumont was running a sporting goods store in Wichita.

The old Western League had folded so far as Wichita was concerned. To the fans it meant that there would be no more trolley rides out to Island Park to watch the Aviators go through their paces with Tulsa or Omaha or Topeka. But to Raymond Dumont it was a matter of dollars and cents.

Being in the sporting goods business, he had to sell lots of baseballs and bats if he was to impress his boss. To do that, he had depended upon the support of the Wichita baseball team. When club owners could no longer afford to pay their players it was all over but the shouting. The officers departed from town leaving a trail of bad debts and red ink.

Dumont was left with a lot of equipment and not too many prospects to sell it to.

Business progressed from mediocre to acute to lousy in quick stages.

"We've got to do something and do it fast," Dumont said. The optimist of the sporting goods organization pointed out that there were still the independent baseball teams to conjure with.

"One of these afternoons," the optimist said, "a sponsor will walk in and buy a complete new outfit for his team and we'll forget all about the Western League."

Dumont didn't say anything. He waited. About a week later, the sponsor of a large industrial baseball team walked into the store. Dumont and associates jumped to their feet, put on their best professional smiles. Maybe, they thought, it wasn't as bad as they had pictured. This sponsor had been a good customer in the past. With a little sales talk—

The sales talk finally wore the victim down. He had planned to buy a softball and a bat. He ended up by buying a softball and two bats.

"I'm going to switch to softball," he told Dumont. "It doesn't cost so much. This depression's tough, ain't it? . . ."

There was only one fly in the pudding. There wasn't enough profit in the transaction to pay the light bill. When he left, Dumont said:

"Hold the fort, boys. I'm going to find out a few things."

Out on the street he ran into a young ball player who was supposed to be playing in a small state league. The player had quit, "Because," he said, "you can't live on promises."

A little quiet investigation revealed some startling facts. Where there had been many minor league organizations before, there were now only empty baseball parks rapidly going to pot and dandelions. Ball players blamed it onto club owners and club owners laid

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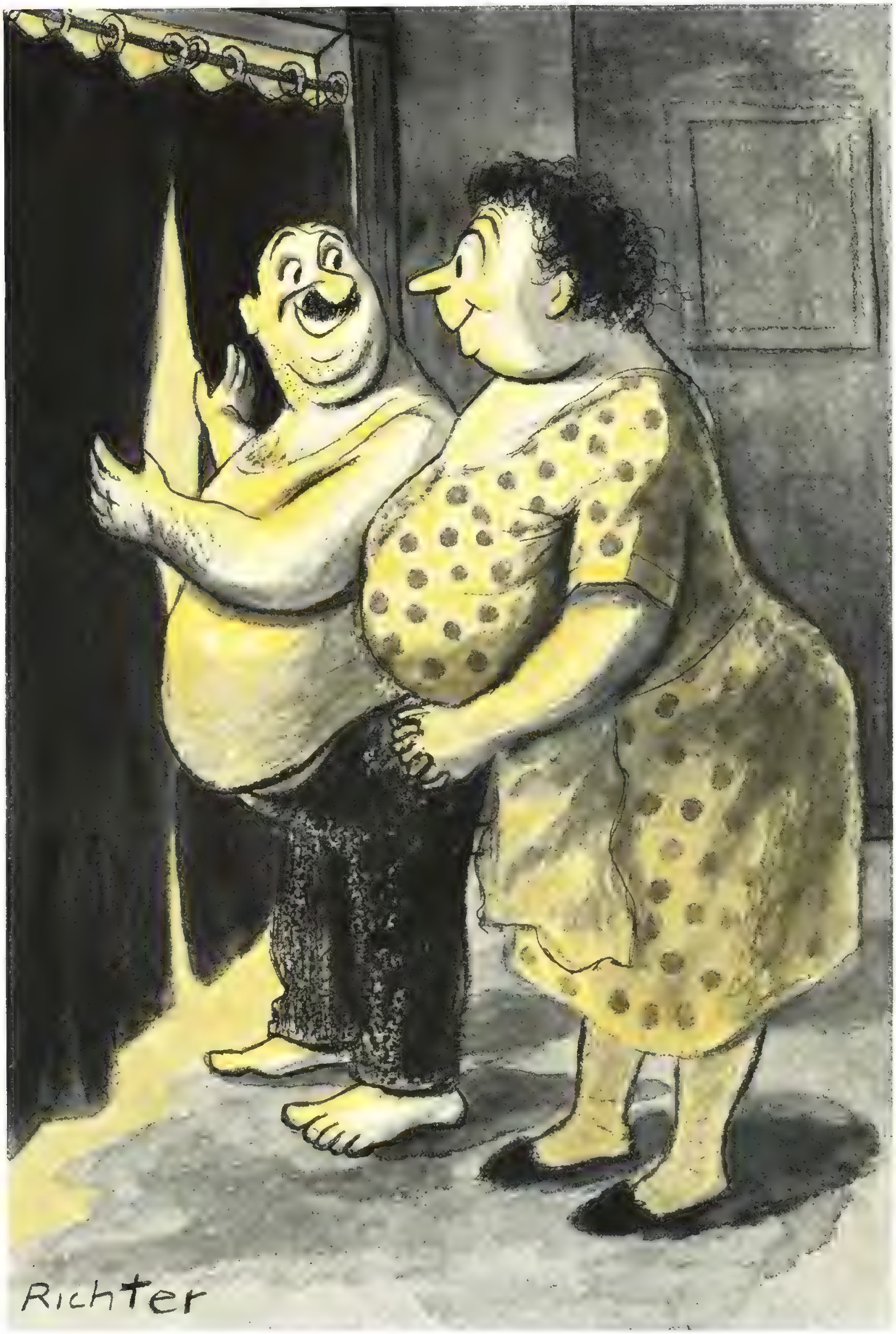

"Boy! The progress this younger generation has made since our day"

Trial in the Jungle

Believing men die only through evil magic, they took this fearful means to find out who had murdered Zoolai

by WILLIAM LaVARRE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

ADVENTURE is where you find it. Like gold mines. Adventures break all known rules. They seldom exist where you expect to find them. They bob up, without reason, when you least expect them. One day, when you're a nervous wreck thinking that around each bend of the river there's going to be a catastrophe, nothing happens. Then suddenly, when you are certain that you are in for a week of boredom, things begin happening to you—with a crash.

If you had been sitting with us in our forty-paddle canoe as we went up the jungle-bound Surinam River in Dutch Guiana, after passing at last through miles of dangerous rapids, you would have been as bored as we were. The towering jungle seemed vacant. There wasn't even an occasional monkey or parrot in the densely matted vegetation. The story books would have had all sorts of wild beasts, and maybe wild men, peering out at us, threateningly, from behind the tropical palms. But if there were any danger there we didn't see it. Hour after hour we saw nothing. The glistening river and the two sheer forest walls were silent and as empty as an aboriginal tomb.

My wife was fed up. With me she had lived through many jungle expeditions that kept her on edge, her face flushed, her nerves tingling. She is not one of these popular explorers' wives. She's not big or buxom. She never had a gun in her hands, or slept out-of-doors, or saw a wild man before I grabbed her out of a fashionable school and ran away to South America with her—as fast as I could. She's not a lady lion killer. But she had become accustomed, in four fast-moving years, to having something new pop at her from around each mile of twisting equatorial river. And now that a whole day had gone by with nothing popping she was bored—as I was.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we reached a cavernous hole in the forest wall, where mahogany trees had been hacked down to mark the opening of a broad trail. The *Djuka* paddlers stopped working. Duffi, my interpreter, said that the trail led to a big village a half-mile back from the river. The paddlers, he said, wanted to stop work for the day, sleep in the village, and visit relatives and friends.

Three hundred years ago the Dutch colonists of Guiana had bought some Ashanti slaves from Portuguese slave dealers and brought them across the South Atlantic from Africa to the northern coast of South America. The Ashantis were no good—as white man's slaves. No white man had ever been able to make them docile, respectful, humble; the British preferred Congo tribes for their Caribbean island sugar estates and would make no deals with the Portuguese for Ashantimen. That's why the hard-trading Dutchmen had been able to buy thousands of them at bargain prices. Fifty dollars for a man. Seventy dollars for a woman. Seventy-five dollars for a woman that was pregnant. Twenty dollars for a boy; he might die in the slave-hold between leaving Africa and arriving in the New World. It was a rare bargain, thought the Dutch—and they bought all the Ashantis they could get.

The Dutch were penny wise and pound foolish. No white man had ever been able to make a slave of an Ashanti. Two years after they were put to work on Guiana sugar and coffee estates they rebelled, raided, under efficient leaders, every slave owner's home, and killed every white family in Dutch Guiana. They took what they needed and ran into the jungle—deep into the tropical forest which was, at first glance, exactly like the African forest from which they had been captured. They set up, in the South American jungle, a little Africa. The Dutch sent ships with soldiers and new colonists, but the ex-slaves killed the soldiers and the planters too, and freed new shipments of slaves who joined them in jungle-bound thatched villages. The Dutch then begged for peace. If the *Djukas*, as the ex-slaves began calling themselves, would stay in the jungle, wage no more foraging expeditions to the coast, live in peace, the Dutch Government would *give* them the interior. The Negroes could have, and have perpetually as their own domain, the entire interior from a marker fifty miles up each river. The early Dutch colonist didn't care about the jungle interior. They had no idea of its vast mineral wealth. They were planters, and as such they were interested only in reaping profits from the rich coastal agricultural lands.

So today, thirty thousand *Djukas* own the interior of Dutch Guiana. They have their own laws, their own chiefs, their own king. No white man can make them do anything. That's all signed in an official treaty—and every *Djuka* child has to learn the contents of that treaty by heart. No longer are the *Djukas* slaves to anyone—except their ancient tribal customs.

We had stopped in several of their villages, as with their permission I prospected the river for the mother-lode of the cinnabar ore which I had found in such fragmentary abundance among the rocks and rapids of the lower river. I had no thought that this new village would hold any more adventure for us than we had found in the other settlements. They were transplanted African villages—but an African village is something I have never been able to get very excited about.

The village chief came down to the river to greet us. On hearing that I had brought him presents he became quite agreeable. He was dressed as his ancestors in Africa had dressed five hundred years ago—in a loin cloth, with buzzard down stuck in his pom-pommed hair. His face was cicarized with scars which had been cut in his skin at the time he arrived at the age of manhood. When I told him that I would camp on the river bank beside the canoes he seemed disappointed. He offered us the best house in his village. So, against my desire, we had our duffel bags, hammocks and nets carried up to the settlement. I like to keep aloof at night from primitive settlements. When primitive people start drinking and dancing and working themselves up into maniacal savages there's no telling what uncontrollable activities they may indulge in. But making friends, and keeping friends, is even more important in the jungle than at home.

The village was an unusually large one, of thatched houses. Many of the dwellings had façades of carved and colored wood. The house to which we were guided was carefully thatched not with plain but with braided and woven palm, dyed red, black, and blue. It must have taken its owner many weeks of painstaking and artistic effort to create such a home. I asked the chief who the owner of the house was. I judged he had been summarily taken out of his home so we could use it. The chief said, noncommittally, that the owner of the house didn't need it anymore.

"Well, I'd like to see him sometime," I suggested. "I'd like to thank him, and give him a present, for his hospitality."

"That can be arranged," the chief agreed as he left us to prepare ourselves for the night. We slung our hammocks, made certain the mosquito nets were in place so that, when darkness engulfed us, we could quickly gain protection from the mosquitoes.

"Do you smell what I smell?" my wife asked me. "Whew!"

"I smell something that smells terrible!" I acknowledged. I continued to sniff around trying to find out from which corner of the house the sickening odor came. A *Djuka* woman, painted from face to feet with some sort of whitewash, entered the house silently,

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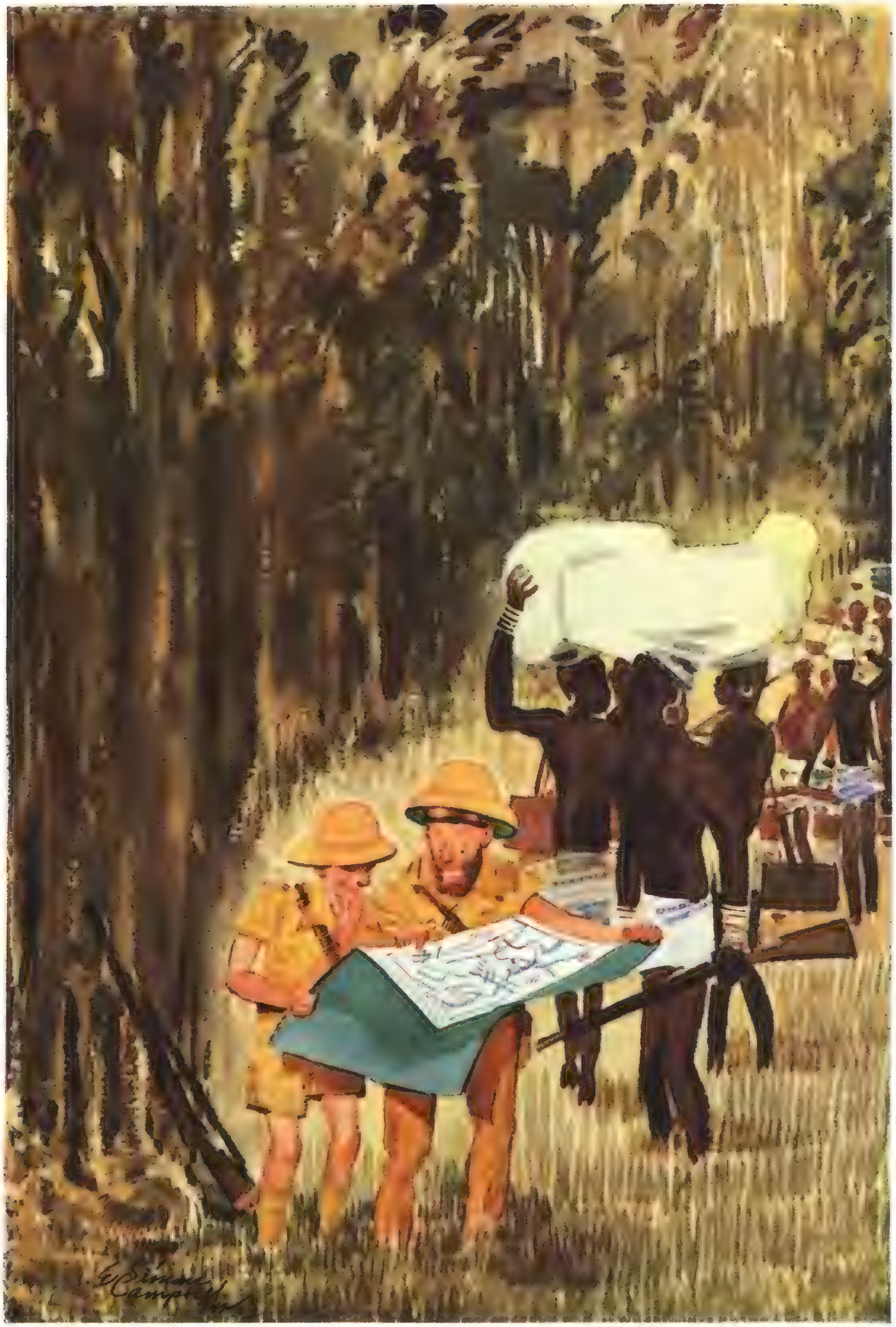
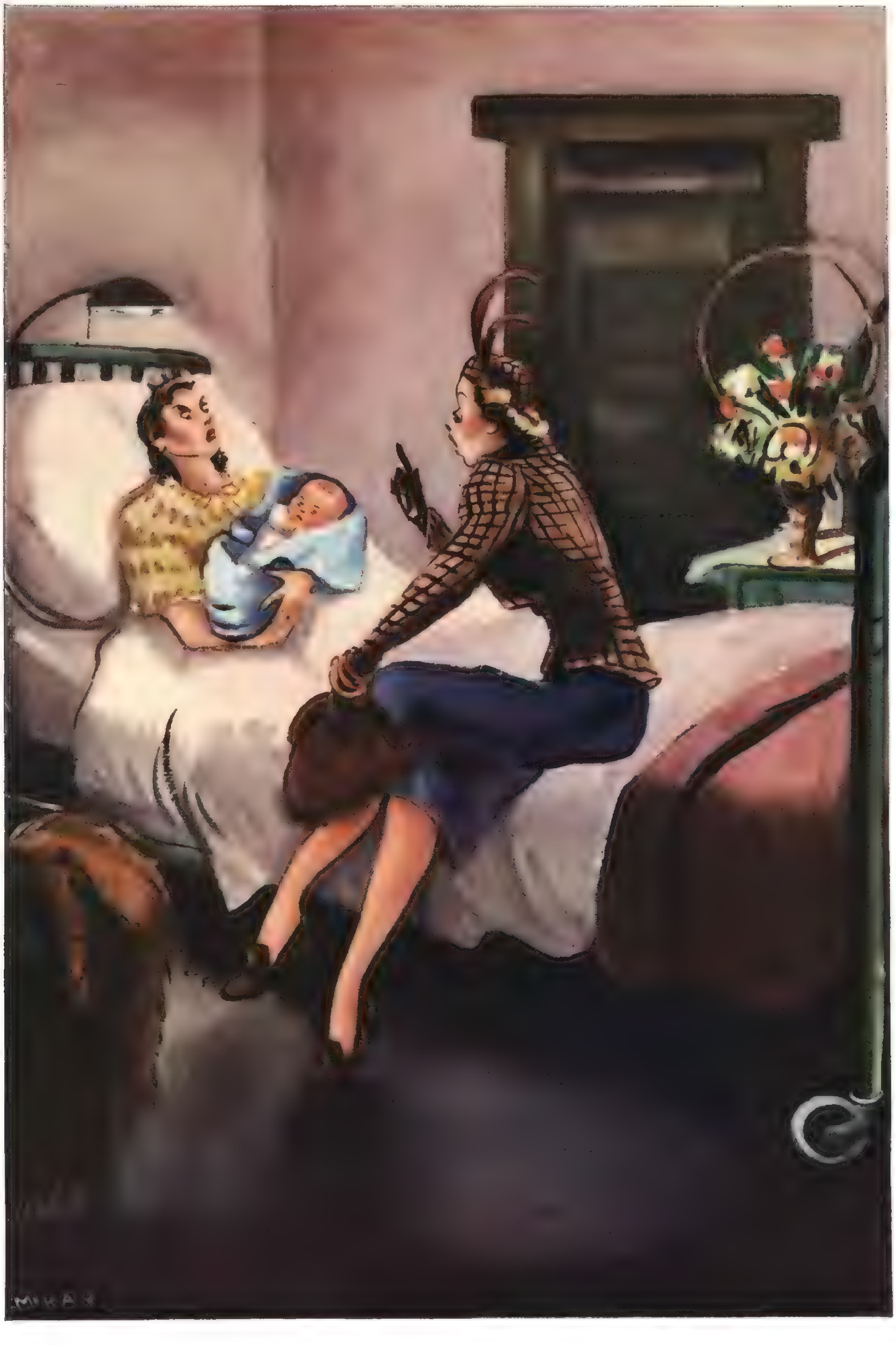

E. Simms Campbell

"Let's see, as near as I can figure, Dorothy Lamour should live right around in here someplace"



"Now, don't you worry about Tom—I'm taking good care of him"

The Cost of a Song

America has no real, honest to God folk music and the reason is, we've never had a good cause for wailing

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

THIS is a pretty sickening sort of article I'm writing, because I'm not attempting to tell you how much in dollars and cents it costs to print and publish a song, and get the band masters to plug it (number eleven on your hit parade). What I'm really talking about is the cost in human suffering, and the only excuse I have for that sort of thing is that I'm against paying the price.

You back into this song business by the usual avenue: America has no folk song and what of it? You can't count the Negro spirituals because they are not the product of the dominant people. If it comes to that, who are the dominants? The descendants of the Anglo-Saxons on the *Mayflower;* hunt them out in their excellent clubs in Boston and ask them when they had their last twinge of dominance. Shall we put something by Victor Herbert in the running as a folk song? No; because apparently folk song has to be sung, but mustn't be written; and besides Herbert was Irish. Sousa's marches? Not if you think that Saltonstall and Graham and O'Reilly are the native names; Sousa was partly Portuguese. Irving Berlin? Let's start again.

Let's start with the countries which do have folk songs. (And let's hurry so that a few of these countries may still survive when we're through looking at them.) England. Ask your non-specialist average man for the name of an English folk song and he'll give you *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes* which is a translation by Ben Jonson of a Greek poem, set to music which may be purely English, I don't know. His next guess will be a lot of songs and ballads of the Scottish wars, most of them saved from oblivion during the romantic revival about two centuries ago. What we're looking for is the song which welled up from the heart of the people, billions of years ago, and has been handed down from father to son, son to bastard, and back into the legitimate line again. There are no doubt a few. But you can take the encyclopedia's word for it that no one gave a hoot about the whole subject until fifty or sixty years ago.

The Balkans, I figure, are full of folk song: the song of the shepherds in the starry night and the song of the charcoal burner in the starry night and the song of the farmer in the starry night (wishing to God he'd get home soon) and the song of the women at the loom and the washboard. Once on a starry night, and in the dead of winter, I was on a train from Munich to Prague, and I looked out over a profound desolation of snow and forest and quite suddenly I knew how it was that songs of joy, sheer cries of human exaltation came from the Czechs and Serbs and Croats and all the rest, at the mere thought of spring. I had gone through some pretty bad winters as a child in a New Jersey village, but the iron hand of winter grabbing you by the throat was not an American phenomenon. Presently I learned more: through large sectors of Europe, winter is not only desolate and a little dangerous, it is extremely monotonous and sunless. A sunny day in Prague in January, when I was there, was a day in which the sun was seen between eleven and one, not continuously, but a few minutes at a time. The rest of the daylight was a diffused fog. I encountered the same fog thirty and forty days at a time in a Paris winter; it is not a real fog, but a kind of low mist which shuts out the sun IF THE SUN REALLY COMES OUT. (That doubt is of long-standing with me. When I was about six years old, a teacher asked the class whether the sun was in the heavens on cloudy or rainy days, and I held out for No as an answer. It wasn't until I had gone through a few European winters that I knew how right I had been. Wash those clouds away, and there would be just another layer of mist. Northeastern United States is the only part of the world I know in which the sun shines in winter. And shines!)

The return of spring hit the aboriginal Balkan and hits his descendant today as a totally unsuspected miracle. He wasn't going to die after all! The stock of apples and acorns he had laid by had carried him through. Look . . . life was beginning again, there was the sun —which hadn't been eaten by the goblin after all—and goshdernit, the buds were coming out on the trees. No wonder he sang. No wonder he prayed. It is a grand and glorious feeling to watch the spring come . . . but those who sing the most grand and glorious songs about it are those who suffered too much in the winter, those who couldn't believe in the resurrection.

So Axiom Number One (or maybe Postulate No. 453) is that the folk song celebrating any aspect of nature costs too much.

Back of it is the fear and misery of an entire race—the suffering of a frightened people, without good stoves, without plenty of food and wood, and with no complete understanding of the calendar. It's a farmer's song, not a city man's; but that is only a detail in passing.

Now take folk song No. 2. The love song which springs from the people. The simple rustic swain and the bonnie (pretty or demure or sweet or simple) lass, I am afraid, are characters out of fake-folk song, the sort of thing that went with pictures by Watteau. There are some fairly ribald ditties about John-Ivan-Jean-Yon having fun in the hayfields; but a lot of merry folk song either expresses a lot of hatred of the local lord, exercising certain feudal privileges, or is full of a great elation because a young man and a young woman seemed to have escaped from a variety of tyrannies and are going to be permitted to make love to one another. Or in other words, Axiom No. 2 is that the folk song on most love themes is the result of subjection and trouble; while the emotions may have been simpler than ours and the passions less repressed in the old days, the social situation was not always of the best.

And I'm none too sure about the simplicity and naturalness of the emotional life in those times, at that. If all our unhappiness springs from miserable complications, suppressions, complexes, neuroses, impotentialities, and aversions; and if all these things are the natural results of our civilization; and if folk song goes way way back to the simple peasant and his heart of gold—then answer me this, Why are the songs so sad? What stood between lover and miss, or mistress, in those days? What made the pagan Greeks so damned dour? Why does the element of good clean fun assay about 16 per cent net in the Hellenic drama? You come upon a pair of simple decent lovers in one of their plays with a positive shock of surprise. You say to yourself, these two are—modern!

And you're right, probably, because happiness may be a modern creation. You find little enough of it in the songs of the peasant or the drama of the classics.

For saying that happiness may be a modern creation—and let's go the whole hog and drop the "may"—for

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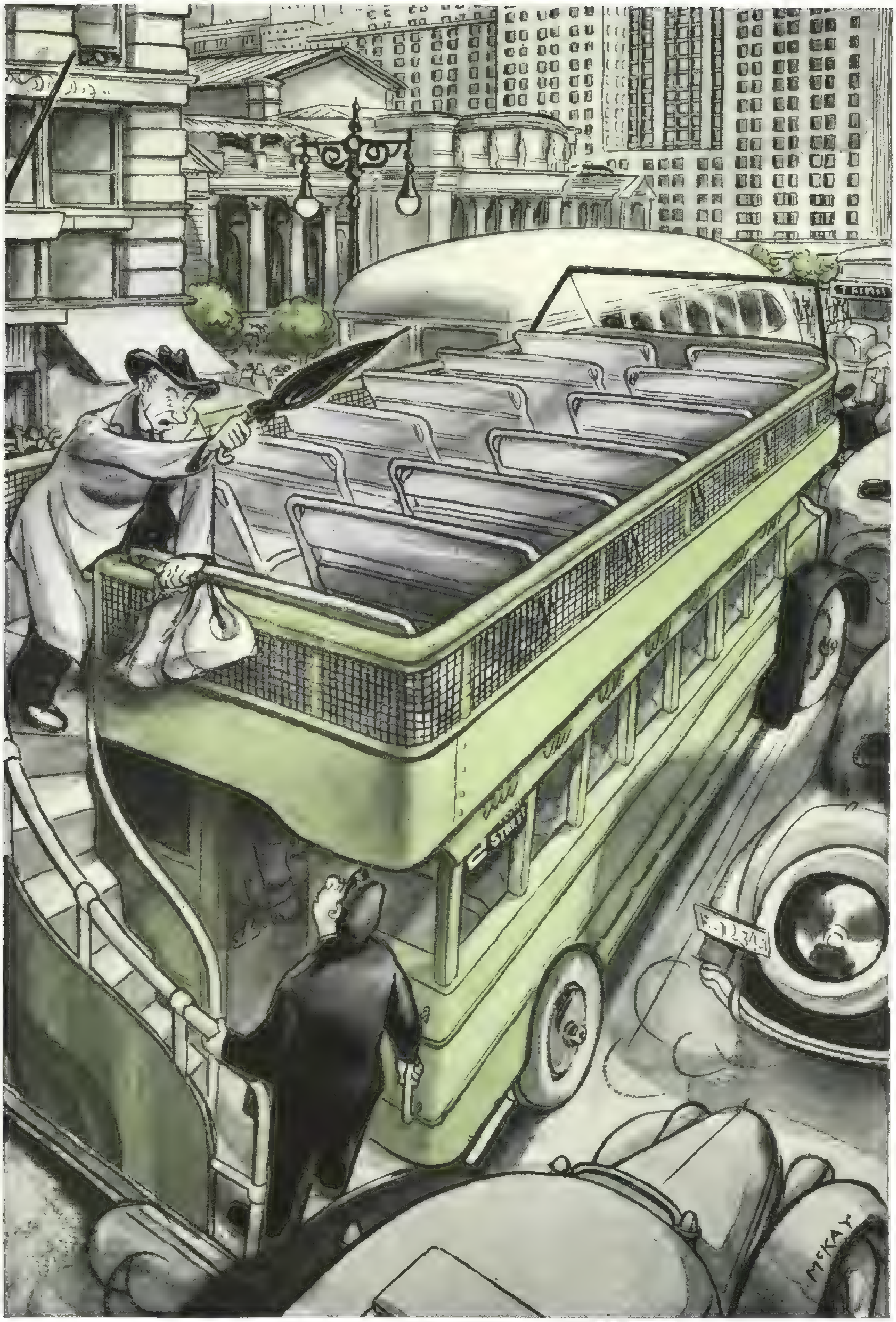


"Let me off quick, there's no one driving!"

They Jump Right Into the Boat!

You hear about fish jumping out of a boat, but try telling a fisherman outside Missouri they also jump in

by VANCE RANDOLPH

SPORTS

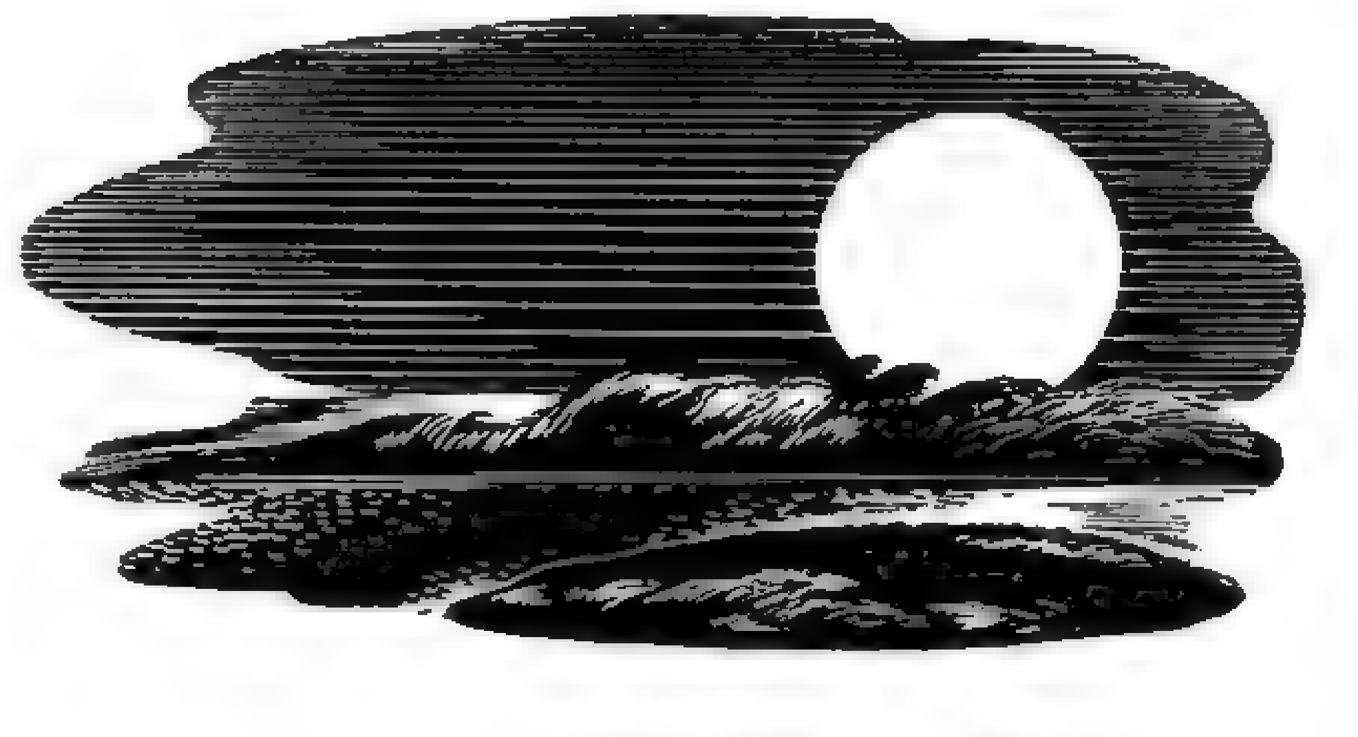
When I first came to the Ozark country, in southwest Missouri, one of my neighbors presented me with a nice string of big-mouth bass. I thanked him, and brought out a jug of corn whiskey, which is the customary tipple in this benighted region. We sat on the little back porch for some time, discussing various matters of pith and moment. Finally I asked the fisherman what sort of bait he found most effective.

"We don't use no bait down here," said he. "We don't fool with no fishin'-tackle, neither. We just row along next to th' bank, an' stir up th' weeds with th' paddle. Them bass jumps right in th' boat. All you got t' do is string 'em."

The man never cracked a smile as he told me this, so I just stared at him, and made no comment. It never once entered my mind that there could possibly be any truth in such a tale. Missourians are the biggest liars in the world, anyhow. They are so notoriously untruthful that they can't even believe one another. Their incredulity has become proverbial, and the simple statement "I'm from Missouri" is recognized everywhere as a refusal to credit one's veracity, and a demand for positive and objective proof. I was a little irritated that this poor hillbilly should have so underestimated my intelligence. Why, any fool knows that fish don't jump into one's boat!

Later on I mentioned the incident to another native Ozarker named Fitzhugh, and he laughed uproariously at my ignorance. "Why, he goosed them fish, o' course—jumpin' 'em, some calls it. Whenever th' river gits muddy, them bass lays in th' weeds. If you git between them an' th' deep water it skeers hell out'n 'em, an' they most generally always jumps right spang in th' boat. Goosin' is ag'in th' law nowadays, so we-uns don't talk much 'bout it before strangers. But it's th' only way t' ketch bass when th' water's murky."

I thanked Fitzhugh and went grinning on my way. Odd sense of humor these fishermen have, I reflected. They must think that tourists are all damned fools. Somebody will probably be inviting me to go on a goosin' party pretty soon. Like the nocturnal snipe hunts we used to promote when I was a boy in Kansas!



A few weeks later I told the story to my old friend, Clarence Sharp, who knows more about the habits of bass than anyone else in this section, and was utterly flabbergasted when he confirmed Fitzhugh's yarn. "Sure you can jump bass, if the water's murky enough; I've often seen it done on the White River in Arkansas. The river men in that country go out at night with a lantern in the boat, set just high enough to throw a shadow about four feet from the gunwale. Then they move slowly along a weedy shore, with the stern of the boat hugging the bank, and the bow swung out at a forty-five-degree angle. In trying to escape, the bass usually break water just at the edge of the shadow; many of them clear the boat by seven or eight feet, but others fall into it, and very few of them are able to flop out again. They catch a lot of fish that way in the South, but it's against the law, and there's no sport in that kind of fishing, anyway."

"Do you mean to say," I asked him, "that you yourself have actually *seen* all this—bass jumping into people's boats?"

Sharp raised a belligerent eyebrow. "Didn't I just tell you?" he said. "Why, I've seen fifty fish jumped in a single evening, and God only knows how many missed the boat. What's so unreasonable about it? You've seen bass leap over the top of a seine, haven't you? Well, they jump over a boat the same way"—and he changed the subject.

But I changed it right back again. "Can you tell me why," I asked, "these bass don't swim under the boat instead of jumping over it?"

"How should I know why fish do this or that? Probably a good many do go under the boat, but a lot of them jump over, and quite a number fall in, too. I've seen it, I tell you, with my own eyes!" And he refused to discuss the matter any further.

From this time forward I was really convinced, because I know that Sharp never jokes about serious matters like bass fishing. Nevertheless, the thing kept coming to my mind at intervals, and finally I wrote a letter to Keith McCanse, Missouri State Fish Commissioner, and asked him about the bass-jumping story. And this is what he said: "In reply to your letter . . . will say that the story of bass jumping into boats in the Ozark region is absolutely true. I have had this happen on a great many occasions, and there is no doubt but what bass actually do jump into the boat in Lake Taneycomo and the Ozark streams under certain conditions. This will happen when the waters are muddy and murky, and the bass thinks he is cornered. In order to get away from being caught between the boat and the bank he will begin to jump, often landing in the boat . . . The practice of catching fish in this manner is illegal, and is covered by Section 5620 of the game law, which reads in part as follows: 'It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take, catch or kill any fish in any of the waters of this state, by means of any trammel net, gill net, fish trap, firearm, rifle or gun or any other kind of net, trap, firearm, device or any other means other than by ordinary hook and line, gig, spears, trot line, artificial bait, or seine, of the kind, and at the time, and in the manner provided by law.' . . . Drop into the hardware store (at Pittsburg, Kansas) and see Jack Lindberg; he will verify the fish jumping story."

A few days later I did see Lindberg, who told me at once that the practice of jumping bass is well known to everybody who has fished much in the Ozark waters. "I have never," said he, "intentionally jumped a fish in my life, but I have often seen bass jump into and over boats, particularly at night, when a lantern is carried by trot-line fishermen. The so-called hickory shad often jump at lights, too, and I suppose one could fill a boat with them if he wanted to. But," he added, "the practice of jumping fish is unsportsmanlike and illegal, it spoils a lot of good fishing water, and no decent fisherman will have anything to do with it."

Very recently, at one of the Ozark resorts which shall be nameless here, I heard that certain local young men were addicted to this sort of fishing, and I deliberately cultivated them in order to learn more about this business. Finally one of these worthies tipped me off that the water was just right for jumping, and shortly before dusk I sat down near their

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Blast on Coffin Nails

Reformers once fought against the cigarette, forgetting you cannot legislate desires out of a nation

by LESTER HUTTER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Curiously, it took more than three hundred and fifty years, and a roundabout trip from one end of the world to the other, for America to be introduced to the cigarette —her very own child. For it was the American Indian, who for countless generations had cultivated and smoked the blessed weed. And when Columbus and his hardy Castilian crew first set eyes on the New World, they saw the Redman contentedly puffing away on tobacco leaves rolled in a strip of maize—the forerunner of your modern cigarette.

Back to Spain went tobacco, where in time the cigarette emerged in improved form, thanks to the substitution of paper for maize. In the course of commerce, Spain introduced her newly-attired adopted child throughout the Old World. In France it met with some favor, during which time it was further perfected. But it remained for the Crimean War, at the middle of the Nineteenth Century, really to educate the French people to the cigarette's virtues; to bring the child to adolescence.

Two hundred years before, the Spanish traders brought seeds and cigarettes to Turkey, where a fertile soil made for a tobacco of unusual mildness and fragrance; a tobacco of such delicacy as to be particularly suited for cigarette purposes. The result was that the Russian and Turkish people had for generations been devotees of the paper tube. When the French and English soldiers met them on the battlefield of the Crimean War, they soon became acquainted with the cigarette's fine qualities: its mildness, convenience, and stimulating effects. The war over, an army of addicts returned to influence the tobacco tastes of two nations—and ultimately the entire world. Little imagination is required to picture the effect of dapper English and French officers upon the men-about-town, who found it worth their while to roll their own to the admiring glances of the fair sex. The cigarette was all the rage. In a few years, it recrossed the Atlantic, like a homing pigeon, to roost in America, the land of its birth.

At the onset, manufacture was modest. Sales were neither startling nor steady. In fact, the whole business was frowned upon as a fad, headed for an early grave. And indeed, it looked as if predictions were right, for suddenly sales took a terrific nose dive. The industry was in its death throes by every known test, when just as suddenly the patient not only sat up in bed and rolled his eyes, but actually hopped out and went into a song and dance—thanks to the hypodermic effect of the Civil War.

Down in Durham, North Carolina, some of Sherman's troops went in for the old army game of looting, playfully cleaning out the entire stock of a tobacco manufacturer, to his temporary ruin. But these free samples proved to be just what the doctor ordered, for when the War was over the soldiers and their friends came back for more. Snatched from the brink of oblivion, the cigarette survived adolescence, reaching maturity at the turn of the Twentieth Century, when we find America producing some three billion cigarettes a year!

But make no mistake: the success story of the cigarette doesn't read like a Horatio Alger yarn. For the American-born immigrant was about to enter the stormiest stretch of its hectic career. Came the zealots bent on driving the cigarette out of this country.

The first ten years of the new century were marked by violent anti-cigarette campaigns. Professional moralists, religious reformers, faddists and fanatics of every conceivable hue and description, all joined forces in a holy crusade to exterminate this very devil in disguise. Not only was the habit degrading; it was ungodly, ungentlemanly, and a hundred per cent assurance of an early residence in the very lowest hole in all of Hades. Branding the cigarette, *coffin nails*—a name that has since not only lost all of its evil connotations, but has earned affectionate associations—they waged a day and night battle to bury this enemy of civilization lest it bury us. Blindly and hotly, casting all fairness to the four winds—for this was war—they went to work to rout out the enemy. Unfortunately, for them, they overlooked the important fact that neither history, human nature, nor truth was their ally.

Had they consulted the past, they should quickly have discovered the futility and injustice of their well-intentioned, though misdirected, efforts. For from the very introduction of tobacco to the Old World, it met with all sorts of anti-smoking attacks. And not mamby-pamby drives aimed to destroy the habit by the force of a faction of society's scorn, or by fines. But by strong-arm methods of barbarous proportions.

The *Counterblaste to Tobacco* of England's King James I, in the Seventeenth Century, is too well known to bear repeating. A contemporary ruler in Persia, Shah Abbas the Great, gained international immortality when he forbade all forms of smoking under dire penalty. The Emperor Jamangir went him one better by issuing a decree "assuring" abstinence by the apparently simple expedient of slitting the lips of any man caught smoking. But the prize-of-sorts must be reserved for the Turkish ruler who ordered that the noses of his smoking subjects be pierced and that their pipes be thrust through, as a warning to others who might be tempted to the evil weed!

But what good did all this barbarism do? Men continued to smoke in extreme privacy; tobacconists became the speakeasies of their day. If anything, by making smoking a forbidden fruit, its virtues were enhanced, and the very opposite of the sought-for effect was the result. If such drastic penalties failed to deter people from wooing Lady Nicotiana, how could the relatively anemic reprisals of the anti-cigarette faction ever hope to succeed?

If these fanatics, hell-bent on remaking humanity over to their own neurotic pattern, had taken time out to discover what this being they sought to reform was really like—as contrasted to what they wanted him to be—they should have been spared great energy. Energy that might very well have been put to better use. For the simple, incontrovertible fact which these reformers—like all reformers—refused to see was that you can't legislate desires out of a nation. And smoking is a very genuine pleasure; a satisfaction that cannot be described by word of mouth. Smoking pleasure cannot be appraised by non-smokers!

Because the crusading fathers, and mothers too, suffered a mental cataract that blinded them to these very important facts, they were doomed to ultimate failure. But let it not be denied that their intense and concerted action acted for some time as a very powerful brake on the progress of the cigarette.

In time, though, as men who had been scared away from coffin nails saw addicts gain weight, remain sane, retain their rosy cheeks, and puff away to a ripe old age, new converts were made. Slowly but surely sales began to mount. Meanwhile, manufacturers introduced this and that machine; all sorts of premiums were given away with each pack—remember the flags and the picture cards? Prices were lowered, distribution increased, and huge advertising campaigns started, so that prior to the World War, America turned some fifteen billion coffin nails to smoke each year.

Wars, ironically enough, have thus far played a vital part in the cigarette's life, serving as so many blood transfusions to save the child in crises, to bring him to manhood. The World War proved no exception; it turned the full-grown man into a giant.

American doughboys, suffering great deprivations and facing almost constant uncertainty, experienced a tension they never before had known. The need for a short, convenient, and stimulating smoke was great. The government bought ciggies by the carloads; the Red Cross did its bit. In fact, it was unpatriotic not to send cigarettes or cigarette money to our boys overseas.

Back home, a patriotic people reasoned that if the cigarette was good enough for the

TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

boys over there, it was good enough for them. Millions of men who had looked upon the cigarette with suspicion, who had thought it unmasculine, were forced to change their minds. Meanwhile, women having gained a measure of economic freedom, smoked cigarettes if not for immediate pleasure, then as a means of telling the cockeyed world they had equal rights with men. Eventually, these women cultivated the habit; others more timid followed, drawn by the magnet of custom and style. It was smart to smoke. Under the hysteria of war, even erstwhile anti-cigarette league members were known to have taken to the weed. The total effect, in terms of statistics, was that America consumed fifty billion a year—an alltime high. Experts, allegedly in the know, predicted the bottom would fall out only too soon.

In the years that have followed, sales have soared higher and higher; to all appearances the sky's the limit. Again and again forecasts telling us that the saturation point has been reached have proven wrong. Today, these "prophets" can do nothing but stand open-mouthed and red-faced as they see production hovering around the hundred and fifty billion mark! However, if volume has attained astronomical proportions, the profit-per-cigarette has fallen to microscopic dimensions.

The industry now finds itself caught between the steel jaws of an all-powerful vise: On one side is heavy government taxation—six cents a pack; on the other is the fiercest sort of competition—the deliberate invention of James B. Duke, who built up the old tobacco trust, and who under government order to break it up to preserve the American principle of free competition, did so with a vengeance. Constantly squeezed, the industry has been forced almost against its will to a point where it must maintain very high efficiency in manufacture and distribution if it is to survive at all. Were the facts known, the smoker would not take his pack of twenty for fifteen-or-less cents so for granted.

In the first place, that little blue revenue stamp engraved with the handsome portrait of De Witt Clinton costs the manufacturer—hence you—six cents each, returning the paltry sum of almost half a billion dollars a year to the United States Treasury! Take off dealers' and jobbers' profits and you find the maker receiving a scant five cents per pack. Or less than a quarter of a cent per ciggie. Out of this he must buy tobacco—to be aged for two or more years; pay for the cigarette paper, which is by the way entirely harmless, anti-cigarette hangover propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding. He must erect and maintain a plant running into the tens of millions, meet a wicked payroll to keep that machinery humming; package and ship his product to the ends of the country. All the while his advertising department is plastering his brand name on billboards across the nation, shouting the blend's alleged special virtues over the radio night after night, and showing us beautiful girls in multicolored ads in the leading periodicals. All in an effort to convince Mr. and Mrs. America that his cigarette is the one best. Of late, these ten-million-dollar-a-year advertising campaigns have been undertaken more often than not, not for the purpose of increasing sales so much as in an attempt to hold his own against the fierce competition of the industry. But with it all, though the unit profit is if anything micro-microscopic, the total per year is staggering. And there's no greater proof of efficiency in modern business than the pudding of profits.

Your cigarette manufacturer watches fractions of a mill as the automobile maker does pennies. He'd sooner cut his throat outright than save temporarily at the expense of lowering quality. For that would spell slow suicide. Not that he's any more or less virtuous than your average human, but that competition, plus the smoking habits of a nation compel him to use only high grade leaf.

The leading cigarette tobacco growing states are: North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, New Jersey, and California, accounting for more than 99 per cent of all production. Successful growers are men who have not only spent a lifetime intimately studying the plant, but men who have taken advantage of all the scientific information available. Tobacco is a mighty tricky plant; its culture cannot be learned in a month or a year.

Climate and soil are of course of vital importance, as is the carefully selected seed—literally worth more than its weight in gold. Then, after months of cultivation calling for tender maternal care, come harvesting and

Continued in center of page 107

Headline Homily

Employing the tabloid technique, headline writer for the *Daily Sock* tries a piece of fiction

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SATIRE ▪

Newspaper training, they tell us, is invaluable for all writers. It teaches a fellow to get at the facts, and to be concise. The following is the first fiction effort by our friend, Charlie Travis, who has had several years experience as a headline writer for the *Daily Sock*, noted tabloid. To be frank—brutally frank—we feel that his first effort lacks smoothness, and that Charlie hasn't yet mastered a good workable fiction technique, but who are we to judge? His future attempts will undoubtedly show rapid improvement. They say that Hergesheimer toiled thirteen years before he finally clicked with his stories. So give Charlie time, boys, give him time. Here's his story completely unedited. Fact is we didn't know how to do it.

SPOUSE, HUNGRY, RETURNS HOME

Mrs. Walter J. Mason, 36, of 187 Maplewood Avenue, was sitting in her parlor last night when her spouse returned home from work.

"Hungry," avers well-to-do dry goods merchant.

Spouse, angered, cautions patience. "Cook ill, dinner delayed," states prominent local social leader.

COULD EAT HORSE, CLAIMS HUSBAND

According to Mrs. Mason's story, her husband then stated that he could eat a horse. "Exaggeration," accuses mate.

"Figure of speech," states spouse. Inquires children's status.

"Small boy, aged three, pulls cat's tail, sets fire to wastepaper basket," avers local garden society chairwoman. "Punitive measures imminent."

URGES CLEMENCY

That Junior Mason, aged three, was too young to be responsible for his actions was claimed by his father, Walter J. Mason, well-known amateur golfer in a prepared statement issued this evening. Pardon imminent, he hints.

Pact signed. Mason child granted reprieve after stormy session in the house. Merchant voices optimism. "Repetition improbable," he avers.

Spouse skeptical, offers wager. "Terms inacceptable," states Mason.

COUPLE ENJOYS FEAST

At seven-thirty-seven last evening Miss Dinah Jones, 42, colored, announced dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Mason, this city. According to Mrs. Mason, Mason then proceeded to the dining room ahead of her at an excessive rate of speed.

Spouse issues second warning. "Cannot tolerate impatience," she cautions.

Mason ignores warnings. Attacks soup and issues plea for tolerance. "Energy low, situation serious," pleads spouse in S. O. S. message.

MASON IMPROVING, CRISIS OVER

Rubs stomach, grins, while spouse scowls. "Feel like new man," states noted Yale graduate.

Hint Masons reconciled. "Will forgive all," states Lulu. "Just a misunderstanding." Pact signed. Mason gets protectorate over all soup.

Spouse eats four chops. Claims record. "Can't resist lamb," maintains local man.

Lulu surrenders unconditionally. "Husband has right to eat whatever he wants," she admits. Reverses previous stand.

HUSBAND, WEARY, THREATENS RETIREMENT

"Sleepy," states Mason. "Bed imminent."

Wife reveals bridge pact. At the conclusion of the Mason Conference on table manners, Mrs. Walter Mason revealed that she had entered into an agreement with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dovis of 372 Main Street to play bridge.

?
CRUNCH
CRUNCH!
RODNEY deSARRO

Accuses spouse of double-dealing. "Not warned," Mason insists.

Lulu refuses concessions. New strife imminent. Deadline set for 8:30. "No reversal," states spouse. "Cannot void agreement."

Warns of dictatorship. "Husband must have social rights in free country," states Mason. "Cannot be responsible for agreements entered into without consent."

DOVISES LAND, ON SCHEDULE

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dovis arrived at the Mason house on Maplewood Avenue exactly on schedule last night, completing a non-stop trip from their residence in thirty-seven minutes. Mr. Dovis graduated from Purdue in 1916, and is a member of the University Club of this city. Mrs. Dovis, the former Arlene Morris, is a descendant of Colonel Jeremiah Morris, who was secretary of the treasury under Jefferson.

"Glad to see you," avers Lulu. Visiting bridge players get hearty reception. Voice pleasure. "Charming place," states noted local horsewoman.

Mason yields. Conceals annoyance. Welcomes visitors in stirring speech. Dovises always welcome, is keynote. Stresses old friendship, and avoids all references to his weariness. (For complete speech, see page nine, column two.)

"Broke eighty," claims Dovis. Gives details of links exploit. Reveals hardships. "Bunkered three times," states Dovis in startling disclosure.

Commends Dovis exploit. "Epoch-making feat," declares Mason. Sees value to science.

URGES SPEEDY ACTION

Mrs. Mason defends bridge. Delay dangerous, she warns spouse, in secret message. "Get out bridge table," suggests Lulu. Mason yields. "Price of a conflict would be too great," he states.

Draws ace, gets deal. Await statement from Mrs. Dovis. Players uneasy at continued silence. Startling revelations feared. "Paid only $4.98 for hat," declares Arlene.

Local hostess skeptical. "Can't believe it," she states.

Visitor insists statement is true. Repeats testimony under grilling. "Can prove it," she insists.

Mrs. Mason yields on all points. "Story acceptable," she states. Dovis urges haste in bidding. Issues warning. "Getting late," states spouse. Rift imminent between Dovises? Arlene adamant. "Must have time," she insists.

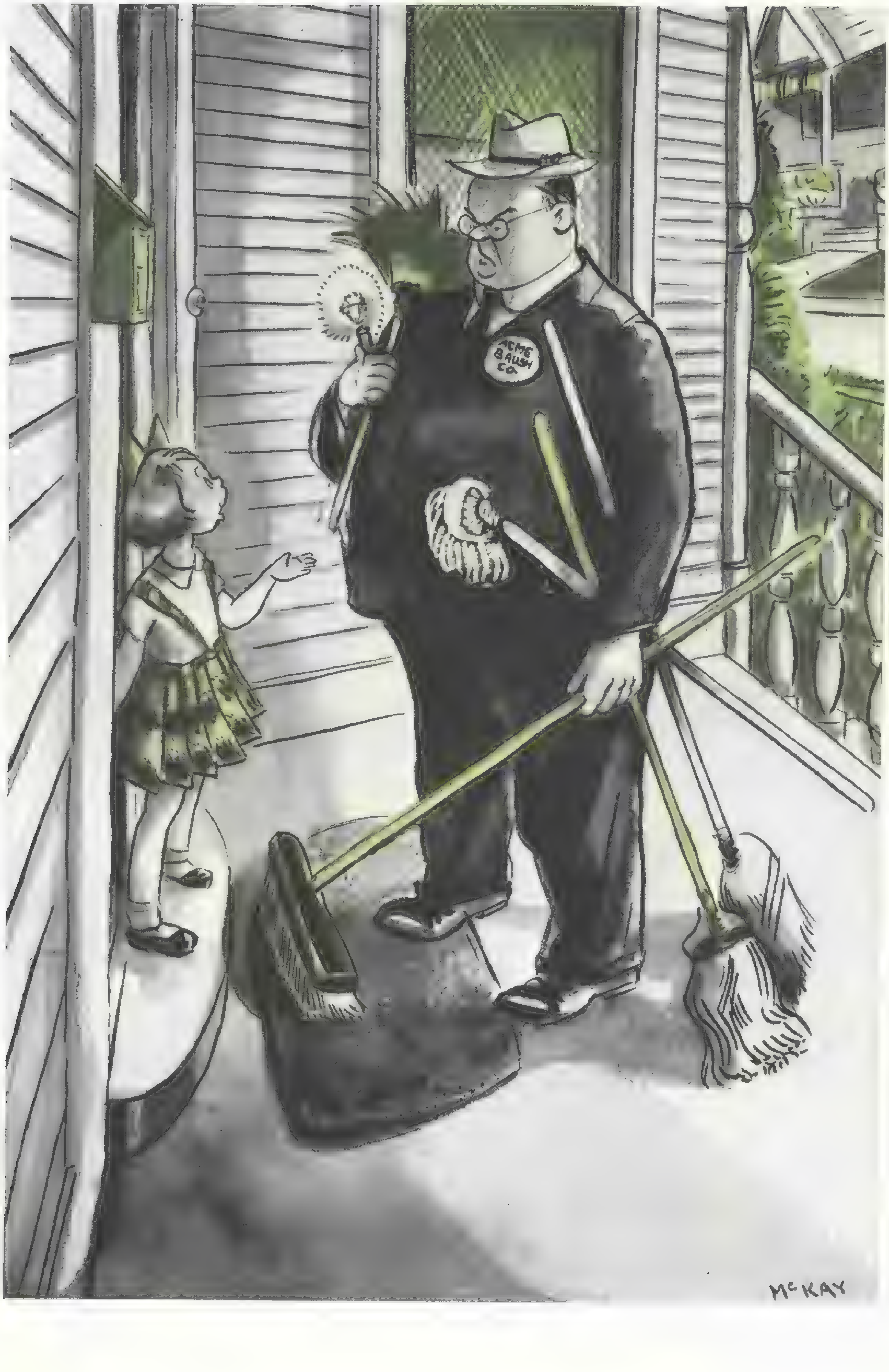
Bid mystifies local players, hint investigation. Lacking spades, bids two of them. Goes down three doubled as spouse glares. Seek clues to spade-bid mystery, admit bafflement. Bidding mystery solved! Local woman mistook clubs for spades.

Dovis accepts offer of drink. "Make it strong," he urges.

LOCAL MAN DISAPPEARS

Concern was expressed yesterday evening when Walter J. Mason, 39, local chamber of

Continued at top of page 119


ACME BRUSH CO.
McKAY

"Well, continue, you interest me!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

If Philip Barry did a job in tailoring *The Philadelphia Story* down to Hepburn's dimensions, does that mean she can act?

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

HEREWITH, in this period between theatrical seasons, a selection of random program notes.

I

American playwriting by and large enjoys all the attributes of a violin, save only its melodiousness. The necessary guts are there, but the bow lacks the gift of evoking poetic song from them.

II

We hear it constantly said that the two beloved dictators, MM. Hitler and Mussolini, are "great actors." This is nonsense. In the theatre, both would suffice only in 10-20-30 melodrama where stridency and over-emphasis are the histrionic and dramatic requirement. In any form of drama calling for acting reserve, modulation and vocal shading they would be peremptorily dismissed as atrocious hams.

III

Katharine Hepburn, that anatomical lulu, who was an acting disaster in *The Lake* and drew down upon herself the sneers of the critics, has now been proclaimed by them, on the score of her performance in Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story*, a genuine histrionic artiste. In this, we once again observe how much jazbo enters into the critical appraisal of acting talent. That Miss Hepburn is effective in her role is to be granted. But that she has overnight developed from the bad actress of *The Lake* into a highly gifted one is open to a large skepticism on the part of anyone who at one and the same time sharply appreciates the acting craft and is privy to the inside on Miss Hepburn's successful performance.

That inside is this: the Hepburn role was tailored to the actress by Barry in every last detail and particular. It was written and re-written, edited and re-edited, tricked and re-tricked with painstaking shrewdness so that each and every one of her acting shortcomings might be either eliminated or cleverly glossed over and so that her visual virtues might be thrust constantly into the foreground and help further to throw criticism off its guard.

It is whispered to me that the playwright actually spent two months in close professional contact with the actress, noting carefully every attractive gesture she made, every awkwardly graceful movement of her body, every little odd quirk of her head and every effective dart of her eyes, and that he incorporated them all into the role he was writing for her. A line was interrupted to allow her to swing her lithe figure across the stage; another was so contrived that a toss of her lovely brown hair would pictorially embellish it; still another was so framed that it would permit her, while seated, relevantly to cross her knees and display her pretty legs to the critical professors out front. If her voice was found unable properly to cope with a line, it was altered until she could handle it nicely. If a scene might betray her acting weakness, it was tricked to conceal her limitations. The natural harshness of the actress' personality was converted into a dramatic virtue by dramatizing it in terms of a harsh stage character. Her personal metallic chill was made the character's metallic chill. Her "spoiled darling" air in her extra-stage manifestations, which had brought her an often hostile press, was metamorphosed into a spoiled darling dramatic character.

And so it went. The result was, naturally and almost automatically, sure-fire; but when it comes to hailing Miss Hepburn a remarkably developed and authentic actress on the score of it, one critic politely asks to be excused. A real actress does not have to rely upon the legerdemain of the cinema cutting-room and on a cameraman who affectionately and entirely concerns himself with her two or three photogenic angles.

IV.

A fast-disappearing myth of the theatre is the one to the effect that an actor or actress is heavily handicapped by an unsympathetic role. In the present-day theatre an unsympathetic role often proves to be the belated making of a player who, previously cast in sympathetic roles, has had a hard time of it with the critics and public. Tallulah Bankhead, playing the role of a flinty and repulsively mercenary female in *The Little Foxes*, has at last scored her long waited for success with both the critics and the public. Muriel Kirkland, playing the Emancipator's bitter, nagging wife in *Abe Lincoln In Illinois*, has been greeted with bouquets which were sadly lacking in her several antecedent performances of roles more sentimentally appealing. George Coulouris, after long and patient hope for favor, only this last season got the pretty attention formerly denied him when he appeared in the unpleasant role of the moral bigot in *The White Steed*. Helen Claire, after years of neglect, was accepted with open critical and popular arms upon getting and playing the gabby bundle-of-nuisance role of Cindy Lou in *Kiss The Boys Goodbye*.

As the moral hypocrite in *The Good*, Frances Starr—despite the deservedly quick failure of the play itself—was accorded warming toots by the critical fraternity. A comparatively new actress, Jeannette Chinley, after beating at the theatrical door of favor in vain, showed herself as a murderous hussy in something called *The Devil Takes A Bride* and got a round of sweet notices. Florence Reed as the lofty snob in the revival of *Outward Bound* got more critical and popular applause than had been handed out to her in seasons of more sympathetic parts. A young Negro actor named Bryant, playing the cheap seducer in *Mamba's Daughters*, was accorded the rapt admiration of his audiences. Helen Westley, as the foul old grandmother in *The Primrose Path*, made the hit of her career.

Franchot Tone came back to the theatre from his heroic Hollywood movie roles, much to the fear and misgiving of the critics and the more intelligent portion of the theatrical public, disclosed himself in the role of an offensive bounder and racketeer in *The Gentle People*, and was showered with candy by the critics, the more intelligent portion of the public and the less intelligent portion of the public, the latter consisting of those folk who had venerated him in his heroic Hollywood roles. Playing two unsympathetic roles in *Rocket to the Moon* and the revival of *Awake And Sing*, Luther Adler worked himself even deeper into the critical and audience affections than he had before. An actor named Leonard Elliott, whom no one had hitherto paid any attention to, made his first hit when he came onto the stage in *Family Portrait* as, of all things, Judas Iscariot.

All these instances, along with a number of others, have occurred in this last season alone. And the argument may be considerably reinforced by a glance at the several preceding seasons.

Is it possible that the day when popularity and affection were solely synonymous with nobility of character is rapidly disappearing?

Is it possible that the next time a Pollyanna or a Lightnin' Bill Jones dares to show her or his face on the stage the new tough

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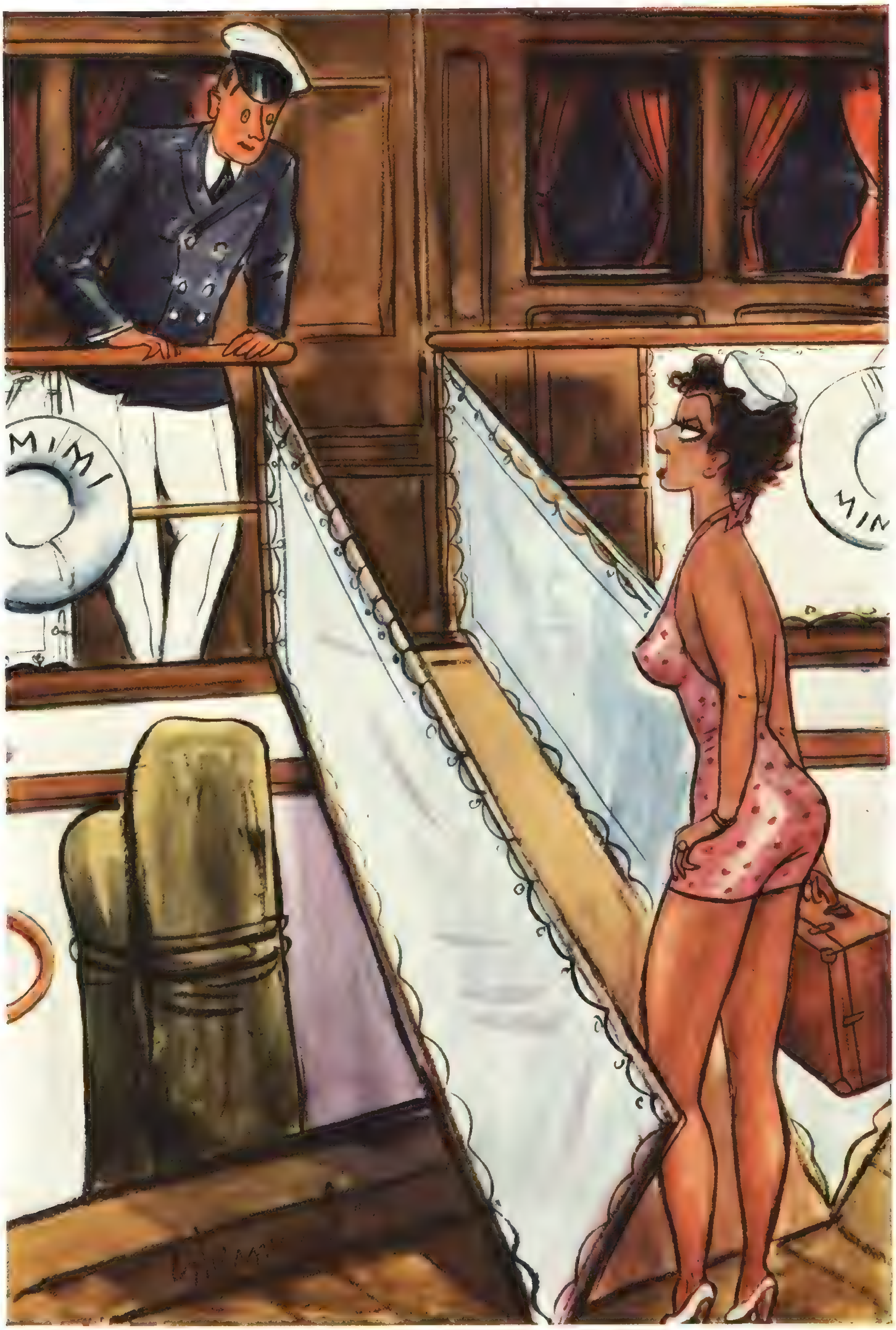
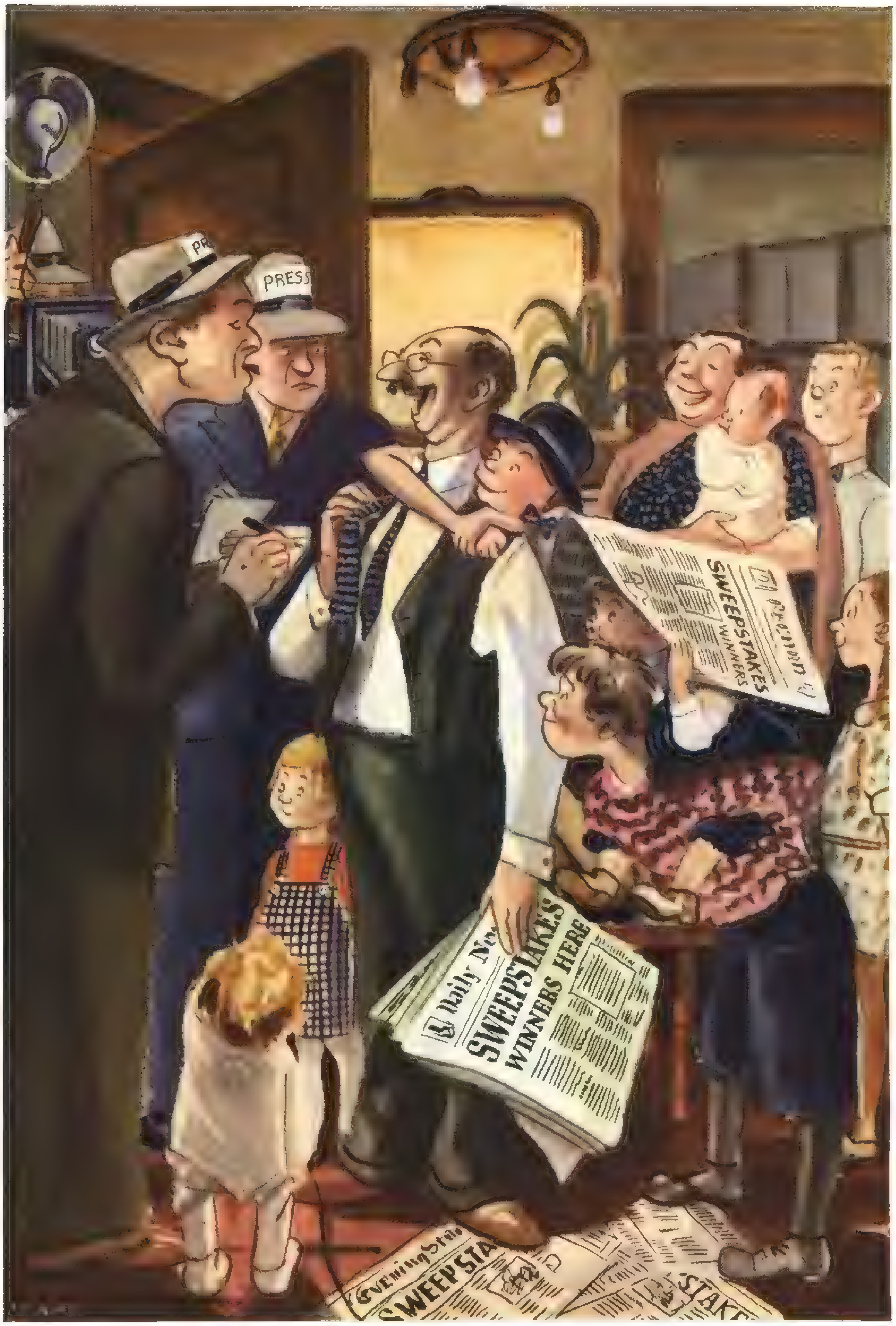


"Never mind why I'm wearing my bathing suit—I've been on these sailing parties before!"


PR
PRESS
Record
SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS
Daily News
SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS HERE
Evening Star
SWEEPSTA
STAKE

"Oh, I'm going to quit my job so I can spend more time at home"

So You'd Like to Disappear

Better not try it if you're insured, for those investigators won't sleep until they've brought you back alive

by R. DEWITT MILLER

• ARTICLE •

YOUR name is Egbert Jones. You're alive. And you're not missing—any more. Now hold that newspaper so the date line is near your mug, and we'll take a picture that'll disappoint your wife."

The glare of the flash-globe depopulated the Land of the Missing to the extent of one man, and deflated one woman's bankroll to the extent of a fat insurance policy.

For when you let a life insurance salesman get his nose through the door, you'd better give up any ideas you may have about disappearing—and statistics show that there are damned few men, particularly married men, who don't have a few ideas along that line.

A dead man without insurance is a liability, but a dead man with insurance is an asset to somebody. Now there are a lot of ways to die. You can try to break the world's automobile speed record, or you can write poems about Hitler in German washrooms, or you just die legally.

The technique for becoming legally dead is as follows: you disappear. You stay completely disappeared for seven years. Eventually some one, usually your insurance beneficiary, will petition a court to have you declared legally dead.

It is a very neat procedure, and pleases everybody—except the insurance company. In fact, it riles the insurance company so much they call in a bad hombre called an insurance investigator, who snoops around trying to prove that some time during those seven years you stuck your nose out of the land of A.W.O.L.

An insurance investigator is a cross between a bloodhound and a "Bring 'Em Back Alive" explorer. He'd rather un-disappear a person than drink a case of champagne on the house. When a good investigator gets on the trail of a first-rate disappearer, there's always the making of a swell story. Take the case of this Egbert Jones fellow whose picture we took in the first paragraph.

He was a Middlewestern executive whose business wasn't exactly on the up and up. So he decided that there was no place like nowhere—and departed for that destination. But the catch was that he had just taken out a life insurance policy. After Jones had been gone a few weeks, the insurance salesman informed his company that they had insured a flown bird. An investigator was put on the case.

Jones hadn't taken anything with him but his car. If he had had any previous experience with disappearing, he would not have taken the car. (Most missing people are found by tracing their property.) In the long run, it would have been better if Jones had taken his wife, and left his car, but he probably had reasons for his choice. Anyway, this is what happened.

His car was trailed to California. Ten days after it had entered that state, it had been sold to a gent named Anderson. But right here there was funny business.

No driver's license (required in California) had been taken out in the name of Jones, but there was one taken out in the name of Anderson. Maybe Jones had just sold his car to a new name—at least that's what the investigator thought.

But this Anderson fellow had disappeared too. However, the bill of sale had been notarized by a smart young woman. Her office was located in a third-rate section of a large California city, and the ethics of her clientele were therefore somewhat uncertain. For this reason she always required references.

Jones's signature had been vouched for by a local butcher. But when the investigator interviewed the butcher, he swore by all that was holy and unholy that he had never heard of either Jones or Anderson. The investigator wired his Middlewestern office for a photograph of Jones. The only reproduction of Jones's mug which could be discovered had been taken when he played the part of Abraham Lincoln in an amateur theatrical.

It took quite a bit of photographic surgery to abstract Jones's face from the other members of the cast, and then shave off the Lincoln whiskers. What little was left was sent to the California investigator.

When the butcher saw the picture he hacked viciously at a pork chop and said:

"Dot Goddam bastard—sure I know him. He vent off to a cotton ranch down south mitaudt paying his bill. His name ain't Jones or Anderson. It's Murphy."

The investigator ran for the nearest bar and got drunk. When he sobered up, he went to the cotton ranch and asked if they knew a a guy named Jones, who might be called Anderson, but more likely went under the name of Murphy.

A fellow whose description sounded like Abraham Lincoln had worked at the ranch under the name of McGregor, but he had left without saying where he was going. His car had been the same model as the one Jones had disappeared in.

On the way to another bar, the investigator was accosted by a hunch, which suggested that he look in the junk heap behind the ranch. Among the whiskey bottles and soup cans he found a pair of discarded auto license plates—the same plates which had been on Jones's car when he left the Middlewest.

This proved that the investigator was on the right trail. However, the trail might have ended right there, if he hadn't fallen into conversation with a worker at the cotton ranch. This fellow remembered Jones had said he was going to a city farther north, and was going to engage in the same business that had gone sour on him in the Middlewest.

There were only three firms doing this type of business in the city specified. None of them had heard of Jones. None of them had heard of Murphy. None of them had heard of McGregor.

But Anderson rang the bell. There was a fellow with that name working for one of the firms. The investigator took candid camera shots of the man, compared them to the ex-Lincoln photograph, and then quietly handed Jones back his identity and told him he was

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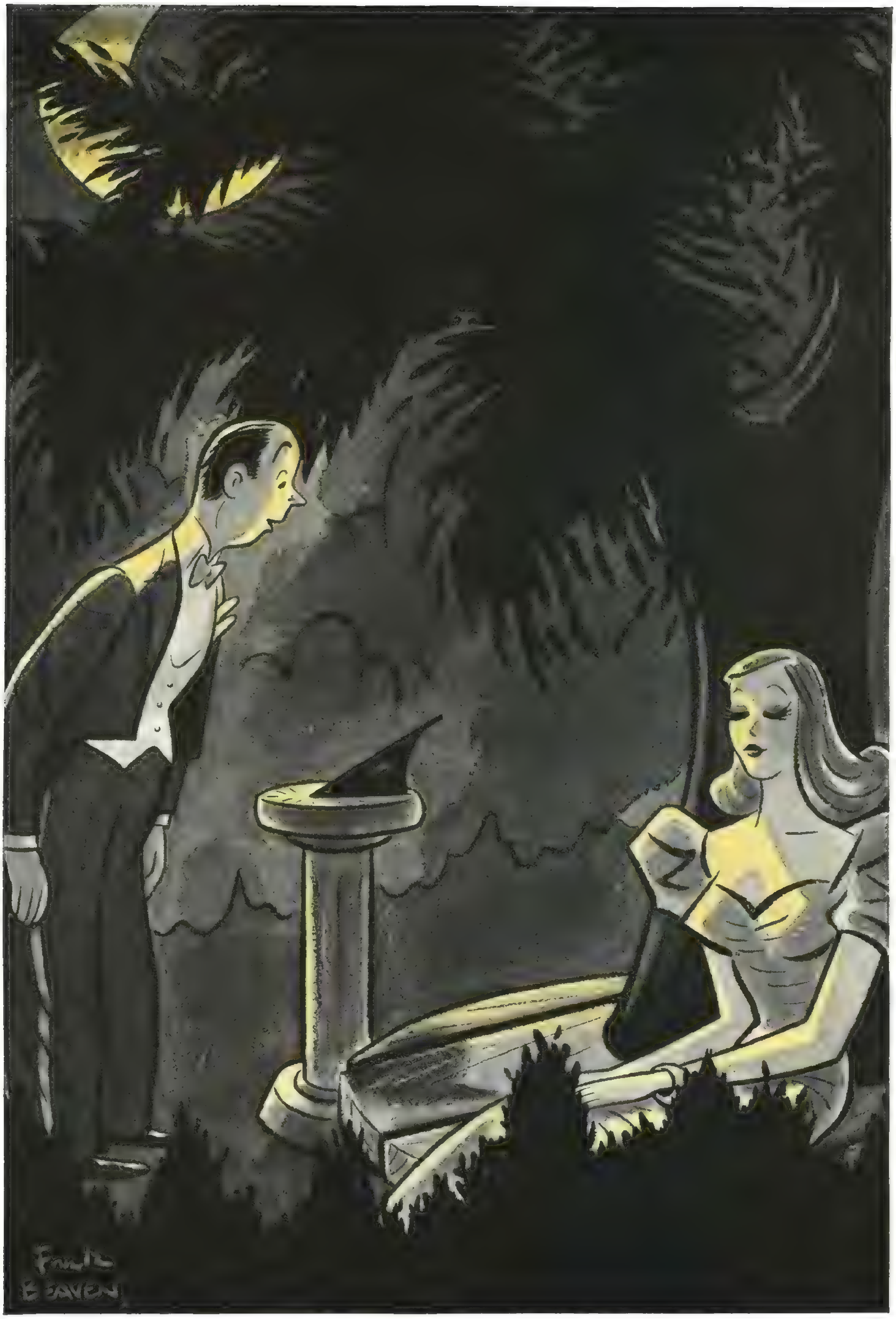
Paul
Beaven

"Goodness! I must be running along!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

No ballyhoo, scalpers nor souvenir hawkers at the Berkshire Festival: just the finest music to be heard

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

At long last, this culturally barren and boorish land has a summer music festival worth bellowing about. It's in the Berkshires, not more than three hours from New York by motor, and offers a brand of music-making superior to that existing elsewhere on the globe in August.

Heretofore, anyone with the interest of music at heart has taken up a post in a boiler factory immediately after—if not before—our famous May Festivals. These ambitious choral feasts that regularly stop up our ears for the summer have done their nickel's worth. In Cincinnati, for example, where the tradition was established early, Theodore Thomas exposed the natives to Beethoven's *Ninth* and Gluck's *Orpheus* before the carpetbaggers could get home from the South. In the seventies and eighties he taught them the *St. Matthew Passion*, the Mozart, Brahms, and Verdi *Requiems*, Beethoven's and Liszt's *Missa Solemnis*, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and *Walpurgis Night*, Handel's *Messiah*, and a score of lesser works. He introduced all-Wagner evenings to the Middle West and such celebrities as Materna, Christine Nilsson, Lilli Lehman, Nordica, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Henschel, Campanini, Bispham. Sir Edward Elgar made his first American appearance in Cincinnati in 1906, coming from England to conduct *The Dream of Gerontius* and *The Apostles*. Other spring festivals from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania to Mt. Vernon, Iowa nourished local talent, imported celebrities.

But with the arrival of moths and baseball, concert halls generally are bolted and left until fall. The virtuosi sail to cooler climates, no doubt to use their furs. The more erudite among the guardians of public taste, the lettered men of music, retire to their mountain towers and turn out innumerable tomes on Wagner, Toscanini, the opera, symphony, How to Listen and How to Feel at concerts. What music making survives the heat is unrehearsed, performed in alfresco surroundings with all the intimacy of a lieder recital in Times Square.

The Berkshire Symphonic Festival started in 1934 as a makeshift affair. Sixty-five members of the New York Philharmonic Symphony assembled under Henry Hadley and played three scratch concerts on a hillside near Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The next year a few more players were added and a tent rented to cover three thousand persons. The press was told:

"Beginning perhaps a hundred years ago and continuing up to the last four or five years, there seems to have been a rather definite and regular gravitation of many young New Englanders, and especially those from the Berkshire region, to western frontiers. From the days of the California Gold Rush and the later Klondike Boom, the lure of the West, which Horace Greeley pronounced 'the land of opportunity,' attracted thousands of young people. . . . Now, under changed conditions, with the frontiers gone and the old-time lure faded out, the trek is back to the starting point; back to the Berkshires and historic New England where the ancestors of many thousands in the West, lived and died and founded the present Republic. It is a part of our general plan and purpose to inspire the return of as many descendants of the pioneers of New England as we can reach with bona fide news publicity and attract to the Berkshires with unexcelled Symphonic Concerts."

The natives were startled by the number of visitors and the pretentiousness of the plans. "Gee Whillikins!" said a bus station boy when he read the posters announcing an orchestra of eighty-five. "You don't mean all of them are going to play at once—for only a dollar?"

The skeptics were active: a Festival would ruin the countryside, upset the local gossip, bring undesirables. Heroic tales were retold on winter nights of how indignant citizens had to fight to keep the trolley cars from coming down the main streets and shaking their china from corner cupboards; how Miss Emilia Brewer at the age of seventy hopped in and sat all night in a three-foot hole in front of her house to prevent the New England Telephone Company from placing a pole in it; how the shire's town councillors kept trucks from rumbling up the peaceful streets.

Objectors waxed loud on the disadvantages of a Music Festival. Little did they realize when they invited Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony to play, that they were removing it from the realm of local affairs and giving it international prestige and significance. Five thousand people came, whistled, stomped and cheered. There was no deficit. The next summer six concerts were planned and "Tanglewood"—a 200 acre estate where Hawthorne wrote *The House of Seven Gables* and *The Wonder Book*—was given to the Boston Orchestra as a permanent home for the Festival. Music lovers swarmed in from thirty-two states, from Canada, Europe, bringing their friends. Concerts were broadcast. A branch telegraph office was installed to handle the outflow of newspaper copy. Then came the night of nights—and what may prove to be the most momentous thunderstorm in the history of our summer music.

For more than an hour rain drummed on the great expanse of stretched canvas, drowning out completely all but fortissimo passages. With infinite patience, Koussevitzky stopped, waited and began again, finally rearranging his program so that the *Ride of the Valkyries* and the Overture to *Tannhauser* were heard while the rain was loudest. The elements finally subsided—and, the concert ended, the audience took off their shoes and stockings and waded to their cars.

Next day, it was decided to house future festivals in a permanent building. Eliel Saarinen, the incomparable Finnish architect, drew tentative plans for a music shed, a Greek Theatre, and an Academy. The first of these buildings, fan-shaped with a forty-foot ceiling and covering an acre and a half, was dedicated last August. With sides open, it gives the illusion of being out-of-doors and yet offers adequate protection from sun and rain and acoustics such as can be had only under a roof.

This shed, as its name indicates, is severe, plain, without frills. When the dedicatory concert began with the audience standing and singing *Eine Feste Burg*, I thought I was in a New England prayer meeting. It was more like a service than a concert.

The whole atmosphere was unlike anything at continental festivals. There were no yammering truck drivers at the station, no souvenir hawkers on the street corners, no flags flying, no scalpers, no trafficking in tickets by hotel porters. In fact, try as you would, you could not buy anywhere a photograph of Doctor Koussevitzky.

Two hours before the concert the streets were deserted. Six thousand people suddenly sprang out of the bushes and mingled in the crowd: gardeners and gigolos, cooks and chauffeurs, grand dames and students with well-worn copies of scores. They dressed as they pleased. Refreshments were served on the lawn by the women from a local church. External conditions gave no indication of what one was about to hear. But before two

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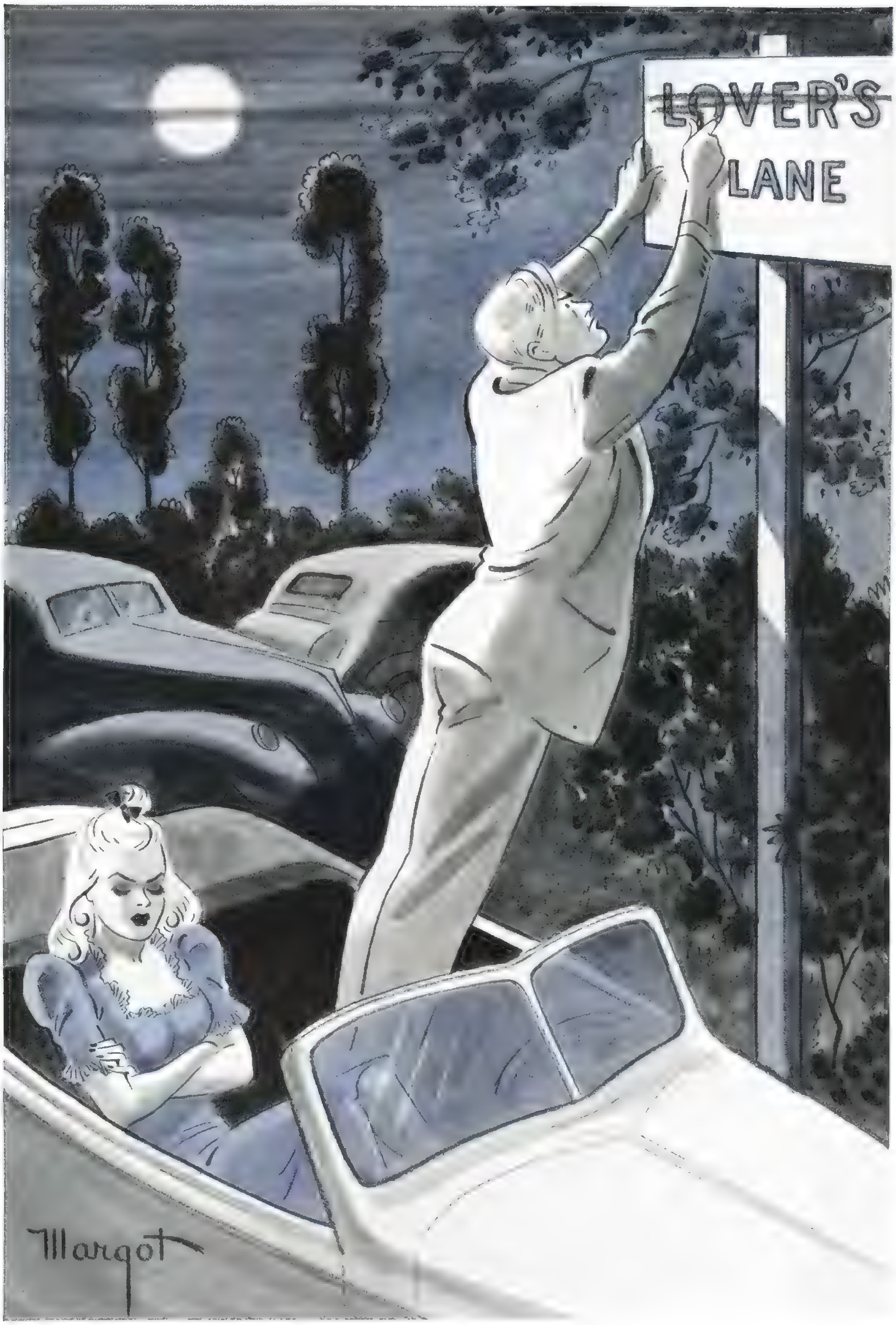
~~LOVER'S~~
LANE
Margot

The Candid Cameraman

While most movies leave him numb, our critic got a bang out of that crime quickie, *Back Door To Heaven*

by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

For several weeks I went around asking other people about this certain picture and coming more and more to the conclusion that perhaps I was nuts; or to put it mildly had lost my basis of critical judgment. Finally I decided I would play safe and tone down the rave since nobody else was raving; in fact a few mild sneers were detectable from certain quarters. But finally I ran into another film critic highly respected by myself even before I learned that he agreed with me in this instance, and he too was excited about *Back Door To Heaven*. So this film critic, Mr. Harold Salemson, who writes for French papers that take their movie criticism seriously, and I decided to form a boosters' front for this film.

Let it be said right here that we seem to be unique in our enthusiasm. *Time* magazine's wise men of the movies brushed off the picture with some wisecrack about the producer-author-director, William K. Howard, now being called Noel Howard because of his multiple capacity in the production, and cracking that this was no compliment to Mr. Coward. The *New York Times*, if I remember rightly, sneeringly listed the film as "arty." Most papers simply reviewed the picture as another crime quickie; and the trade evidently regarded *Back Door To Heaven* as a slight but forgivable lapse on the part of an otherwise top-notch producer.

To me, seeing it was one of the most exciting experiences I have ever had in the theatre. Now I have had nearly a month to cool off and analyze that experience and I have brushed away a lot of the enthusiasm as merely discovery excitement; but there remains a core of quality and essential honesty in the picture that must be told about.

When you see pictures day after day in an atmosphere of professional judgment you get sort of numb to the movies and your index of enthusiasm is a needle that flickers a little above and a little below zero but rarely jumps. So here along comes another little feature and this one has not been advance-heralded, you're just sitting in the projection room half doped from two hours of modern superterrific western, you have just built a transcontinental railroad and shot a million Indians and drunk up and smashed up a saloon and the title of this unheralded little film is *Back Door To Heaven* and the cast is nothing sensational: Wallace Ford, a good man, and Stu Erwin, a likable fellow, and Aline MacMahon, that faithful and wise secretary-type, all capable actors but all kind of in the half-light the last few years; the professionals in the projection room scrounch sleepily down into their seats, relaxing, because with names like that it's no super-special production, just probably a class B for the double-bills. Somebody remarks this is a picture Bill Howard made in the New York studios, Astoria, for peanuts. The credit titles flash by, ordinary, half-shabby, and you debate whether to go home or sit it through.

And there the thing has already started; no long-shot cut-in to a town, a street, a house, but simply suddenly slap-bang you are inside a room where a slattern wife and a meek kid and a soused husband are having an argument. You feel it's a small town and the frame house is almost out to the farmlands, beyond the tracks, maybe accidentally it reminds you of a hundred backstreet kitchens you got a glimpse into, cutting across the cheap end of small towns in cross-country driving. The folk in the film aren't quarreling loud, but in a tired sloppy way, not movie-like.

You don't get up from your seat because you might as well wait and see what happens next; next they are upstairs, the kid and his mother; you see just a corner of a bedroom, and the cramped stair-end coming up to it. The mother is furtively showing the kid a straw hat she has bought him to wear at graduation; the old man comes up the stairs, sees the hat, tells the kid to take it back to the store, he has better use for the money.

Now, sure, this is a rather cheap, shabby, sentimental, tired, melodramatic situation. Drunken father, slattern mother, frightened sensitive kid. But it's cheap melodrama to us because we always get it in hokum terms. No one will deny that this is representative of the vast gray stretch of the population. And seeing this picture you suddenly realize the thing afresh the way it is. For the drunken old man doesn't stagger or raise his arm or even raise his voice. He just mumbles his objection and stumbles off to another room and the kid knows he has to return the hat.

At that point you come up from slouching in your seat. You still think it's an ordinary quickie and this scene was a bit of the accidental art you so often see in quickies when producers out of contempt for the cheapness of the thing they're making sometimes take it easy and let scenes be made simple. Still it was a good little scene.

HEAVEN
BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN

But from then on, the tone doesn't change. The film goes on and on in this subdued, powerful monotone, the scenes are added, casual, simple, inconsequential, and you haul yourself erect in your seat, and you look around you to see whether the rest of the witnesses think they're seeing anything remarkable, and then you forget everything and just give yourself to experiencing the film.

Except half a dozen times at bits that lift you as sheer art you want to shake people around you, to cheer, share approbation; yet the rest of them seem to be taking it quite calmly.

Now every critic thinks he has a set of criteria for measuring art or entertainment; and in certain ways he has. So much for the validity or freshness of the story, the theme, direction, good or banal, acting this or that. But truly a critic can only see a picture as any spectator sees a picture: he must lend himself to the experience of the film, and he knows it as good or bad only by the extent to which it takes him. Afterward, away from the film, he can fit it to his criteria and figure out the good and bad things in it.

Once in a while comes a total experience. Like discovering a swell manuscript out of a pile of run-of-the-mine submissions. Something that the critic enjoys for himself, and wants to tell about. That's what *Back Door To Heaven* gave this critic. And sure, all the reasons can be found for it and will be developed here at some length. But this is to make clear that the critic is biased. He got a bang out of the picture.

Back Door To Heaven is just the story of that small-town Ohio kid, and how he grew up to spend most of his years in jails. Nothing new about the story, except it's never been really told before. Five thousand crime pictures have never told it. *Dead End* with its sociological preachiness still left a taste of gangster-glamor. *Back Door To Heaven* has no scrap of glamor, and the lady behind me found it dreary. Aha many will say—you are of the naturalist school hailing as art anything that is dreary. Perhaps, but no more biased than the *Times* critic who damned this as arty because it was dreary. I even admit there can be art about high society. The subject doesn't matter.

So this kid is about to graduate and the teacher wants each kid to do some stunt at the graduation; all he can do is play a harmonica so, going home, he steals a harmonica out of a store. At the graduation exercises in

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Young Mr. Saroyan could learn a thing or two if he'd study Jerome Weidman's *The Horse that Could Whistle "Dixie"*

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

▪ BOOKS ▪

On finishing the first story in William Saroyan's new collection, *Peace It's Wonderful* (Modern Age, 50c), I regretted the mauling I gave *The Trouble With Tigers* some months ago. With almost a quiver in my voice I promised I would make handsome amends—a big ballyhoo in front position.

Unfortunately I kept on reading. I am back where *The Trouble With Tigers* left me, having passed through anger and boredom to the shade of feeling a college instructor of rhetoric probably struggles with when a smart-alecky student who shows signs of genius insists on turning in themes full of correct punctuation and ego.

Of the twenty-seven "stories"—most of them only sketches—about four or five have merit, and even these are blotched and botched. For example, *The Greatest Country in the World* (that first yarn) starts well but succumbs to pathetic hokum. Give Bill Saroyan credit, the man has his distinctive style of hoke. It is reminiscent of bathos *à la* Sherwood Anderson. But Anderson turned it on only occasionally, when he had forgotten his lines and had to fall back on an impromptu imitation of himself. Saroyan appears to be cultivating it. Saroyan being teary-eyed and rhapsodic about America and the human soul and how wonderful life is and people are, and how perfectly marvelous of himself, the writer with the deep and homely touch, to be able to fix it for you in all those splendid parts of speech—it is something to make a man gag.

If Saroyan doesn't develop a sense of self-criticism, he won't even be a second-rater. He still needs to throw away two-thirds of what he sends into print. A monologue like *1924 Cadillac for Sale* might get a B-minus in a senior college writing class, if the instructor wasn't too strict.

It is with his Armenians that Saroyan has been at his best. Knowing them, he puts color into their thought and speech and gestures. He is close enough to them to miss no tricks, yet far enough away emotionally so that his soul doesn't get all balled up with them. When a new sub-type of Charlie Chaplin comes his way, the lightning of heaven strikes him articulate, and he wows us with the gospel of brotherhood. He should quit emoting, and write about something only when he can recollect his feelings in tranquillity (Wordsworth). And if he can't discipline his mind, maybe he'd better get a job gushing in travel-tour folders.

Saroyan should study the way Jerome Weidman handles some of the same themes and characters in *The Horse that Could Whistle "Dixie" and Other Stories* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). The lowdown louse that crawled through *I Can Get It For You Wholesale* and *What's in It For Me* figures in two or three stories only—*Portrait of a Gentleman* and *You and Yours;* with Louse, Jr., in *The Explorers.* Here and there is a tale that might better have been left out, such as *The Tuxedos,* which fails to be more than an anecdote, and *Old Clothes For Poland,* which is too long for its point and too obvious. But the stories are simple, straightforward, and moving. The emotions are not pawed over. Saroyan might gain from a study of *Twice Blest* and *My Father Sits in the Dark,* which come closest to his own line of goods. Weidman's preface is the level-headed author's confession one expected from him.

Margaret Kennedy's *The Midas Touch* (Random House, $2.50) comes close to being Pure Story. In this Problem Age, our best writers are busy commenting on and laying bare and trying to thrash out the economic evils and social frustrations that beset us. Although Miss Kennedy's novel pivots on the character of a fabulous financial giant of the Kreuger-Insull type, it manages to class itself as Entertainment—in fact, as one of the best books of this category to hit this reviewer since Wall Street went blotto ten years ago.

The Midas Touch has a large cast—all the people who manage in one way or another to touch Financier Corris Morgan's life, and they are curious, fascinating types. Evan Jones, busy running away from that part of himself which is born salesman. (Turns out to be Morgan's illegitimate son—ah, that long arm of coincidence!) Bessie Blake, the clairvoyant, who predicts Morgan's death. Morgan's silly wife Ellie; and tragic Lydia Jekyll; and pretty-dumb Rosalie Arnold. Each of these with his family forms a little unit, and they all add up to Morgan's life, besides sporting neat plots and endings of their own.

Miss Kennedy controls this complex pattern ably, and her style is something excellent by itself. *The Midas Touch* coaxes me into a nostalgia for the good old days before progress began to go backwards, and a man could read a pleasant book in the sun without his having to be bothered about Hitler, super-taxes, and a world shot to hell.

Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts* was praised by the discriminating; now comes his second novel, *The Day of the Locust* (Random House, $2), the kind of a story that bothers a reviewer. It has its merits, and yet it lacks something, it disappoints, and I don't know why.

Maybe it failed me because I got the impression the author was setting out to do something other (and to my mind better) than what he did do. Tod Hackett is a young artist just out of Yale, working for National Films on set and costume designing. The people he sees in southern California, in Hollywood, hit him a wallop, as in the past people may have astonished men like Daumier, Goya, Hogarth, Grosz. Never again will Tod try to paint New England barns or fishermen or old stone walls. These Hollywood denizens and transients, the whole horrible lot of fakes, misfits, masqueraders, charlatans, rogues, dumb cattle, permanented girls in slacks, fat mamas with Shirley Temples that didn't make the grade, failures, perverts, boozers—to Tod (in Chapter I) these give him a clue to his America, his century, and the job he has to do.

Now that is the beginning of a great novel, in intention at least. But West doesn't see it through; doesn't even attempt to work it out. Tod, here and there in the story, is fussing with the idea. But a girl named Faye Greener gets in the way, and *The Day of the Locust* is the narration of Tod's hopeless chase of this sexy article through the fantastic furniture and fixtures of Hollywood, ending with a grand smash-bang riot at the world première of a new picture in front of Kahn's Persian Picture Palace.

This parasitic America is as fantastic and incredible as the Arabian Nights; yet it really exists, and Nathanael West writes of it with passion. At the end, although you know that it is almost impossible to exaggerate either the California insane asylum or its inmates, Mr. West's story is still less plausible than Hollywood's own product.

I think this author has written what they call a sockeroo piece, and yet it's a dud to me. As if an architect had contracted to build one of those apartment buildings that are part Chinese pagoda, part Taj Mahal, part Mexican hacienda, and part Eskimo Igloo, and in the end had done only a hot dog stand in Perpendicular Gothic. West is an intensive, not an extensive, writer. His portrait of Homer Simpson is a fine piece of work. But he doesn't seem able to surround and

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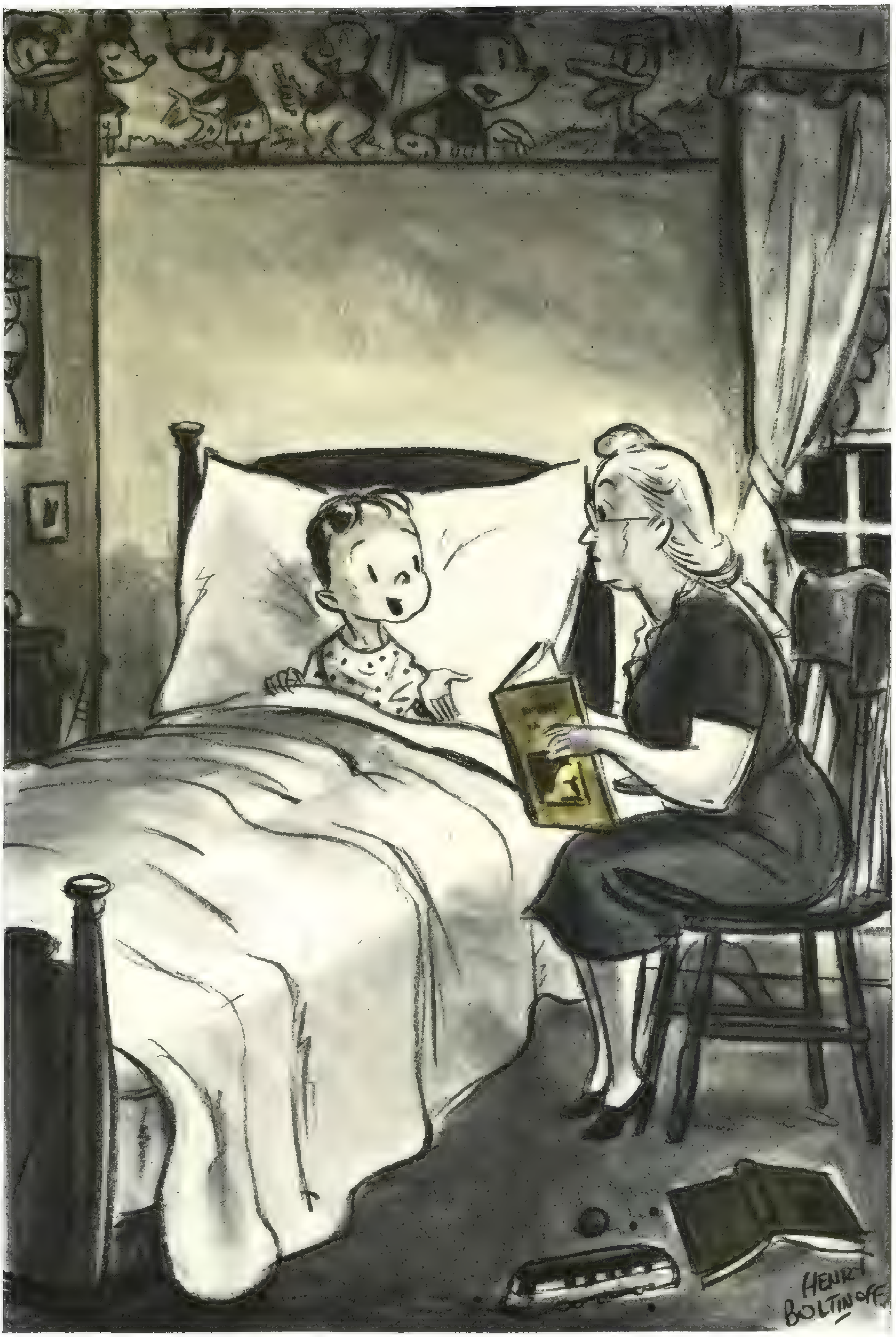
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Tell me the one Pop always does about the soldier an' the three French dames!"

On the Record

Your reviewer carries the torch for Mozart, whose *Magic Flute* music is a challenge to the best of singers

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

WITH Mozart's *Magic Flute* (Victor Albums M-541 and 542) the phonograph cuts another monument in wax—a monument at least as permanent, and far more valuable, for the culture of the crowd, than the Trylon and Perisphere, and it forcefully brings to our ears the fact that what this country needs is an opera house capable of giving such a performance, instead of a barn for the display of diamonds and braying donkeys.

The recorded *Magic Flute* is not by any means ideal! Yet its ensemble is of a quality totally unknown in operatic performances on this side of the Atlantic, today, or, for that matter, in the past quarter of a century. And what is more, it offers a rising generation of music lovers their sole opportunity to hear one of the three greatest operas.

Unbelievable as it may seem, while New Yorkers never hear the *Magic Flute* in even a scratch performance, backward, benighted, barbarian residents of 1939 Berlin enjoy it at their leisure in performances similar to this, for the Victor recording employs the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and soloists from the Berlin State Opera, and Sir Thomas Beecham, the conductor, has been a frequent visitor in Berlin.

In our enterprising country, operagoers still buy a pig in the poke, that is—subscribe for sixteen Monday nights or Saturday afternoons without the vaguest notion of what or whom they'll hear. The most discriminating of them are content if the opera only be kept fashionable, and if Flagstad sings in Wagner, and without the twitch of an ear they permit the greatest operatic genius who ever set pen to music paper to be made the victim of a company of silence between singers who don't want to be found out, but who couldn't sing ten measures of any Mozart opera if their epiglottis depended on it . . . English horn players who are stale from endless repetitions of Siegfried's calls (orchestra loafers who play the notes set before them only because that is the easiest thing to do) . . . impresarios who have no sense of public obligation . . . and snobs who have proved from experience that they can snore through any scene of the *Ring* without being detected, and who fear, as they have been told by those who have shopped abroad and therefore can claim infallible authority in such matters, that Mozart offers no such opportunity.

It is endlessly repeated also that Mozart wrote merely nonsense. This notion gained credence when Ruskin wrote that Mozart used ". . . the greatest power which (in the art he knew) the Father of Spirits ever yet breathed into the clay of this world; who used it to follow and fit with perfect sound the words of Zauberflöte and of Don Giovanni—foolishest and most monstrous of conceivable human words and subjects of thought—for the future amusement of his race! No such spectacle of unconscious (and in that unconsciousness all the more fearful) moral degredation of the highest faculty to the lowest purpose can be found in history."

The *Magic Flute*, I have been told, is a pantomime full of meaningless contradiction . . . a ridiculous extravaganza held together by some pretty tunes. Neither Ruskin, nor most operagoers of today, can fathom the profundity of Mozart's conception in handling Schikaneder's raw material. In fact, Mozart escapes most operagoers' dull ears entirely. They are busy assuring themselves that Wagner is the founder of a school, the arch musical innovator of the past century. They wouldn't believe that Mozart achieved Wagner's ideal before Wagner was born.

Because Mozart appeals directly to the imagination and doesn't bludgeon the senses into recognition of his meanings, unsuspecting listeners, drunk on the heavy ambrosia poured out by noisy voluptuaries of the orchestra, persist in regarding him as a maker of tinkling melodies. Those who fathom slightly, think of him as a bubble-blower—a guy who blows bubbles easily—bubbles in which the joys and sorrows and feelings of a sensitive soul are mirrored. Those who understand know that in his music are unveiled the secrets of a great man's heart. They have learned that in the *Magic Flute* Mozart speaks as no one else has or could of love, marriage, religion—not the quiet, steady religion of Bach, nor the aggressive, determined humanitarianism of Beethoven, nor the affirmative symbolism of Masonry, but the religion of active beauty, of tranquil and balanced aspiration, of understanding. There is a philosophy as well as entertainment. You may not get it from the text (or translation in accompanying booklet) but you will from the music.

As Sir Charles Stamford said: "When you are a child, Mozart speaks to you as a child—no music could be more simple, more childlike—but when you are a man you find to your astonishment that this music which seemed childlike is completely adult and masculine." It is totally explainable in no other medium than itself.

There is no need for me to rhapsodize further about the *Magic Flute* and Mozart. It is obvious that I am so violently prejudiced in Mozart's favor that my imagination is capable of supplying (in fact, does supply) any and all possible deficiencies in his music.

Wagner once wrote: "I believe in God, Mozart, and Beethoven—and, after God, comes Mozart." I smile indulgently at Richard, since I cannot afford to give myself away so generously (there being less of me); nevertheless, I find myself in the same position as Wagner.

* * *

If it were possible, one would take childish delight in picking out the best in all the *Magic Flute* performances he has heard. My favorite performances are those I heard during the days I spent with Mozart's holograph in the Prussian State Library, Unter der Linden. The manuscripts of Mozart stimulate one's fancy to realize perfection . . . and perfection in music can exist only in the imagination.

The question of what precisely is the correct Mozart interpretation is unsettling. In any ultimate sense, it can be answered only according to one's individual taste. The interpretation on these records is bright, clear, fresh, exactly according to the score, and one which will wear well. Britain's busy baronet is obviously out to show John Christie's Glyndebourne company (which has recorded *Don Giovanni*, *Cosi Fan Tutte*, and *Figaro*) how Mozart should be done. He secured a better orchestra and, on the whole, better singers than Glyndebourne. And he has achieved a freer, more exuberant performance. He does not sentimentalize, linger here and caress there, as Bruno Walter. Nor is he brusquely dramatic as Toscanini was in Salzburg. For the Viennese taste, Sir Thomas is too perfect . . . the detail is too finely worked out, leaving a style more like that of Bach than of Mozart.

Nevertheless, his ensemble is an endless delight. The orchestra never covers the singers; it accompanies and, at the same time, supports and blends with them. It is always there. The beat is sure, definite, and authoritative, and all is so clear that one could fill in the score even if he had not heard it before.

Individual voices vary. The three ladies are not always on pitch, nor are their tones perfectly focused. Tamino (Helge Roswaenge) is sympathetic, if too robust to be ideal. Pap-

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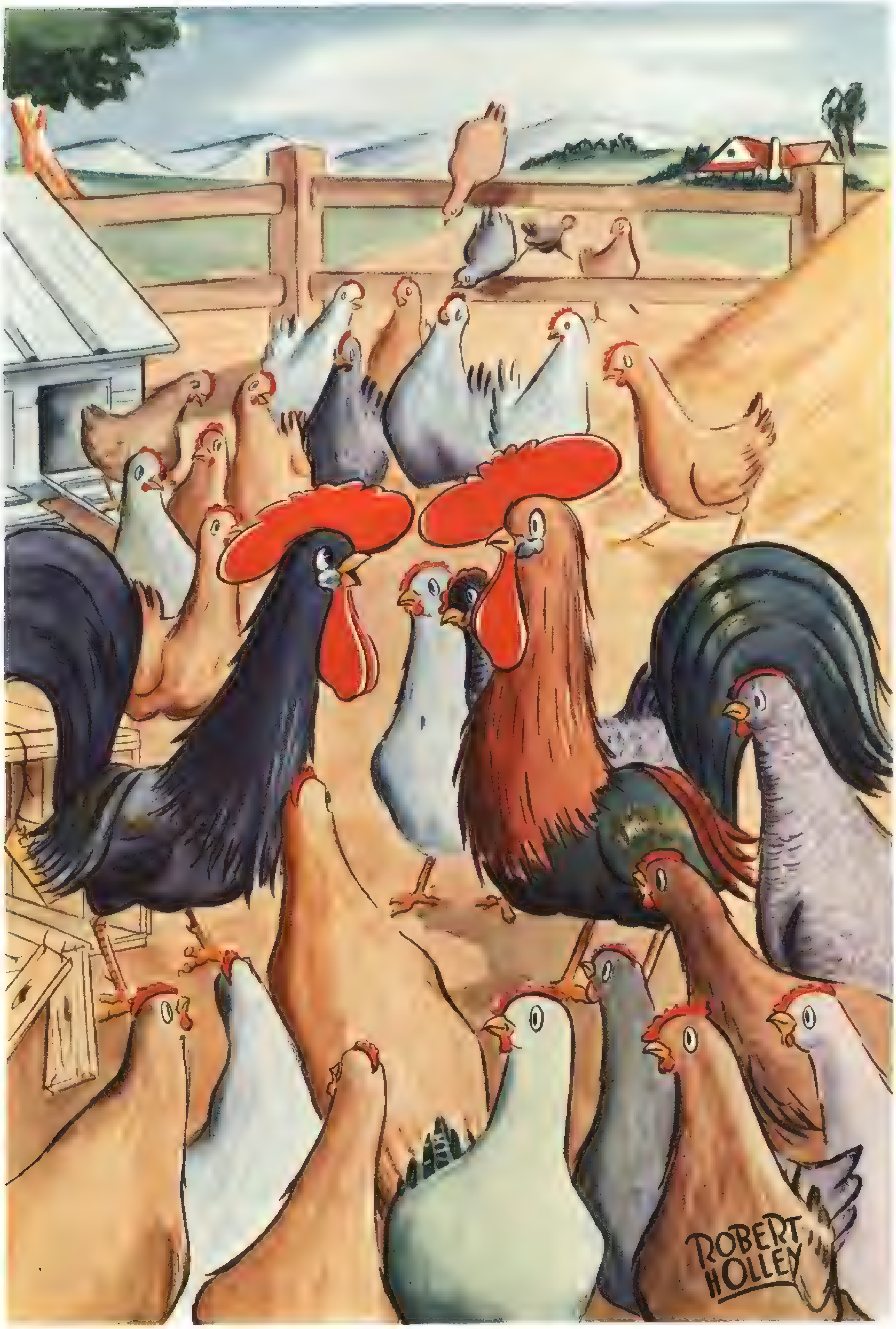
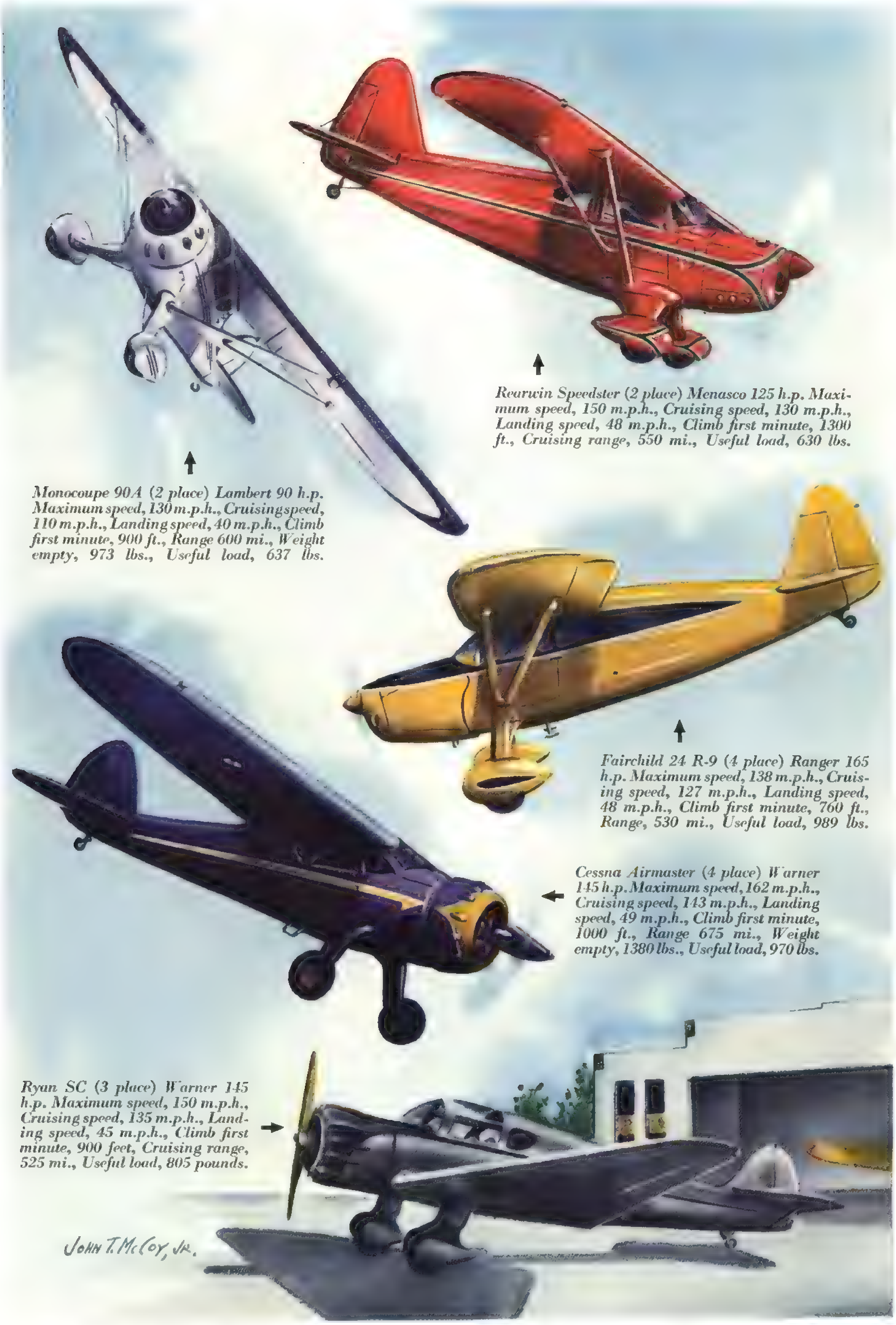

ROBERT HOLLEY

"You mean—you and I are the only roosters on the whole farm"



Rearwin Speedster (2 place) Menasco 125 h.p. Maximum speed, 150 m.p.h., Cruising speed, 130 m.p.h., Landing speed, 48 m.p.h., Climb first minute, 1300 ft., Cruising range, 550 mi., Useful load, 630 lbs.

Monocoupe 90A (2 place) Lambert 90 h.p. Maximum speed, 130 m.p.h., Cruising speed, 110 m.p.h., Landing speed, 40 m.p.h., Climb first minute, 900 ft., Range 600 mi., Weight empty, 973 lbs., Useful load, 637 lbs.

Fairchild 24 R-9 (4 place) Ranger 165 h.p. Maximum speed, 138 m.p.h., Cruising speed, 127 m.p.h., Landing speed, 48 m.p.h., Climb first minute, 760 ft., Range, 530 mi., Useful load, 989 lbs.

Cessna Airmaster (4 place) Warner 145 h.p. Maximum speed, 162 m.p.h., Cruising speed, 143 m.p.h., Landing speed, 49 m.p.h., Climb first minute, 1000 ft., Range 675 mi., Weight empty, 1380 lbs., Useful load, 970 lbs.

Ryan SC (3 place) Warner 145 h.p. Maximum speed, 150 m.p.h., Cruising speed, 135 m.p.h., Landing speed, 45 m.p.h., Climb first minute, 900 feet, Cruising range, 525 mi., Useful load, 805 pounds.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT—*Drawn by* JOHN T. McCOY, Jr.

It won't be long until every self-respecting citizen will demand not only a full dinner pail, but two airplanes for every hangar. Aviation is gaining increasing popularity. It is no longer just a sport for pioneering daredevils: it is definitely established as a practical means of transportation, and manufacturers of aircraft are vying with one another in the designing of moderately priced machines. All five of the ships pictured in the illustration above are in the light plane class. Their prices range, roughly, from $4,200 to $7,250. They are two, three and four place, and their maximum and cruising speeds run from 130 to 163 miles per hour. Cruising ranges vary from 520 to 675 miles. They have an average useful load of 800 pounds. And their getaway, or climb first minute, is from 760 to 1300 feet. Any of these ships can be licensed as seaplanes on Edo Floats costing approximately $1,400 to $1,775, ready to install.

Time for Thinking

Tue made many exciting discoveries: the birth and death of the daily sun, the living again of trees in spring

by VERNON J. CLANCEY

• FICTION •

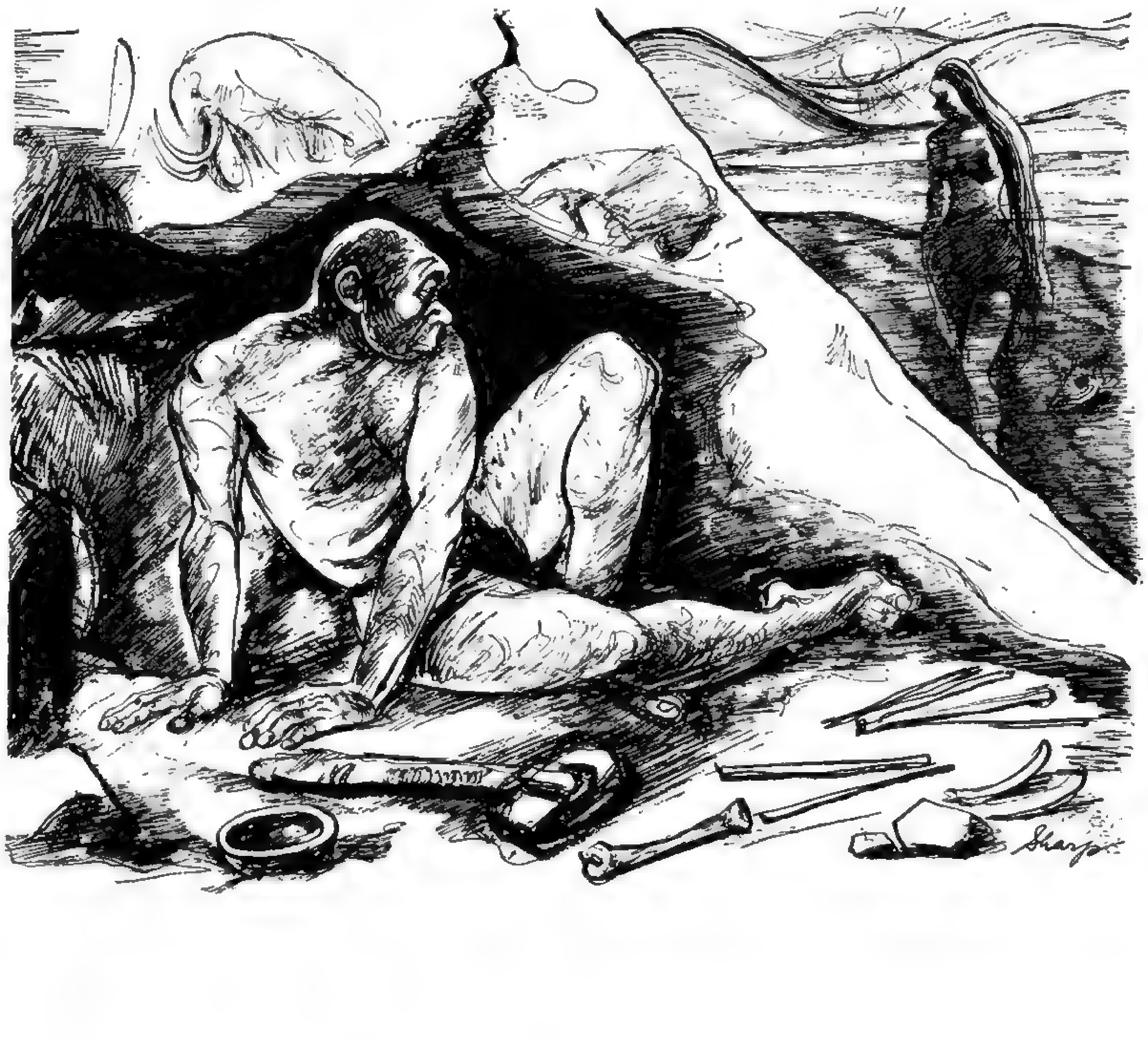
TUE was tired. When he tried to think back, remembering the events of his life, little episodes of his childhood, there was always a haze of tiredness clouding every memory—the ache of tired muscle and bone; the dull throbbing of a bruised body that has lain on hard wet ground while an icy wind blew through flesh and stabbed at nerves.

Now he wanted to lie down and lie forever in the soft fallen leaves of the oak trees. But his father was urging him on, to hurry. During the night the herd of bison had moved on. Their tracks showed they had made an early start and must already be far ahead.

Tue rubbed his ribs, sore where his father had kicked him awake, and looked around. The new day was the same as every other day, dull and heavy and the prospect of the never-ending chase after the bison herd swamped over him. He would like to lie there and let the herd go on, not caring what then would happen, but he dared not. His father's back was now turned towards him and he felt safe in sitting just a little longer looking around.

A short distance away his grandfather was squatting, chipping patiently at a lump of flint, fashioning a slender sliver for a spear point. For a few moments Tue watched the rise and fall of the hammer stone and thought of his grandfather always sitting thus hammering from the first glint of dawn until all were ready to move on.

A harsh cry made Tue turn quickly to look where the women were gobbling and squabbling over the remnants of the raw bison flesh —all that was left of the last animal they killed. There were his mother, two or three others, relatives of some sort, and Moie. Two more there should have been. Two sisters younger than Tue were left far behind, lost almost now in the haze of years. One was left sleeping the sleep from which there is no awakening. Tue shuddered slightly as he remembered the details. She had broken a leg; it dangled and turned out at funny angles when she tried to walk and she screamed. His father had hit her with a big stone to make her sleep because the bison were outstripping them. A tiger had carried the other one away. Nobody had worried much. His father had laughed and said there was one less to gobble up the meat. Women are really so useless.



Tue noticed that Moie was squatting on her haunches on one side. She was an outcast. She didn't belong. She was a stranger whom they had picked up some long while before. They had found her wandering, starved and gnawing at roots. She whined when she saw them; too exhausted and hungry to run away; she begged for food. Reluctantly, Tue's father had consented to her being given some scraps and since then somehow she had attached herself to them. For some time now Tue had been becoming more and more conscious of her presence, he looked for her or noticed her absence. He felt sorry for her.

Now he rose to his feet, stretched the aches out of his bones and walked over towards the little river to drink. His way, for no reason that he could give, took him past the women. From the ground in front of them he picked up a piece of meat and tossed it to Moie without pausing in his stride. He didn't look at her but he heard the quick gasp and suck as she gobbled it hurriedly. Women always gobbled, but men slowly chewed their meat savoring the triumph of a successful hunt.

Tue drank and the cold water made his stomach ache and his mouth contract so he could drink no more. He looked back along the trail whither they had been coming for days and weeks and thought the ice must be catching them up. He evaded the thought. Always the ice was chasing them as they chased the bison. One day it would catch them and that would be the end.

He shook the water from his lips and the thought from his head and turned to follow his father and the other men, his brothers and cousins, along the trail of the bison. His grandfather limped with creaking bones behind him with the chattering women. Last night had gone with all the other nights and the day was merged with all the other days in a never beginning and never ending hunt for food.

Tue realized he was lagging behind. Even the women were in front of him and the men were out of sight. He was alone with his painfully limping grandfather. It was a frightening realization because it had happened before and was getting increasingly frequent. Perhaps the others, his brothers, were right; he wasn't a man, he was soft like a woman, he would never lead a family and be a great hunter. As he thought this he realized he didn't care, he didn't want to be a great hunter or a leader. It would only mean more aches and more pain. He looked down at his body and it pleased him to see that it was hard and sinewy and not softly rounded like Moie's. But there must be something wrong with it to ache like this and keep him lagging with his grandfather.

Side by side with his grandfather he came round a bend to find everyone halted and a commotion among the men in front. Quickly the whisper passed round. His father had lost the trail of the bison. For the fifth day in succession there would be no kill and they carried nothing with them. It was all the fault of his grandfather whose slow stride kept the others back.

Tue knew what was going to happen. It had happened before. They would forget that his grandfather had once led them and they had been grateful. They would forget that he could still make flint spear heads better than any of them. They would fall on him in a short scurry and then leave him lying as they went on their way. Tue felt that one day soon this would happen to him too.

He tried to stop them but quickly he was overcome. His stone-headed hammer was knocked from his hand. A sharp pain flashed in the front of his head and he knew no more.

It was a great time before Tue became aware of himself again and a greater before he became interested in his surroundings. Scrappily he gathered what had happened. Moie had stayed with him not because she believed he would ever wake again but because she had run away afraid they would hit her too. For days she had run and hidden and

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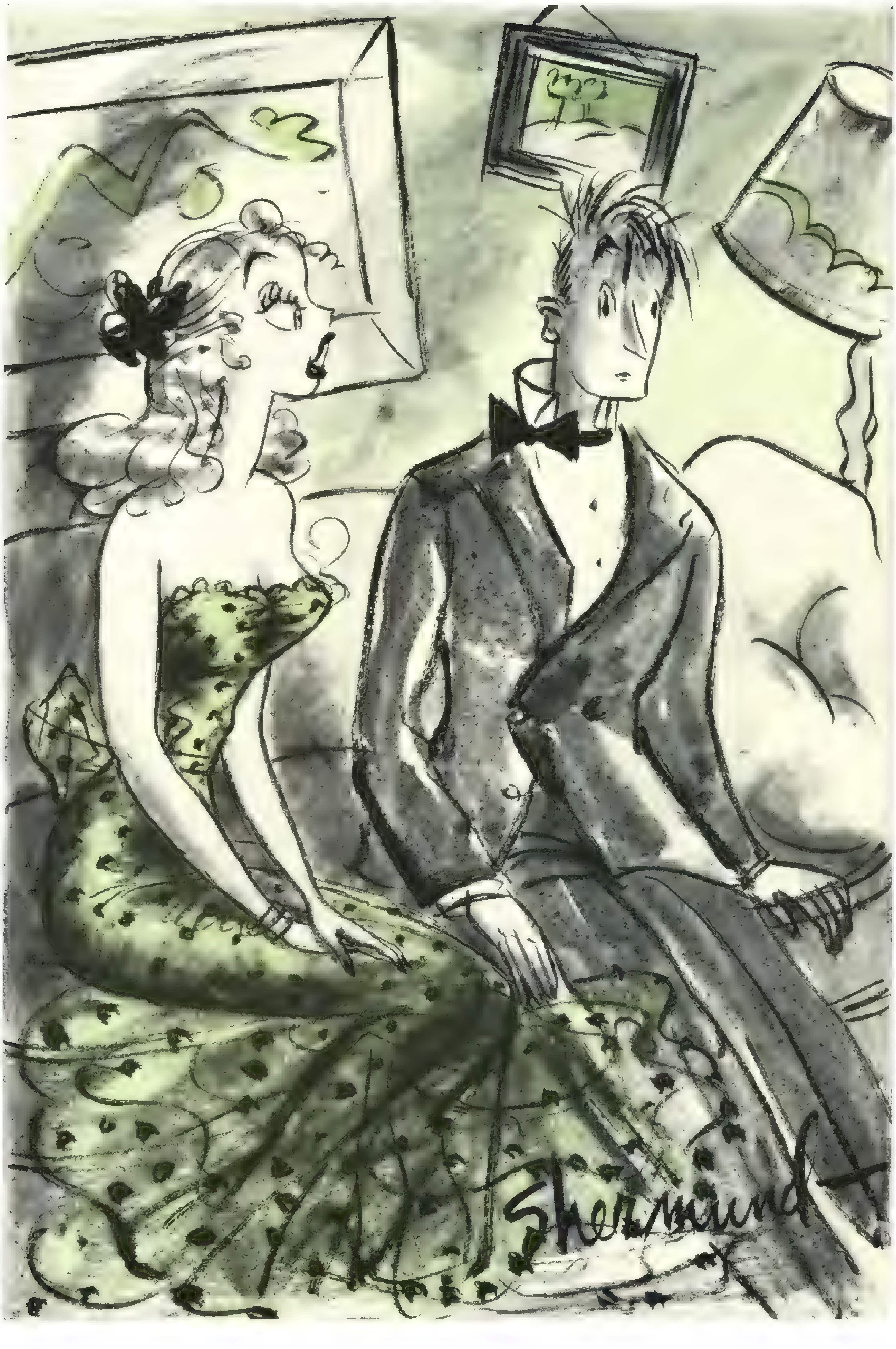

"My, you give up easily"

Sprigtime on the Verandah

Defining the schools of thought on mint for juleps: crushers, pinchers, bruisers, twisters and let-aloners

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

Among thirsters who nuzzle while they slake, the Kentucky breed is perhaps the most emotional. From the hair-trigger tone of their admonition to the bartender, "Don't bruise that liquor!" you would think that instead of mint, it was Southern Womanhood that was in jeopardy. And that because their bluegrass state produces the finest Bourbon, they are the only people competent to serve and consume it intelligently—when the actual fact of the matter is that we *other* Southerners, from Georgia, Maryland, and so on, are the real judges and appreciators. For *we* have perspective on things. So let the tall-talking Kentuckians stick to their distilling, which they are good at, thanks to local advantages. And *we'll* attend to the results.

An unbiased military man of Richmond put the case succinctly when he assured me: "The idea that the first julep was developed in Kentucky is all wrong. Kentucky is a daughter of Virginia and everything she ever learned or did worth a damn came from the old Mother."

Juleps are, he believes, an outgrowth of toddies—those historic Bourbon-water-sugar concoctions which our forebears were wont to lap. Toddies had substance to them. But their temperature, except when heated for wintertime purposes, was tepid, since this was before the days of the ice house. So the old boys set out to find ways and means of improvement. And their researches brought them to brooks, rills and runlets whose coolness was suggestively margined with fragrant mint. An herb to the wise was sufficient. Plucked and kept fresh in the spring house, this little green nosegay was presently on the job in toddy mugs, befronding the situation: drinkers played through. And thus the toddy with the "grass" in it blossomed into the julep.

My historian conjectures that possibly some old bird may have had his mint crushed; if so, it was "an idiosyncrasy, not a julep."

Deploring all extremes, he tells a story which has a moral for us. It seems that a certain Virginian of yore, visiting a friend in Kentucky and offered the customary toddy of those days, turned missionary and showed his host how to make a julep. A year later another acquaintance called to see the Kentuckian and found that he had died. The old butler explained that "a gemmen fro' Ferginny done come by and showed old Marster how to eat grass in his whiskey and he done et hisself ter death!" A case of half-knowledge, obviously. The impulsive convert had learned the basic art of making, but alas, not the higher art of slow and stately sippage whereby Bourbon's soul transmigrates in the manner of Eric, or little by little.

Philosophizing on these aspects of American culture, the good soldier paused to cast an eye upon my julep, which was at half-mast. He sweetened it. And his. (A beak-tickling beaker will last a gentleman all evening, additions from time to time making up for subtractions, keeping the account active.)

Aware, sip by sip, that I was in the presence of a master—and indeed my host's reputation as one of the South's great julepists brings pilgrims to his door from all over—I made bold to ask the recipe. Here it is:

Into a tall, thin glass or, better still, a silver beaker (such as he uses) put a teaspoonful of sugar, a few tender mint leaves, and *just enough water* to dissolve the sugar. Stir it till dissolution, with the mint (uncrushed) establishing a groundwork of aroma. Now pour in one and one-half or two jiggers of good Bourbon. Restir. Then fill to brim with ice and insert an upstanding clump of fresh mint stalks. If the ice is finely cracked and properly dry, an immediate frost sets in. Drink the julep *via the mint.*

Confessing a partiality for this version of Southern tradition, he went on to mention two other techniques as options frequently exercised by verandah athletes. One of these procedures, which I have since tried most gratifyingly, begins with a glass filled with crushed ice, upon which dissolved sugar (prepared with mint leaves as in the previous recipe) is plashed, and then the Bourbon, to fill, achieving a frost de luxe.

In regard to the third method he felt differently. Words of scorn leaped from him as though popped from a derringer.

"Terrible," he declared. "That appalling mint smash which *some* people call a julep! The maker fills his glass half-full of mint leaves and then proceeds to *grind* sugar into them, after which he dumps whiskey and ice upon the mangled remains. As a substitute for this pretty job, I would suggest that he merely get himself a stick of spearmint gum and wash it down with raw likker. There's a kind of mottled mule I've heard tell of that makes you breathe green. It would do these mashers beautifully."

Under the spell of his sentiments and sweetenings, I literally hung on the lip of the cup. Anyone attempting at that moment to maltreat a wee leaf would have done so only over my dead body.

Disapproval of sadistic methods is asserted also by another eminent Virginian harker-backer, Colonel R——, U. S. A. (Ret.) Speaking wistfully of the refreshmental rites at the Officer's Club at Fort Monroe in the old days before Prohibition, he pays tribute to the skill of the steward, a spry old Negro who had been the body servant of Jefferson Davis and still operated according to the precepts of the Confederate President's own recipe. Those, it seems, were juleps!—each a Davis Cup more to be prized than the empty utensil that tennis players get themselves overheated about. Unfortunately the formula, thus treasured in a woolly head, was never entrusted to paper during the lifetime of its curator. Some say it is lost forever. But others, who many a time and oft watched the old fellow at his work, declare they know it absolutely and that it goes as follows:

Stir two teaspoonfuls of Bourbon in a large highball glass with a half teaspoonful of powdered sugar and several young mint leaves. Then fill the glass nearly full of crushed ice (not cracked—biffed in a bag). Pour thereon two ounces of Bourbon, scatter a half teaspoonful of powdered sugar, plant three or four sprigs of mint. Inundate with about a tablespoonful of brandy.

Supplementing these regulations, Colonel R—— issues the warning that:

The glass will not frost
(1) In the wind;
(2) If wet;
(3) With undried ice;
(4) If handled with bare hands.

The inclusion of the foreign note, brandy, may be accounted for, if your palate insists upon an explanation, by the fact that Jefferson Davis' verandah at Beauvoir, down on the Gulf, was located practically within a cork's throw of New Orleans where French spirituous underpinning runs deep historically, with carnivals, Cajun conniptions, and so on merely punctuating the surface of things. He would have been a hard man if he hadn't been influenced by the proximity of such a city.

Influenced, I say—not contaminated. For, as his recipe bears witness, he did not choose to bruise, which the Crescent City folks distinctly do and are proud of it. At the New Orleans Country Club, for example, they serve you as glorious brimfuls of Bourbonized brutality as you ever siphoned into your system. And so, too, in all the revered restau-

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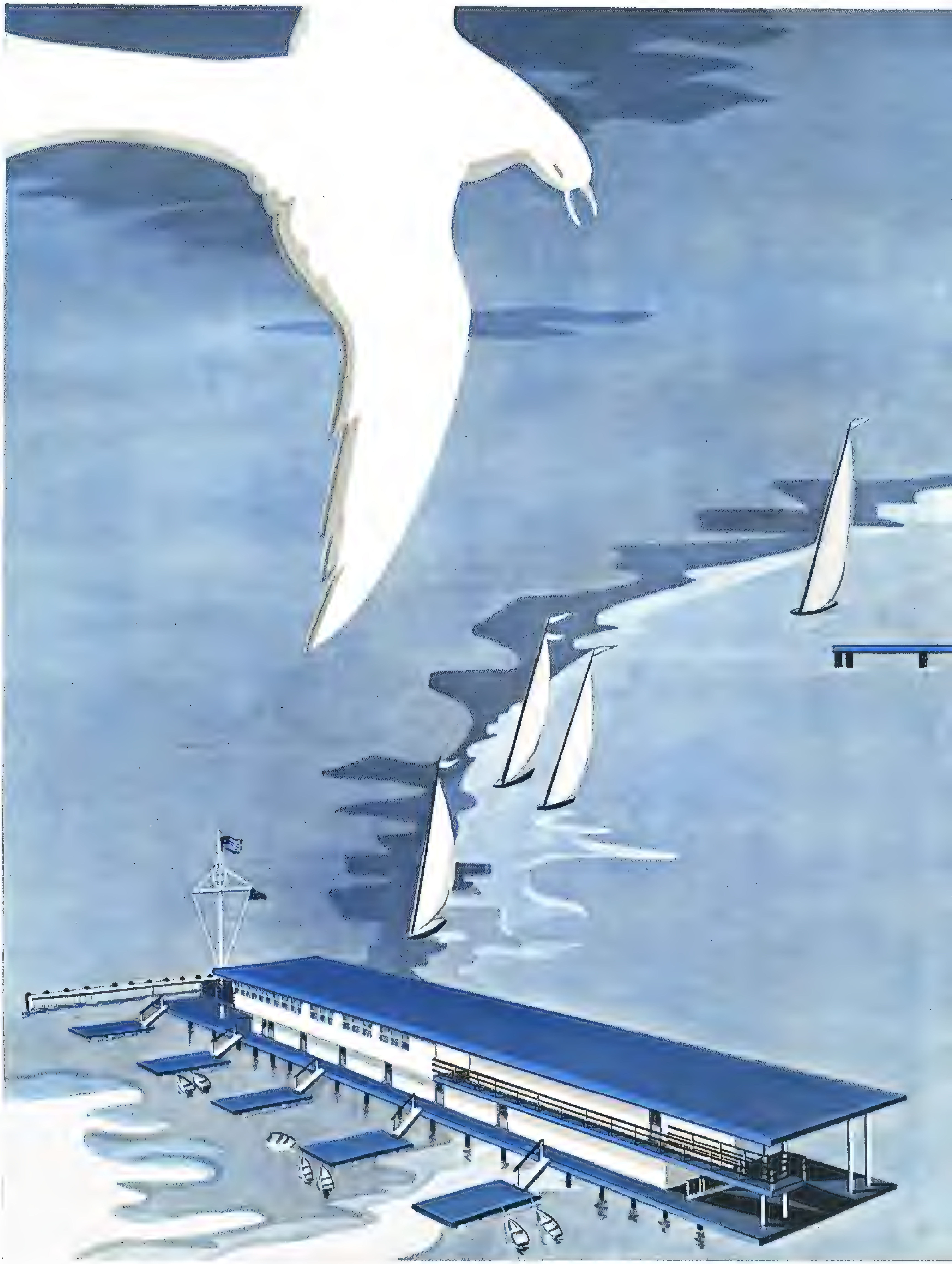

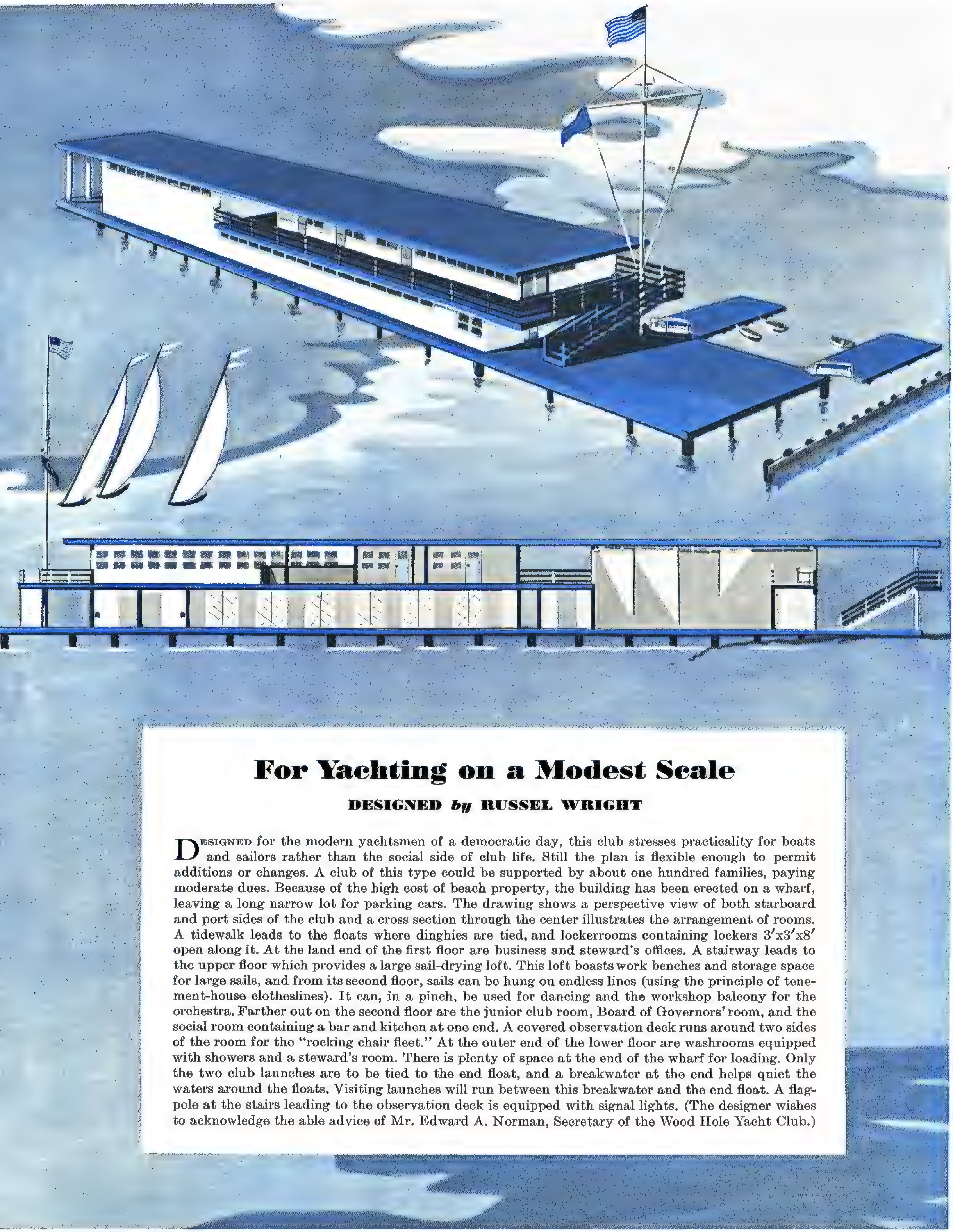

For Yachting on a Modest Scale

DESIGNED *by* RUSSEL WRIGHT

Designed for the modern yachtsmen of a democratic day, this club stresses practicality for boats and sailors rather than the social side of club life. Still the plan is flexible enough to permit additions or changes. A club of this type could be supported by about one hundred families, paying moderate dues. Because of the high cost of beach property, the building has been erected on a wharf, leaving a long narrow lot for parking cars. The drawing shows a perspective view of both starboard and port sides of the club and a cross section through the center illustrates the arrangement of rooms. A tidewalk leads to the floats where dinghies are tied, and lockerrooms containing lockers 3′x3′x8′ open along it. At the land end of the first floor are business and steward's offices. A stairway leads to the upper floor which provides a large sail-drying loft. This loft boasts work benches and storage space for large sails, and from its second floor, sails can be hung on endless lines (using the principle of tenement-house clotheslines). It can, in a pinch, be used for dancing and the workshop balcony for the orchestra. Farther out on the second floor are the junior club room, Board of Governors' room, and the social room containing a bar and kitchen at one end. A covered observation deck runs around two sides of the room for the "rocking chair fleet." At the outer end of the lower floor are washrooms equipped with showers and a steward's room. There is plenty of space at the end of the wharf for loading. Only the two club launches are to be tied to the end float, and a breakwater at the end helps quiet the waters around the floats. Visiting launches will run between this breakwater and the end float. A flagpole at the stairs leading to the observation deck is equipped with signal lights. (The designer wishes to acknowledge the able advice of Mr. Edward A. Norman, Secretary of the Wood Hole Yacht Club.)

The Tall Twiger

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else again. In the mornin's you'd find Cape cobras, big seven footers, yellow as veldt grass, with red eyes, curled up by the rails to get the warmth. An' there was puff adders big around as your arm, an' them damn spittin' cobras the Boers call ringhals, an' brown boomslang playin' off they was old dead branches, an' now an' then a black mamba, with the speed of a runnin' horse an' the devil's own temper, reared up at the edge of that lion cover only waitin' for a dirty look to cut after a man. Just a nick from one of them boys an' a feller stopped, right where he was.

"I was young then an' the road was young—only eight trains a week run over it—so I was my own signalman as well as track walker. An' say, mister, track walkin' was a job in them days. There was earthquakes an' fallen boulders an' cloudbursts to watch for, an' big game to make it tough for a guy. Most any time some elephant or rhino or bull buffalo might take it in his head to rip up a hundred yards of track for a workout, or go to sleep or die there. Twice a day, morning an' evening, I had to cover seven miles of track accordin' to regulations.

"The big drouth was only a month or so along when I first took up my post there. I watched it grow week by week, not knowing the significance of the thing; watched the water holes go bone dry an' the grass burn up an' turn to powder an' the trees an' bushes go bleached white under them winds that blew up every day out of the south, dry an' hot as a blow-pipe flame.

"Then the vultures an' aasvogels begun coming an' the game begun drawin' north, just like now. Every day I'd see the herds crossin' the tracks, all headin' north toward the Sabi River. The impala, gemsbok an' gazelle went first; then the gnu, the zebu an' the wildebeest, the zebra an' the duiker. An' after about three weeks I'd see lines of elephant in the distance an' now an' then a crowd of bush buffalo, or some old rhino with a voice like the 10:22 coming up through Kaffir Cut. Oh, I tell you it was a spectacle to watch when critters like that got on the move.

"The grass was clean gone by that time, burnt to a crisp an' blown away, like a fire had passed over the country. The bare parched ground looked like a dried up sea bed with big cracks running across it. From miles away you could hear the baboons over on the kloofs yammering over the hunger that griped their bellies. An' by night the lions an' leopards was on the loose. They got bolder an' bolder an' each night I'd hear the beggars padding about the station. A fresh crew of them had come up from the south an' sometimes they'd fair shake the plain with their roarin'.

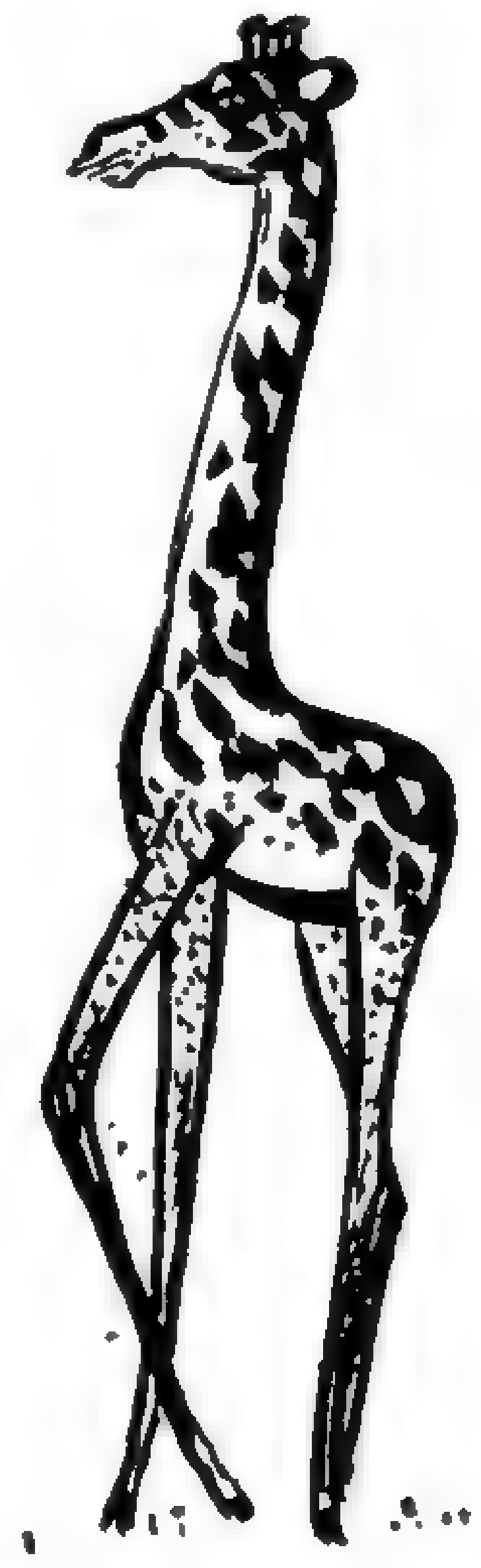
"Then the wild dogs came. First in small bunches, then in big packs of over a hundred. I never see before or since such packs, an' I'm here to tell you that even a family of lions would give over a fresh kill to one of them big packs. Them *wild-honde* scoured the country, combing the thickets like so many hunting dogs an' many a leopard an' many a lion fell before them.

"I mistrust you know the *pheal*, mister—that awful yellin' a pack of wild dogs make on a hot trail? There's a crazy leerin' laugh runs through it an' it's bad enough even in a small pack, but you take a pack of a hundred an' fifty or more an' it's awful, but I tell you, awful.

"I was a fine big broth of a lad in them days, weighin' two hundred pounds of solid meat, with arms on me like two, an' there wasn't many things I wouldn't try once, but I tell you when I covered my line of track I didn't loaf about none an' I carried not only a rifle but an old army revolver, an' a lantrun in the evenin'.

"Many's the time I'd see a gang of them wild dogs keepin' pace with me, skitterin' in an' out of the brush alongside the track an' I wouldn't know but the game was up for me, but they never quite dared to rush me.

"For two weeks they hung about that way, then they moved north on the track of the herds. In that time they'd cleaned that country out—what I mean, cleaned it. I said before the game had left, but I wasn't counting such small truck as lived in holes an' burrows. But them dogs had even dug out the fennec, the ring-dassies, the klipspringers, the meer kats an' donga rats an' most of the lizards. They'd even chivvied most of the lions out of that territory, so there was nothing left but the snakes an' the baboons up among the kloofs.



" 'Well, it don't differ a damn to me,' I says to myself. 'I'm here first an' there's grub in the shack.'

"I thought I'd been through the worst by then, you see. Every day I looked for a break in the heat, a cloud showin' or a slatter of rain, like a feller will. But Billy, I hadn't seen nothing yet. That drouth was just beginning.

"Times when the wind was right there'd come the awfulest stink across the country. After a bit you'd not only smell it, you'd begin to taste it an' sweat it. For hundreds of miles about cattle an' game had been dyin' an' the rinderpest had set in. The aasvogels perchin' in rows along the telygraph wires was fair bloated with the pickin's. You could hear 'em any time of day, pukin' an' belchin'. Oh, I tell you it was bright an' cheerful. . . . An' then the trains begun to quit runnin'. Soon there was only three a week. The nit-wit excursioners an' the like had quit travelin' that line, understand, all but them that had to. An' by an' by there wasn't but one train a week. . . ."

Mr. Duneen broke off and sat thinking for a minute or so, evidently, as it appeared, casting about for the proper slant and wording to what followed before he attempted to tell it. Abruptly he went on, turning to eye me truculently.

"You know what's the worst thing to bear at a time like that?"

I did not venture a monosyllable, knowing from experience it would sidetrack his story indefinitely.

"It ain't the heat. Nor it ain't thirst. It's the silence an' emptiness, mister. But I mistrust there's nothing I could rightly put words to that'd make you understand the rest of this.

"I ain't so sure I understand it myself, even now."

He paused again, speaking more slowly and thoughtfully now, as if conjuring the pictures he wished to describe out of a vague limbo of memory.

"Properly speaking, there ain't anything more to tell about this. The rest was just the heat an' the emptiness—an' them trains all stoppin'. An' then that damn dust. You see, there'd come to be a fine dust over the country by that time. Every day it hung suspended in the air an' sifted like a fine flour over everything inside an' out. It shut you in like, so you couldn't see more than five hundred yards or so, an' it was the same every day an' every day. An' that dust reflected the light so it stung the eyeballs an' made a feller dizzy.

"From the minute the sun come up in the morning the dangedest penetratin' pressure would start buildin' up, gettin' worse hour after hour, till it seemed nothing human could stand up to it. It was made up of the heat an' the silence, the emptiness an' the dust—an' them damn trains all stoppin'.

"I didn't mind how it was all gettin' on my nerve, it was so gradual like, till of a sudden one day I seemed to be standin' off to one side in that heat, watchin' myself movin' about like a play actor.

"There was an old calendar on the wall of my shack. It was two years old, but I left it up because it had on it the picture of a fine snooty-lookin' girl in a plaid dress. She was a sight to look at out in a place like that, so almighty cool an' spotless like. She'd come to be a livin' character to me in a manner of speaking, like a sister, or the girl I'd left behind in Galway, or the wife I was going back to see on furlough. I'd sort of been chinnin' with her when I caught myself that day.

"After that I watched myself close, but there was no sort of good in that because before long I'd be standin' to one side again, watchin' myself movin' like one of these mechanical Tommy-tons an' it's a chore to know which is real, it, me or myself. What I'm tryin' to say is I wouldn't even be thinkin' my own thoughts or movin' accordin' to my own will for long at a time. It was the workin' of the devils that lived in that heat an' silence, you understand, an' they wouldn't be shut up or denied. Anyhow that's the only way I can explain the things I'm tryin' to tell.

"One day I caught that girl on the calendar lookin' at me with a snooty grin. I ripped her down from the wall an' stomped on that pretty pan of hers, then I chucked her out in the sizzlin' sun an' watched her fade an' curl up, laughin' all the while. That did me no end of good.

"That was the day I found that time had stopped for me along with everything else. I'd been waitin' an' waitin' for that weekly train to come through, a mite vague as to the exact day, till I woke up one mornin' to find it was two weeks since the last one had gone through.

"Well sir, that rocked my intellecks clean to the foundations, you might say. From that time on to the end of the drouth never another train did come through, an' by the Lord Harry, even the telygraph line was dead. I couldn't raise a whisper with my key, east or west. I didn't know, of course, that trouble had broke out between the Germans an' the English back at the coast an' that the road was out of business for a spell, so you can fancy what it did to me.

"I come of respectable folks back home, with a religious upbringing an' indoor plumbing, but none of that offered me any bulwark then. I wasn't but a speck in the middle of that emptiness, frying there under that awful pressure of heat an' silence an' worry. Strike me straight, I didn't know at times but I'd died an' gone to hell. Part of the time I thought the end of the world had come, the last great burning. I disremembered ever takin' a job on that road—it's nothin' but a bad dream, thinks I.

"It was somewhere in there, I don't know how long after, that the gy-raffe come through. Like I told you, the gy-raffe'll weather a drouth longer than any of the other critters. Built like a camel they are, when it comes to goin' without water, an' further an' more, they get a heap of moisture from the leaves of the trees they feed on long after the plains is

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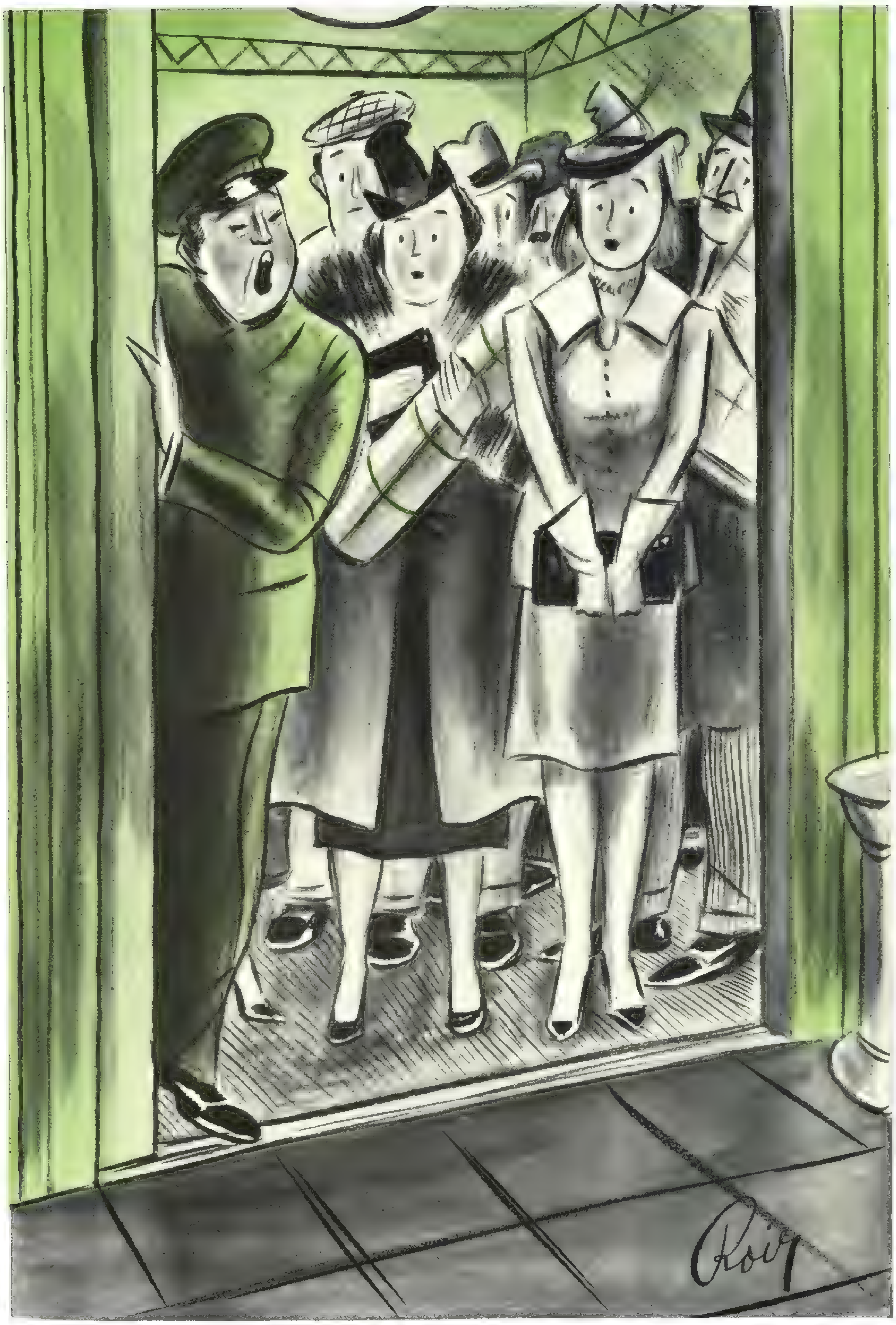


"Basement . . . Toys, Books, Games, Sporting Goods, Party Decorations, Baby Carriages and Bombproof Cellars"

The Tall Twiger

Continued from pages 22-90

dried up. I see 'em comin' up from the south one afternoon, at that slow rockin'-horse gait of theirs that looks like they're rompin' along on a bedspring, their long necks stickin' up out of the dust haze. At first I take 'em for an apper-ation. There was quite a herd of 'em, an' like always, they don't savvy nothing about telygraph wires. They run the wires on that road about fifteen an' a half foot high, so they fouled most of the herd. They run smack into 'em with their long necks an' four-five of the wires broke with a loud ping an' the wires that held, slung the animals fair back on their haunches, knockin' some of 'em to the ground. But they're up in a second an' the whole gang charged on through with a great twangin' of wires, an' cut away full speed to the north—all but one young bull, the tallest critter I ever set eyes on. He must have been eighteen foot if he's an inch, an' there's nary a bend to his neck nor his ideas. So there he stays, runnin' up an' down the telygraph line, figurin' he's trapped, no doubt.

"I can't rightly say what the sight of that critter did to me," said Mr. Duneen. "There he was after days of emptiness—something alive to hear an' look at, raisin' a dust as he run up an' down. Just a big goofer of a gy-raffe, you understand, extra tall, extra dumb, but he was real, an' he'd snapped me out of the maze I'd been bogged in an' it fair brought the tears to my eyes. Well, sir, I had to hold onto the critter. He'd become the most important thing in life to me though you'll understand I'm in no sense soft when it comes down to a nanimal."

At this point he stopped impressively, giving me a quick fierce glance from under his bushy baboon eyebrows. I lay stone still. A single grunt from me would have set him off on a heated tirade.

"I'd run out of the shack," he continued at last, "an' I stood there shakin' all over. Already I'd begun to worry about him. I was afeared he'd go up the line a piece an' find the deep cut where even he could walk right under them wires, but not him. There wasn't but one place to get through, an' that was where his mates had crossed. He figured them wires was a high fence built around him, I guess, an' he abided by it. When I'd step outside the shack he'd run off a piece but never far. He'd luff to a couple hundred yards away an' stand watchin' me, nervous like but not overly scared.

"I knew what'd hold him. There was a water tank at the station for trains. It was near empty, but a plucky lot I cared about that. I had a wash tub that I used to take a bit of a bath in, an' I dragged it out on the plain an' lugged water from the tank an' filled it. He could smell it an' see it an' God knows how long he'd been without water, but it was a whole day before he'd come to it. Finally he goes down on the ground, his long legs spraddled out beneath him in the way giraffes drink an' he emptied that tub in four or five long swigs.

"For better than a week he had me luggin' water to him in that fryin' heat. An' I laid out lumps of salt for him each day. There ain't a wild critter that won't go soft over a bit of salt. An' I gave over all the grain an' meal I had in the shack to him, too, fancy that—though mighty little truck he'd have with it. Messing about that way, a whole day would be gone in no time at all, which was a good thing for me; it kept my mind off the heat an' such.

"While I was giving over my eatin' truck to him, he was offering summat to me as well. Do you mind the native name for the gy-raffe, mister? Twiger, is what they call 'em, meanin' something about magic horns, they tell me. Did you ever take close note of a gy-raffe's horn? It ain't a horn properly speakin', less'n a foot long with little knobs on the end of it. It ain't made for fightin', nor yet for gorin' in the ground nor proddin' trees. D'you know what it is? It's a feeler an' it's the spit image of them little knobbed horns a snail sticks up out of his head on a wet mornin'.

"I tell you, it was them horns of his that kep' the two of us goin', in a manner of speakin'. Mumb as a clabber he was, for a gy-raffe is a deifan'dorfer an' never makes a sound. But them horns of his talked up plenty. Times I'd be fair at the end of my string from the heat an' the silence. I'd sit in the shack with my mind in a mucky moil an' holler an' yell just to raise an echo. I'd pray for an earthquake, a tornado or the rollin' up of the bloody plain like a burnt paper, but there was nothing, nothing at all. I'd take a squint out of the shack door an' there he'd be, standin' like a danged old Eiffel Tower, sort of leanin' into the east or north an' pointin' his knobbers. Gettin' the feel of that whole country, he was, usin' his bloomin' neck an' horns like a naerial. The sight of him like that would always fetch me up in my tracks; I'd not be able to take my peepers off him, an' by an' by I'd tune in with him, you might say, an' things wasn't as black as they might look. He'd come driftin' by like a totem pole an' you'd only to look into them mild, quiet little eyes of his an' you'd know it was only the weather that was nuts an' you'd take aholt of yourself an' carry on.

"Once I remember he cut away to the south-east for two-three miles an' I figured he was pullin' out for good an' you'd ought to of seen me. I run after him across the plain with no hat under that fryin' sun, an' I guess I'd never of gone back to the shack without he'd luffed to an' listened to reason.

"I can't tell you how long that critter stayed about there, but I know it was better than three weeks, an' me wet-nursin' him all that time. I'd water enough to keep him going an' there was still feedin' on the thorn trees hard by, but before long it's plain to me that gy-raffe isn't doing well. He's droopin' an' poorly an' not because he's starvin' neither, but the news he's gettin' over his knobbers seems almighty depressin'. There's nothin' I can do about it an' one mornin' he just folds up on me. Pinin' for his mates, that's what done it; there was nothing else wrong with him. He just decided to shove off, so he shoved. He laid down an' he was dead by afternoon."

Mr. Duneen stopped abruptly to mop his face with a huge ragged bandanna. "Now don't you go spreadin' it about, what I'm goin' to tell you!" he said belligerently. "I wouldn't have it known what a daft coot I'd been for a half-interest in this bloody railroad. Goin' soft the way I did, over nothin' but a nanimal."

I nodded almost imperceptibly. It was all I could do to restrain a whoop of delight at how neatly and inevitably the animal kingdom had edged in and cracked open my friend's hard shell when it counted most. In time of stress a man can always renew his faith and hope through animals. That's an axiom that never fails in an animal land like Africa, and I had wondered if Mr. Duneen was really crass enough to be an exception.

"I'm tellin' you that was like the end of the world to me," he went on, watching me close. "Nothin' but a nanimal, mind you, but I went about blubberin' an' carryin' on like it was my blood brother as had been took. Then I see the vultures an' aasvogels gatherin' an' I out with my tools an' started to dig, sweatin' an' blubberin' an' laughin' like a sack o' nuts out there on the plain under that blisterin' sun. What was I doin'? I was diggin' that critter a proper grave an' do you know what it is to dig a gy-raffe's grave, Mister? It's a heap easier trenchin' yourself in again' the Heinies any day. You got eighteen foot to go north an' south before you even start to square her off for the body proper, but I was out to cheat the vultures. I'd bury that critter decent like the proper gent he was."

Suddenly Mr. Duneen threw back his head and laughed.

"Do you know, it wasn't till three-four days later that I rightly woke up to find I'd been off my ruddy rocker? I was still diggin' an' sweatin' there like a mad tyke by day an' sleepin' hard by with my rifle at night. An' now that the hole was near done there was the little matter of shiftin' the corp into place. I had to tear boards off the side of the shack for skids an' pry hard to port with a length of railroad iron, working again' Nature an' the flies, 'cause by now that corp was growin', mind you, near as fast as the hole itself. I didn't even take note of the weather in the roil of it all, so it was a slatter of hot rain puckerin' the dust that brung me back to myself. The drouth had broken.

"That rain come down like buckshot, an' them first drops was the biggest I ever seen with a splash to each one of 'em dang near the size of a fried egg. Fact. It was the rain, like I said, that brung me around, but it took quite a spell at that. I went right on diggin' in the mud till all was done an' leveled off, 'cause I hadn't even known till then that I was off my dot, carryin' on that way over a nanimal.

"D'you know what I done then? I packed up what victuals I had left an' started walkin' along the track, headin' for the coast. I covered better than sixty miles, I figure, before a fever caught up with me; I fell to shakin' like a flagstaff in a gale an' the next I know I'm in a hospital bed back in Ancobra, with the bill paid an' all found an' nothin' to do but eat an' chin with a spankin' fine corn-fed nurse. Some other track walker on the Road had found me an' you know they dang near raised my pay to what I was worth for stickin' at my post so long. 'Course I never told 'em I'd been clean daft, hob-nobbin' out there with a gy-raffe. They put it all down to pluck an' who was I to disillude 'em?"

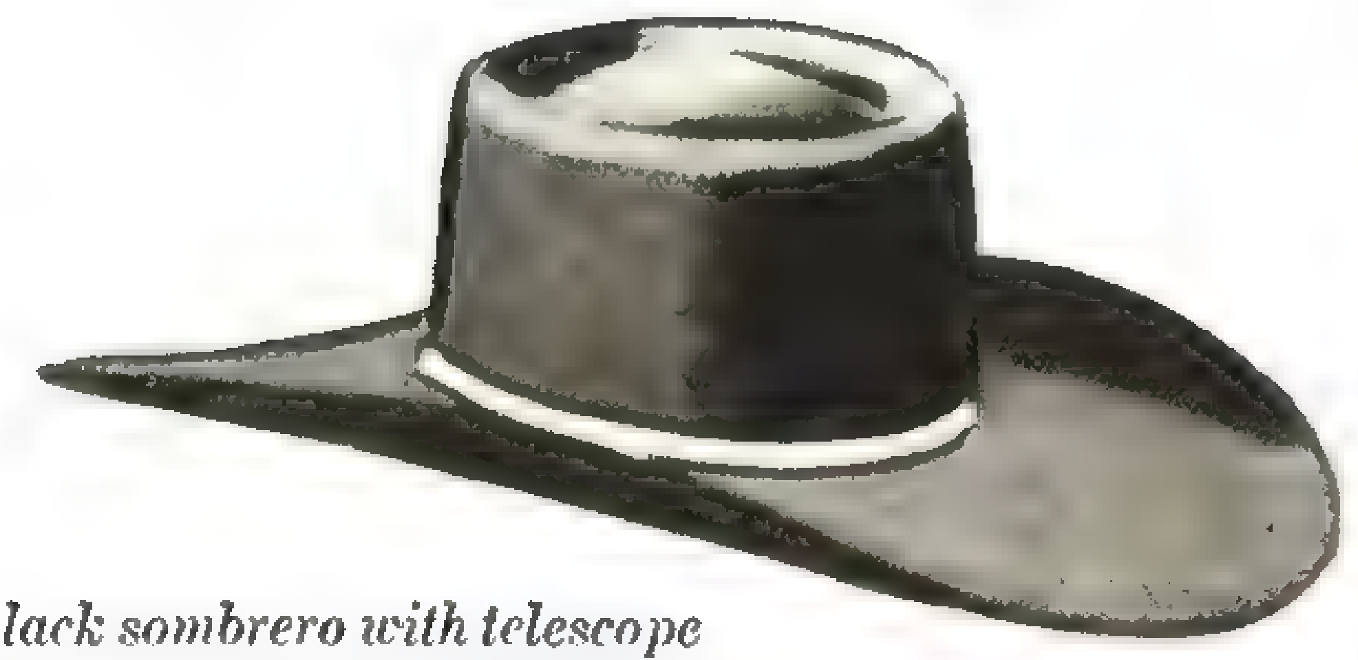
He broke off abruptly and I knew by the ill-natured clearing of his throat, by the irate way he knocked his pipe out against a boot heel that he had quite finished.

"That's a great story," I ventured, sitting up. "You had a deep look-see at the animal kingdom. A fellow sees the real thing for once at a time like that—"

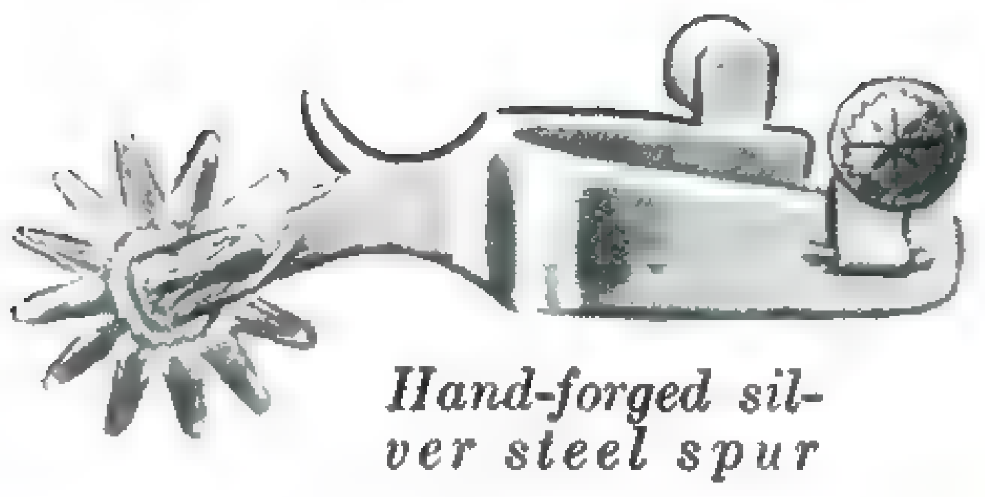
Mr. Duneen arose with a snort: "So you're off again on natural history!" he said. "I'd an idea you'd not understand what I was gettin' at. I was balmy just once about a nanimal, but never no more. Good day to you. An' mind, I'm bindin' you to keep what I told you to yourself." And he strode huffily off to make ready for the evening train. I'd not see him again, I knew, in many a day. It would take him a year or more to live down such a confession.

I sat thinking for awhile after he had gone and somehow the idea of bagging a four-ton elephant for the mere sake of some ivory trophies had come to look pretty empty. I don't like waiting and I didn't like that drouth and for the moment at least I had considerably less than no satisfaction in the thought of a certain row of heads that adorned my study wall back home.

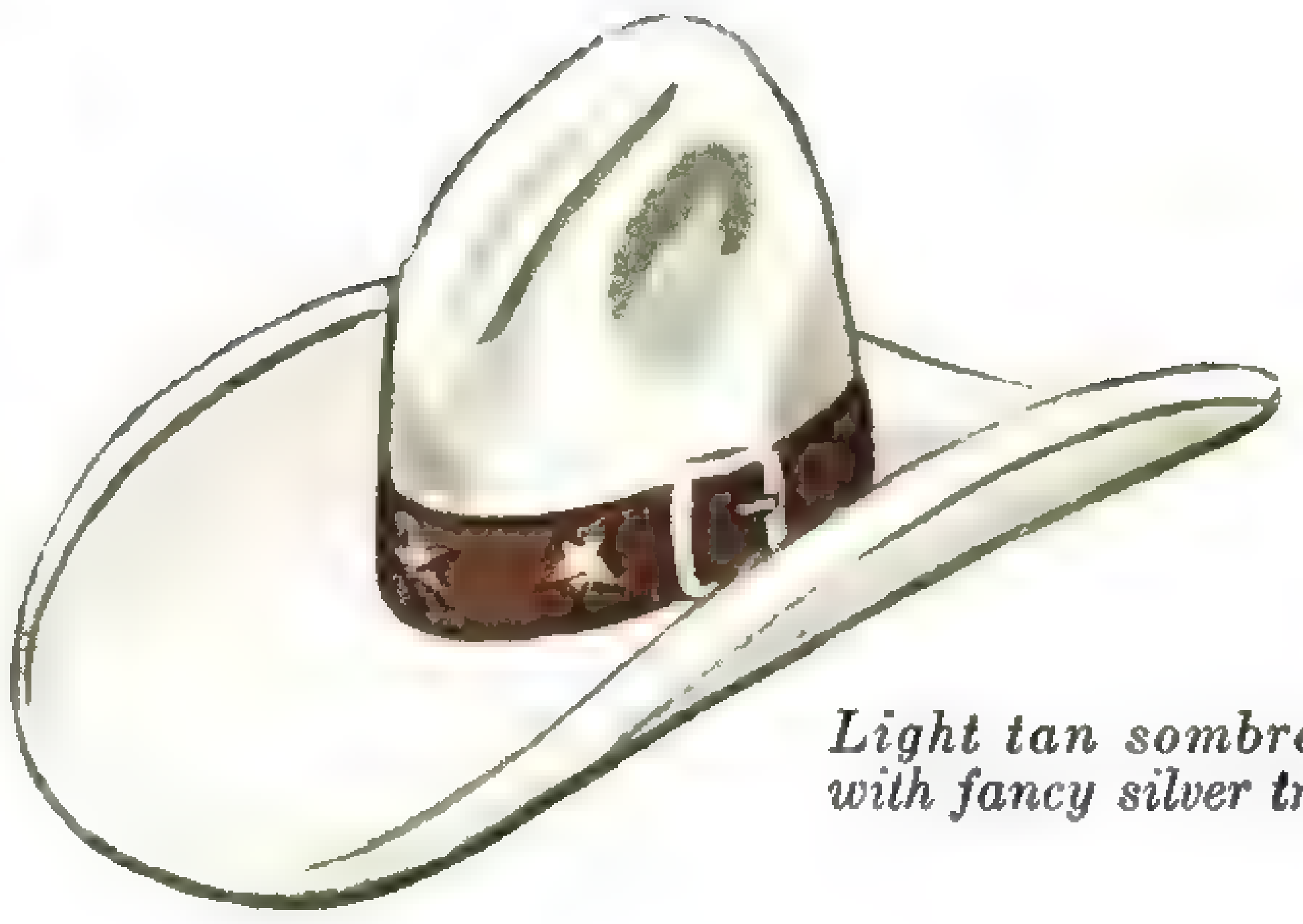
About two hours later Mr. Duneen was flabbergasted when I showed up at the station in time to catch the east-bound passenger. ⧺



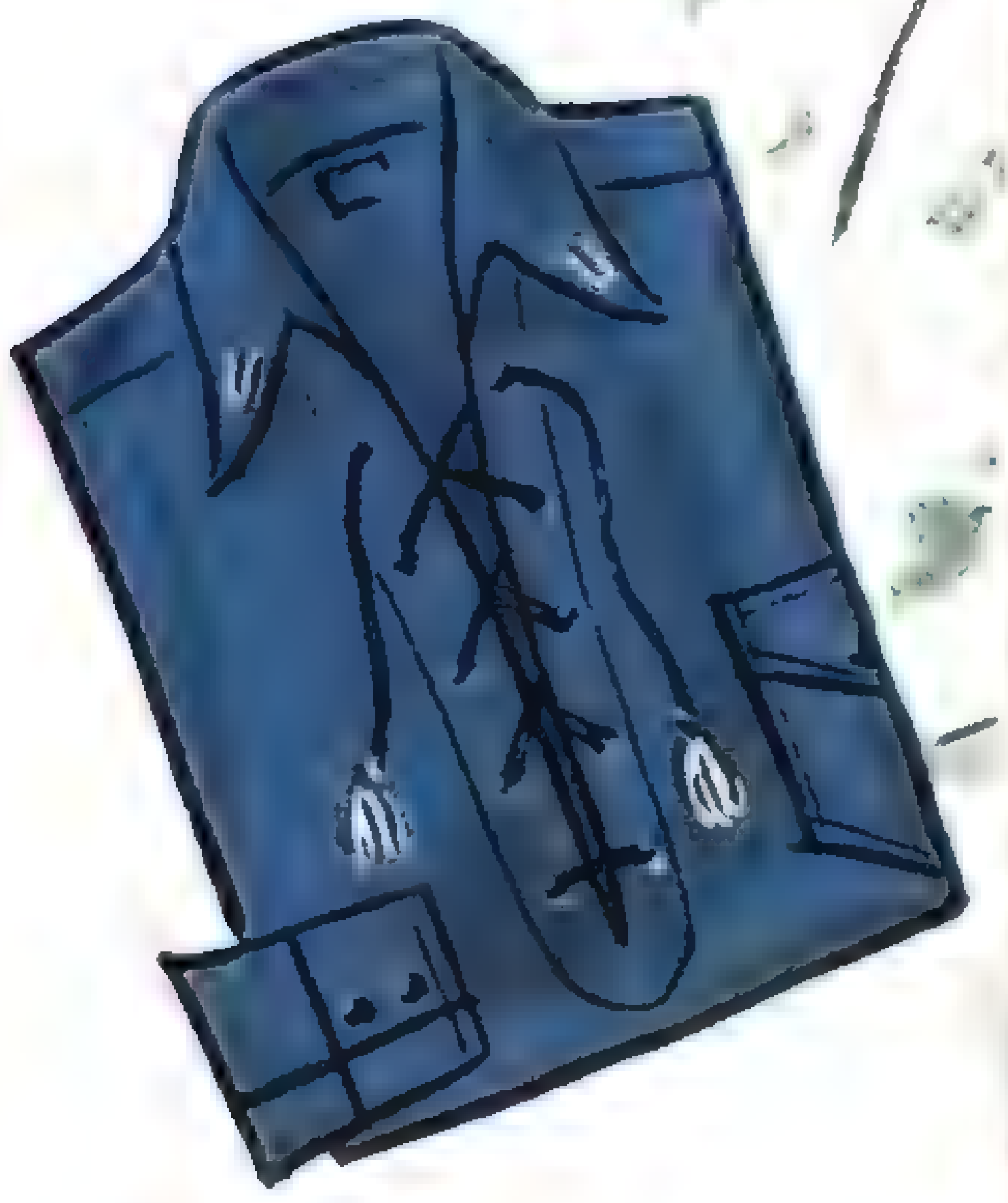
Black sombrero with telescope crown and white cord band



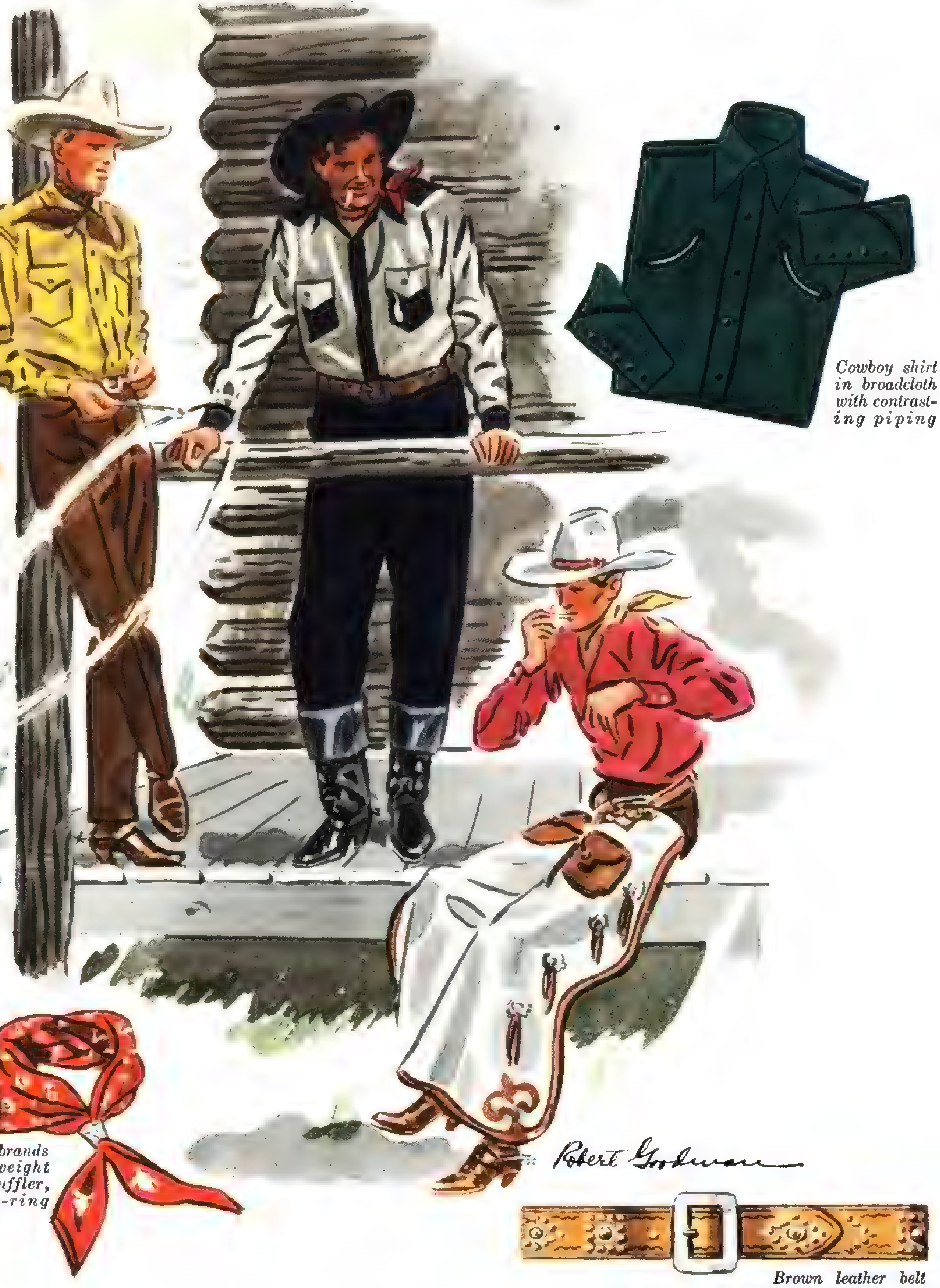
Hand-forged silver steel spur



Light tan sombrero with fancy silver trim



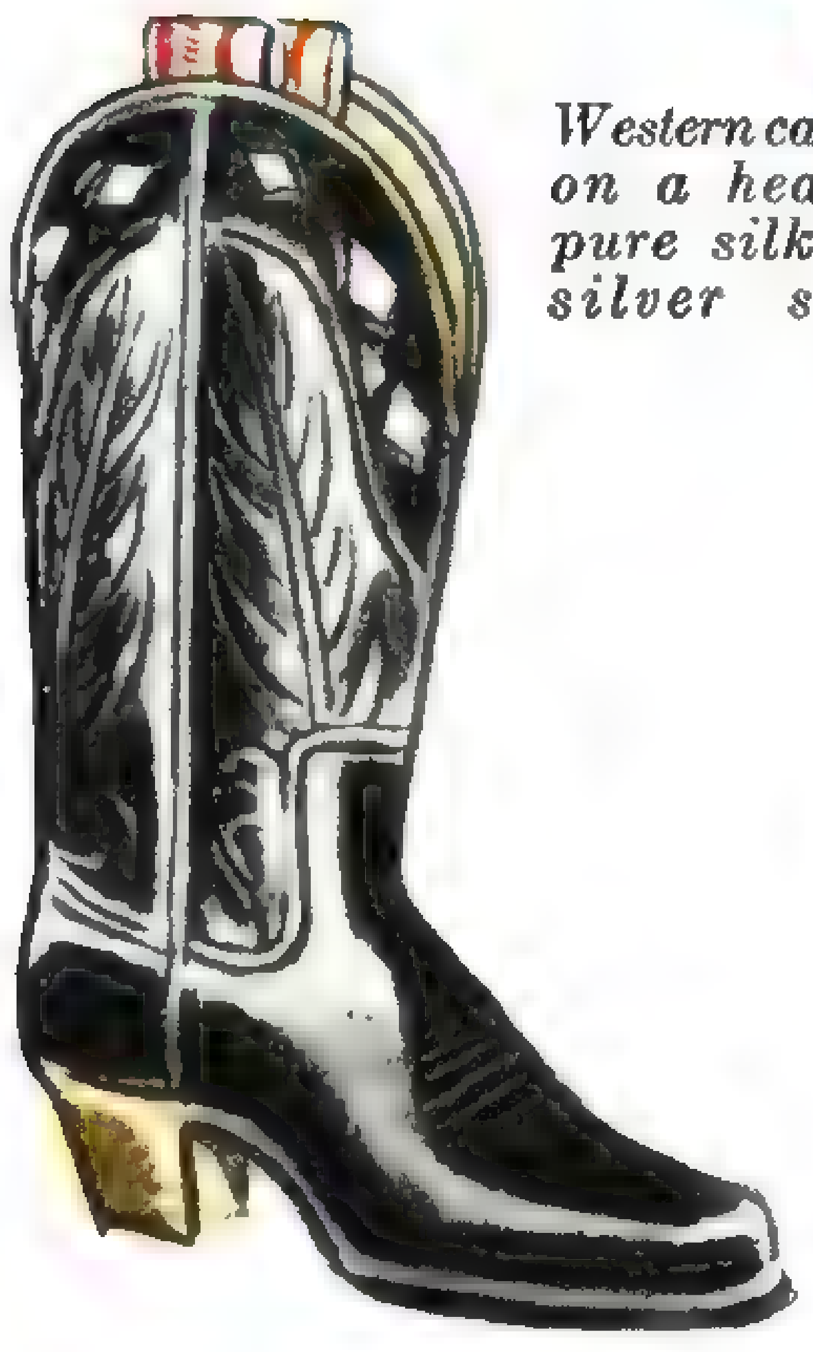
Open neck lace front shirt of fade-proof broadcloth



Cowboy shirt in broadcloth with contrasting piping

Western cattle brands on a heavyweight pure silk muffler, silver slip-ring

Brown leather belt with fancy silver trim

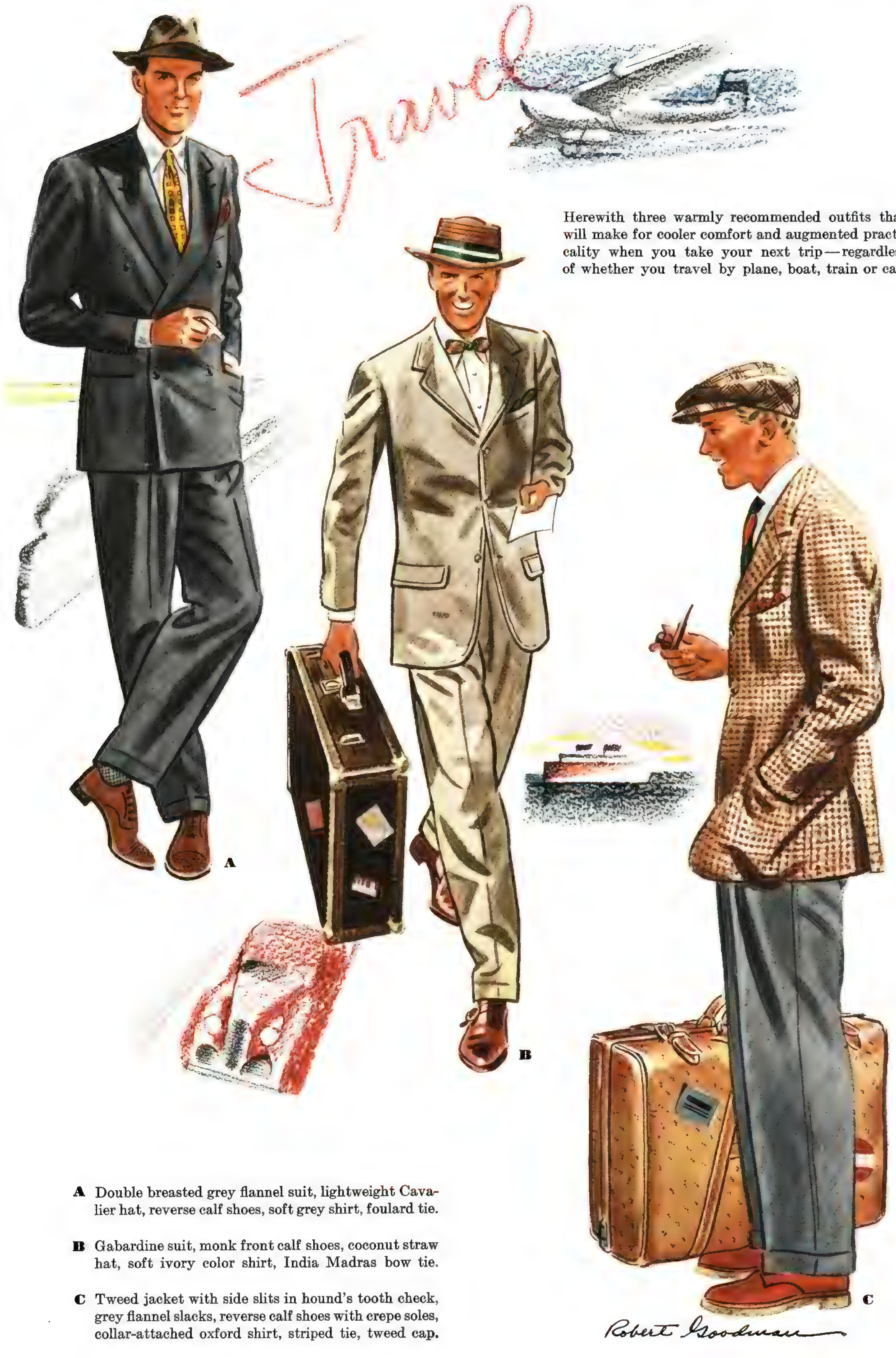


Cowboy boot of light-weight French calf

Going west, young man?

The annual trek to the dude ranches, by now at the head of many a vacation list, continues at a merry clip, with the Eastern dude adopting all the colorfulness and the zest of the old Western cowpuncher's dress. Three practical and widely favored Dude Ranch outfits are shown above, left to right: Tan sombrero, yellow shirt, brown frontier trousers and brown boots. . . . Black telescope crown sombrero, grey shirt with black trim, blue dungarees, black calf boots. . . . White cowboy hat, cherry color shirt, leather chaps, brown boots.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Herewith three warmly recommended outfits that will make for cooler comfort and augmented practicality when you take your next trip—regardless of whether you travel by plane, boat, train or car.

A Double breasted grey flannel suit, lightweight Cavalier hat, reverse calf shoes, soft grey shirt, foulard tie.

B Gabardine suit, monk front calf shoes, coconut straw hat, soft ivory color shirt, India Madras bow tie.

C Tweed jacket with side slits in hound's tooth check, grey flannel slacks, reverse calf shoes with crepe soles, collar-attached oxford shirt, striped tie, tweed cap.

Sprigtime on the Verandah

Continued from page 87

rants where gumbo is gone at, green ouches (the pinch system is the most merciful but may lead to confusion if there's anybody named Aminta around) yield vitamins to strawmen engrossed in contacting Kentucky. Anyhow, as I was saying, Mr. Davis was a man of gentle ways with a predilection for a bit of brandy as a sort of lid or roof, which gave the Bourbon privacy and snugness. New Englanders, who have derived their sustenance and their temperament from shut-in pie in contradistinction to the topless tarts of Albion, will readily appreciate the forethought. And it wasn't apricot brandy, such as some concocters employ as a final fillip. Nor apple brandy, which the notionate inhabitants of Harrisburg, Virginia base their work on, with honey instead of sugar. It was Gallic distillate of grape wine—which certain antiquarians swear was the original julep liquor, dating from a time when Kentucky's gifted limestone water hadn't yet met up with grains of corn to dream of becoming the South's own soother and climate remedy which the damn-Yankees are now horning in on. I am informed that even in myopic New York City the Bourbon curve is climbing by leaps and bottles, with here and there a user so advanced as to know what's what in brands and to order accordingly. However, credulity is still in flower. You'll still find vague-minded gazers at labels, who hope that Dame Fortune will steer them to a wonderful buy—something from a really truly distillery with a reputation and smokestacks and everything. If they were going to drink *paper* they just couldn't go wrong, never mind *what* name was on it. Theirs is a plight as helpless as that of the flustered female at the New York World's Fair whom I heard asking at the change booth of a bus station: "Please, Miss, will this bus take me where I want to go?"

If these dumb Yankees don't understand our liquor, let them lay off it. Or, rather, let them go ahead and buy the cats and dogs and leave us Southerners the pickings.

A type of distress case which does arouse our sympathy is that of the julep lover who in some foreign country feels the call of desire and lacks the makings with which to gratify it. I ran across such a case. He was a scientist from the South pursuing special studies in Paris, and how he yenned for a julep, which the Parisians didn't seem to have heard of! Matters were rendered acute by the prospective arrival of an old friend from back home. There just had to be juleps—*somehow*!

Unable to obtain mint at the market stalls, he tried the florists. Still no success. Next an herbalist, who had only dried mint to offer. And then a nurseryman: trees exclusively. Finally, he visited the Faculté de Pharmacie, where, seeking out the gardener, he employed the wily technique of smoking an American cigarette, letting the smoke waft enticingly.

"Cigarette Américaine très-bonne," murmured monsieur the gardener, nostrils dilating; which meant he was hooked. The pack was handed over and the seeker could have had any plant from belladonna to begonia. His difficulty was how to pick the sort of mint he had need of out of some twenty varieties, none of them labeled "Mint for Juleps." Luckily the three he did select worked beautifully, with Cognac pinch-hitting for attar of corn.

Flushed with this success, he proceeded to organize a mint movement at his favorite *bistro*, with the result that the management installed a flower pot of that herb, together with a pair of scissors, attached by a long red ribbon, for cutting the sprigs. With that equipment he bravely marked time till his return to Bourbonland.

If I may say so, my one and only julep in France bespoke more originality. 'Twas in Barbizon, idyllic resort of painters and charabancs. The day was warm and dusty, and the quaint-thatched luncheon cottage boasted an American Bar, which prompted thoughts of a certain type of cool reorganizer. Could mine host possibly by any chance prepare such a thing?

Came the prompt answer, "But certainly, Monsieur." In about half an hour came the creation itself, housed in a vast, cylindrical glass, and consisting of chopped-up apples and pine nuts (from the Forest of Fontainebleau) piled high together, and graced with a couple of authentic mint leaves. Over this glassed-in mountain had been poured some lovely water from the Barbizon spring, and then an ample shot of green crème de menthe. No ice.

I was too stunned to cry out.

Well, at any rate, the British understand us and our peculiarities. Or do they? As a test, one might consult the invaluable *Dictionary of Food and Culinary Encyclopaedia* by C. Herman Senn, Order of the British Empire, and author also of *Home Made Summer and Winter Drinks*. Oh yes, here it is:

"Mint Julep. Name of an American drink."

If *that* doesn't dispose of your silly curiosity about a drink of no importance, why, I rather fancy you can jolly well go jump in the Thames or any other river in the British Empire you may select.

But I'd hate to think of the mental torture that ole precious Harris Dickson, Vicksburg host, novelist, and verandah raconteur, would be put to in Europe; for Marse Dickson he sho know de juleps. You don't "make" or "mix" them, says he to me Dutch uncle-like. You "build" them.

First on his agenda is the sugaring of the lemon-juiced edges of the silver cups by reversing them upon a pulverized-spread plate. Next, the mortaring of lump sugar into a smooth syrup, which goes into the cups along with mint (slightly bruised), crushed ice, and Bourbon which he insists must be ancient. Much stirring. More mint—a handful in each cup, the center being left open. Then a dash of Jamaica rum. As a finale, small bits of quartered orange slices are straddled upon the edge of each cup (four pieces); a slice of pineapple is laid on top with maraschino cherry in umbilical effect, completing what might be called Hanging Gardens of Bourbon.

Straws must be scissored to measure, so that the nose will be within inhaling distance and yet not buried. Concerning the attack, his exhortation is: "Be not tumultuous or over-hasty. Assume tranquillity and woo with decorum. A julep, sir, is not an incident, it is a function."

What gets me down is not the pomp and ceremony but the terrible responsibility of having inherited some obviously professional cups from my maternal great-great-grandfather, who was a better man than I am with three or four Gunga Dins thrown in. Then, too, there is recorded among the sayings of great-great-uncle Richard, on the other side of the family, the stern injunction that his wife, Elizabeth, could "keep her damned food where she wanted to, but the mint julep goblets and the tray as well, must be kept in the icebox at *all* times." True, I haven't got *those* cups domineering over me and hounding me to action, but I might as well have so far as any freedom to slacken is concerned. For I am knee-deep in ancestral recipes that have tumbled from high up in every family tree I am a puny sprig of. I keep pouring and stirring, I've tickled my snozzle to the bone, and yet I am rounds and rounds behind.

And there's the conflict of loyalties. As for sundry Mackalls I am obligated to emulate, they were neither crushers, bruisers, pinchers, nor let-aloners. They twisted! So I've gotta twist. They stood up the decorated sprig of mint along the side of the goblet. They used rock candy syrup. And they despised straws, making themselves a lip hold somewhere along the brim. At no time during the making or drinking did they touch the bowl of the goblet with their hand. All of which was in Maryland, where Baltimore's Hotel Stafford now puts up in its Velvet Lounge one of the tastiest juleps you ever toiled at. But the latter is of the crushed kind that conscientious Mackalls aren't allowed to like. Resolutely I harden my heart against them, but sometimes it suddenly softens.

Twisting then exclusively, we skip over Charleston, where there is a by-branch reared on versions with fresh peach in them, and we come to the Lawtons of Savannah. Here all Mackall rules are outlawed, right off the verandah. And this is the headquarters whence came the cups I am a vassal to.

An exact statement of my working orders has recently been transmitted to me by the present head of the clan. He writes:

"It is Bourbon, then, the tender leaves of mint and a man-sized lump of sugar, all crushed with just enough water to make a syrup and capture and hold the mint essence; in a silver goblet, of course. This question of crushing or not crushing is one on which reputations come to grief, but, since it is yours and not mine which is being risked, I have no hesitation about taking sides. Fill the goblet with finely crushed ice, which has not stood and is "dry" and the chalice is ready for at least two bar jiggers of Bourbon. Then agitate with a silver spoon. Perhaps physicists will tell you that frosting is a natural phenomenon and is nothing but condensation due to variations in temperature, but I tell you that it is the work of the Master Decorator at the Court of Bacchus and I have it straight from the gods that he works with a silver spoon.

"The mint in the top is for the nose, but the chair on the porch, the oaks and the salt-laden summer breezes are for the soul.

"You may put on top strawberries and slices of orange and pineapple if you believe that the Venus de Milo should wear a ballet skirt.

"There are those in this benighted age who boil mint and sugar and water and keep a supply on hand and also those who add a tot of Jamaica just before serving and without stirring. I tell you under the seal of friendship that both are excellent plans, but I would not say so to anyone with a black felt hat and a goatee."

With these words goading me on, I'm going to press forward to the heights like Longfellow's *Excelsior* boy. Only, *my* sign will read: "Kentucky in a straw." ⧺

Baseball's Little Brother

Continued from page 60

the blame to the depression. At any rate, the young kids had quit shagging flies to sell pickles and yeast behind grocery counters. The pay was poor but there was lots of room for advancement.

"Why should I continue to play ball," one of them told Dumont, "when there isn't any place to play? The minor leagues are folding like accordions and I'd have a hell of a time starting off for the Yankees without experience, now wouldn't I?"

Dumont agreed that he would and went home to give the matter some serious thought. The whole thing, he decided, was lack of incentive. The kids were plenty willing to play ball, but they couldn't eat press notices.

The equation as it stood was: Ball Players plus No Incentive equals A Hell of a Mess. By a little simple figuring, Dumont decided that by substituting Incentive he would not only change the equation but possibly the ultimate result.

Basically, that was Dumont's plan. What he didn't know then was that it was to grow into the greatest development baseball had ever known—The National Semi-Pro Congress.

Since the whole problem hinged on giving the kids an incentive to play, it didn't take Dumont long to draft his rough idea. What could be more incentive, say, than cold hard cash? So, the first Kansas State Semi-Pro Tournament was launched.

It soon became apparent that if cash was to be supplied, Dumont and associates would have to supply it. No one was willing to risk good round dollars on what they termed a "wild-catter" promotion when you could buy beautifully engraved mining certificates so cheaply. Raymond Dumont's plan was simple. He wanted to establish a Kansas state tournament, offering a substantial cash prize to the winner. When it was evident that people were laughing at him instead of with him, he stuck to his guns.

"The idea is sound," he said. "It will not only be a boon to the backers, but also a great help to organized baseball."

So firmly did he believe in the proposed program that he put his own money into it. The boys in the sporting goods store decided to ride along with him. Among the lot, they gathered enough money to pay off in case their nightmare turned into a white elephant.

For a month, they canvassed the state of Kansas. Every prospective sponsor, every potential ball player was interviewed. When sponsors saw the color of ink in Dumont's bank book, they said they'd send their teams to the Kansas tourney.

Baseball scouts from all the major leagues were invited and to the surprise of the tourney officials, some of them even attended. Steve O'Rourke, veteran bush beater of the Detroit Tigers, was one of them. He was impressed with the large crowds and he was impressed with a tall gangling pitcher who tossed a submarine ball. The pitcher went up to the Tigers and very shortly the baseball world began to hear of Eldon Auker.

Dumont and associates kept their chips pretty close to their hip pockets during the tournament. When they managed to break even, they were more than satisfied. The initial promotional expense had been heavy.

However, there were two encouraging factors. The young ball players were tickled pink at getting their fingers on a generous slice of prize money. And baseball fans had given the state meet their support. On top of that, the sporting goods business picked up noticeably, which, after all, had been the idea back of the promotion. After the success of the state tournament, Dumont got another idea.

If it had worked in Kansas, why wouldn't it work nationally? The night the meet was over, Dumont called a meeting of the directors.

"We're going to invite every semi-pro team in the country to a tournament in August. We'll call it The National Semi-Pro Baseball Tourney."

"But will the meet get enough support?" they asked Dumont. "And if it flops, who foots the bill?"

"We foot the bill," he told them.

But they stuck with him for what they hoped would be better, but would probably be worse. Dumont knew what he was up against. To get fans into a ball park in such trying times would take not only good baseball, but all of the trimmings. He decided it needed color.

But when he sent out invitations to sponsors over the country, the idea was received lukewarmly. Traveling from Augusta, Maine, or even Sandusky, Ohio would cost the sponsors plenty of money. Gambling was all right, they reasoned, but it was pretty hard on the arteries.

"All right," Dumont said, "we'll make it worth your while. For every game you win, we'll guarantee you twenty-five dollars. On top of that, there will be a percentage of the gate receipts set aside for traveling expenses. And then, there's the prize money . . ."

Dangling all that lettuce before the team sponsors had the desired effects. They came by plane, train and hitchhiker's thumb.

One of the teams entered was a fast Negro nine from North Dakota. Besides playing good baseball, the boys had crowd appeal. They had tall, gangling Satchel Paige, a pitcher who had more color—and that's no pun—than a flock of Dizzy Deans. The crowd liked Satchel's antics and they attended in droves.

The result was more than 100,000 paid admissions and when the tourney was over, sponsors and players alike wanted to know when there would be another one.

The meet made money. Not much, but it didn't take much to give Dumont big ideas. Fortunately no outside interests had been willing to back the promotion, so Dumont was in a position to write his own ticket. At a meeting of the board of directors, he was elected president of the newly organized National Semi-Pro Baseball Congress.

Like Roosevelt, Dumont took the election to mean that he had jurisdiction over semi-pro baseball in each of the forty-eight states. Quickly, while the other promoters were still thinking about it, Dumont appointed a commissioner to run things in each state.

He supplied his commissioners with facts and figures of the Kansas tournament. They were shown how they could guarantee large cash prizes and still end up in the black. Sports promoters were amazed at the fact that, by being honest, they could show more profit than if they absconded with the gate receipts during the seventh-inning stretch.

Each state was zoned into districts for early summer elimination tournaments. The district winners would meet in the state meet; the state winners in the national. It was so simple that it was astonishing. Baseball on mass production basis gave the commissioners a nice profit—and it gave the kids a chance to show their wares to the critical eyes of major league scouts.

Honus Wagner liked the idea of an organization to promote baseball interest among the kids. He became the first semi-pro high commissioner, but in 1938, being czar was cutting in on Wagner's time and threatened to interfere with his coaching the Pittsburgh Pirates, so Wagner resigned and was replaced by George Sisler, another baseball great.

With the organization on a national basis, things began to roll. The same press wires that had turned down copy before were now running daily news stories on the doings around national headquarters. Sporting goods manufacturers who had pooh-poohed the idea a year before began to shout the praises of the Congress.

You couldn't blame them. Already, there were 10,000 teams listed as semi-pros and that meant more than 160,000 players to sell equipment to.

But just because Dumont's lemon had turned into a plum was no reason for him to sit back and take life easy. The permanent guarantee of $5,000 in first prize money was a lure for every semi-pro team in the country. Every day brought a stack of letters from players and sponsors. They wanted to affiliate with the Congress—and affiliate they did. By 1939, the semi-pro ranks had reached the amazing player total of almost 400,000 men and at the start of the season was still increasing.

At times it looked as if the event would sink under its own momentum. But when cracks appeared, Dumont and associates corked them immediately.

The players, along about tournament time, got in the habit of joining a stronger team—a team that had a good chance of finishing in the prize money. It wasn't much fun for the sponsors of fair teams to pay the bills all year and then have their club wrecked a week before the tourney started.

To stop that took a lot of thought. But finally, Dumont sent out registration blanks. They were really legal agreements between player and sponsor wherein the player guaranteed to stick with his team for one year from the date of signing.

When a player decided that he could do better by striking out for himself, Dumont pointed out that to break the contract was to be banned from semi-pro ball for two years. Which was just another way of saying, ". . . play fair or don't play." So the contracts were signed and that was that.

In 1937, the tourney drew 125,000 fans and continued to increase in both players and paid admissions through 1938. Baseball leaders were virtually unanimous in their praise of one of the few sports promotions that managed to thrive on the depression.

It was pleasant praise to Raymond Dumont who, only a few years earlier, had started on but a shoestring and an idea.

What of the future? The organization is larger than anything baseball has ever known. It is an independent organization and is in no way affiliated with organized baseball. It's yet to be seen what the relationship will be between the majors and sand-lotters.

During the trying years, Dumont asked, among others, the majors for financial help. When no money was forthcoming, he muddled through without aid and now that the program is financially secure, he is in the enviable position of being indebted to no individual or organization.

However, the Semi-Pros are following the baseball principles laid down by the major leagues and the very nature of the organization precludes the possibility that they will stray very far from recognized lines.

Still in his early thirties, Dumont insists the surface of semi-pro ball is only scratched. Following the 1939 national finals in Wichita, the champs will be given an all-expense trip to Puerto Rico where they will meet the island winners in a seven-game series to decide the American championship.

The sporting goods business? Dumont hears that it's pretty good. But he really isn't sure. He quit the business two years ago to devote his full time to being president of the National Semi-Pro Congress. #

FRANCES ROBINSON
Hurrell Photograph

BOOTS MALLORY
Hurrell Photograph

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 72

public will sardonically heave pennies at them?

V

The *Grand Prix de Bel Paese Supérieur* for the year's creamiest slice of theatrical criticism is herewith bestowed upon Mr. Kyle Crichton, alias Robert Forsythe, for his *Is The Theatre A Waste of Time?*, published in the *New Masses*. I privilege you the honor of several luscious sniffings.

Whiff 1.—"If there are ten (out of fifty possibly first-rate modern plays) which can stand revival, they will be found among the works of two men: Shaw and Ibsen. For the rest—"

Deodorant—Modern dramatists other than Ibsen and Shaw whose plays have been successfully revived in recent seasons: Strindberg, Synge, O'Casey, Chekhov, O'Neill, Maugham, Odets, Bruckner, Wilde, Rostand, Tolstoy, Rolland, Gogol, Barrie, Sierra, etc., not to mention such as Drinkwater, Eliot, Lawson, Robinson, Colton, Milne, Cohan, Vane, etc.

Whiff 2—"In a manner, it (the theatre) may be compared with poetry . . . which unfortunately is so limited in its appeal that it may be disregarded as a literary force."

Deodorant referred to the kindergarten class.

Whiff 3—"At the very instant when it is historically important for all men who have influence to use it where it will be the most effective, they have preferred to occupy themselves with an art which is as limited as a family corporation. . . . This myth of the theatre is obviously a hangover from the days when a play, even in this country, could have seven or eight companies acting it simultaneously. When that was true the playwright was justified in feeling that he was speaking to America."

Deodorant—How many plays in past days were ever acted simultaneously by seven or eight companies? Please name them. *Charley's Aunt* was once acted, I believe, by four, but what great message did its author, Mr. Brandon Thomas, speak to America? Aside from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which was once played simultaneously by six or seven companies, I can recall no plays that were duplicated by more than four at most, and they were few, and all of them were trash that had better been left unspoken to America.

Whiff 4—"*Abe Lincoln In Illinois* is wasting its efforts on sabled audiences who are neither amused nor convinced . . ."

Deodorant—*Abe Lincoln In Illinois* has already run for more than an entire season to large and enthusiastic popular audiences; it has reaped a small fortune from their deeply impressed reaction to it; it has received various awards for merit; and it has impressed even Hollywood so deeply that Hollywood has paid another fortune for the movie rights.

Whiff 5—"Last season the critic was beating the drums for *Shadow And Substance*. Unfortunately, I did not see the show but I am willing to accept judgment that it was the finest play of the year. That makes its fate all the harder. It played on Broadway and subsequently made the customary brief stops in Chicago, Philadelphia, etc., but for all practical purposes . . . it will have come and departed like an embarrassed and distant relative, fleetingly with us," etc.

Deodorant—*Shadow And Substance* ran for 169 performances on Broadway; a month (including a return engagement) in Philadelphia; four weeks in Boston; three in Chicago; and covered the country east of the Mississippi from Buffalo and Rochester to Dayton and Pittsburgh; from Detroit, Indianapolis and Cleveland to Toledo, Madison, Wisconsin, and St. Louis; from Ithaca, New York, to Fort Wayne and Cincinnati. It is currently visible in stock; it is due to appear on the screen; and in book form it has had an uncommonly large sale.

Whiff 6—"Imagine the difference if Sinclair Lewis had written *It Can't Happen Here* originally as a play. It would have had the usual Broadway run if he were lucky, and the pathetic road tour and that would have been the end."

Deodorant—The dramatization, co-authored by Lewis, ran for almost one hundred performances at the Adelphi Theatre. It was then played simultaneously by the greatest number of companies in American theatrical history (18) in the Federal Theater Project's houses throughout the land. It was thereafter played by summer stock companies and is now being made into a moving picture.

Whiff 7—"The theatre in Russia is exciting because it gets to the people, productions having as many as a hundred simultaneous showings throughout the country."

Deodorant—Names and dates, please.

Whiff 8—"The situation becomes worse when one realizes that the young people even in New York are no longer attracted to the theatre."

Deodorant—The young people even in New York are responsible for the Group Theatre, the Actors' Repertory Company, the Mercury Theatre, the Labor Stage, the Play Room Group, the Studio Group, the Juvenile Art Theatre, the Children's Art Theatre, etc., etc., etc. The young people are responsible for most of the countless little theatres all over America. The young people are largely responsible for the extensive summer theatre circuit. There are so many youngsters set upon a professional acting career that the situation is as bad as that of the surplus thousands of extras in Hollywood. The dramatic schools and academies are full to the roofs with the kids. About every third young man or young woman you encounter these days is busy writing some play. And they have to put extra cops on duty at the New York theatres to shoo away the large, new mob of youthful autograph fiends.

VI

That English actors are greatly superior to our own when it comes to the performance of polite comedy is still freely to be accepted as fact. But, however successful they are in impressing their English audiences in the case of modern drama involving the deeper amorous passions, it is gradually becoming evident that they are unimpressive—at times, indeed, even slightly ridiculous—to American audiences. Their clipped speech, over-precision of diction and congenital and apparently unconquerable chill of comportment combine in American eyes and ears to make their dramatic protestations of heat and passion often indistinguishable from so many self-conscious cucumbers. Just as the individual American can seldom persuade himself not to smile at the average Frenchman's characteristic abundant air of indignation, whatever its justification, or at the average Chinaman's express-train volubility, whatever its intelligence in turn, so Americans in theatrical audience assembled can't keep from grinning just a little at Englishmen's amorous incalescence, however meritorious may be the histrionism that merchants it.

VII

This business of printing in the programs short and revealing biographies of the actors and actresses in a play frequently has its disconcerting elements. I give you one suggestive example out of many.

In the closing months of the season, we had an exhibit called *The Happiest Days*. Its leading feminine character was a very young girl innocently and completely unversed in the matter of sex, which led to her sentimental and tragic suicide. The entire effect of the evening depended upon the illusion of her unworldliness. Yet staring at the audience in the program was the news that the actress playing the character had got herself married a couple of months before to a Broadway actor and was in the seventh heaven of bliss with him. To the professional critic and the more sophisticated lay theatregoer, it wouldn't, couldn't and didn't make the slightest bit of difference. But if you tell me it didn't kill the illusion for eight other customers out of every ten, I tell you that you don't know what you are talking about. It may be unreasonable in the face of the actress' competent performance; it may even be downright silly; but it is regrettably true nonetheless.

VIII

What, to date, is the best play of each of our leading American playwrights? To my mind, these:

Eugene O'Neill: *Strange Interlude* (although I can never without difficulty dismiss the short play, *The Moon of the Caribbees*).

S. N. Behrman: *Rain From Heaven*.

Maxwell Anderson: *What Price Glory?* (in collaboration with Laurence Stallings).

Lillian Hellman: *The Little Foxes*.

Clifford Odets: *Awake and Sing*.

Robert Sherwood: *Abe Lincoln In Illinois*.

Elmer Rice: *Street Scene*.

George Kelly: *Craig's Wife*.

Sidney Howard: *Dodsworth* (with Sinclair Lewis).

George S. Kaufman: *The Royal Family* (with Edna Ferber). Musical: *Of Thee I Sing* (with Morrie Ryskind).

Moss Hart: *Once In a Lifetime* (with George S. Kaufman).

John Steinbeck: *Of Mice and Men* (his first and only effort, yet a play superior to many other more active playwrights' best).

William Saroyan: *My Heart's In the Highlands* (ditto).

Thornton Wilder: *Our Town*.

Marc Connelly: *The Green Pastures* (based on Roark Bradford's *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun*).

Paul Green: *Johnny Johnson*.

Philip Barry: *The Animal Kingdom*.

Sidney Kingsley: *Dead End*.

George M. Cohan: *Seven Keys To Baldpate* (based on a story by Earl Derr Biggers). Independent effort: *Pigeons and People*.

George Abbott: *Broadway* (with Philip Dunning).

B. & S. Spewack: *Boy Meets Girl*.

Zoë Akins: *A Texas Nightingale*.

Edwin Justus Mayer: *Children of Darkness*.

John Wexley: *The Last Mile* (based on the document of a prisoner in a Texas hoosegow).

Paul Osborn: *On Borrowed Time*.

Robert Ardrey: *Star-Spangled*.

Irwin Shaw: *The Gentle People*.

Owen Davis: *Ethan Frome* (dramatized from the Edith Wharton novel).

Mark Reed: *Yes, My Darling Daughter*.

A. E. Thomas: *No More Ladies*.

John Howard Lawson: *Processional*.

Arthur Arent: "*. . . one third of a nation*."

Lynn Riggs: *Russet Mantle*.

The Heywards: *Porgy*.

Hecht and MacArthur: *The Front Page*.

Frank Craven: *The First Year*.

Arthur Richman: *Ambush*.

Lula Vollmer: *Sun-up*.

Vincent Lawrence: *A Distant Drum*.

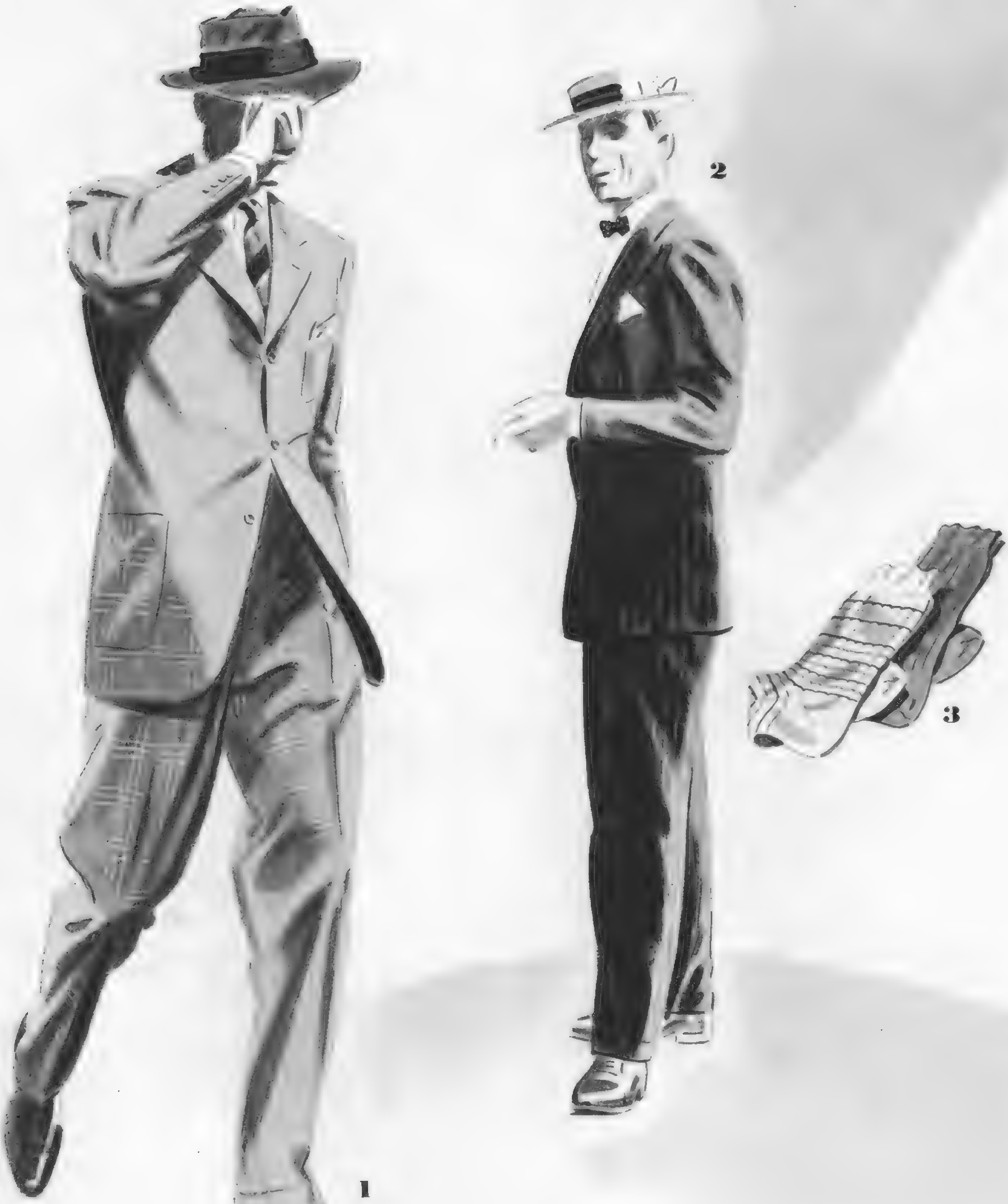
Harry Wagstaff Gribble: *March Hares*. (Close runner-up: *Revolt*).

Frederick Ballard: *Young America*.

Albert Bein: *Little Ol' Boy*.

As to Rachel Crothers, I leave the choice to you; none of her plays seems to me worthy of even a relative "best." As to Susan Glaspell, perhaps *Alison's House* should be the choice. Robert Turney's best is *Daughters of Atreus*, but nothing else of his that I have read in script (*Daughters of Atreus* is his only produced play) seems to me to be of any consequence.

Lightweight



Living . . .

Air-conditioning begins with clothing constructed to effect a minimum of weight, plus a loose weave to permit air circulation. The two figures sketched are dressed in clothes which afford the motor power for their personal air-conditioning units.

1 Single-breasted Palm Beach suit in typical business pattern; lightweight madras shirt; non-creasable summer wash tie; featherweight hemp straw hat with puggree band.

2 Double-breasted tropical worsted suit, chalk stripe; broadcloth shirt; foulard bowtie; sennit straw hat; lightweight calf shoes.

3 Ankle length socks in summer patterns.

4 Ventilated linen and brown calf shoe for week-end wear.

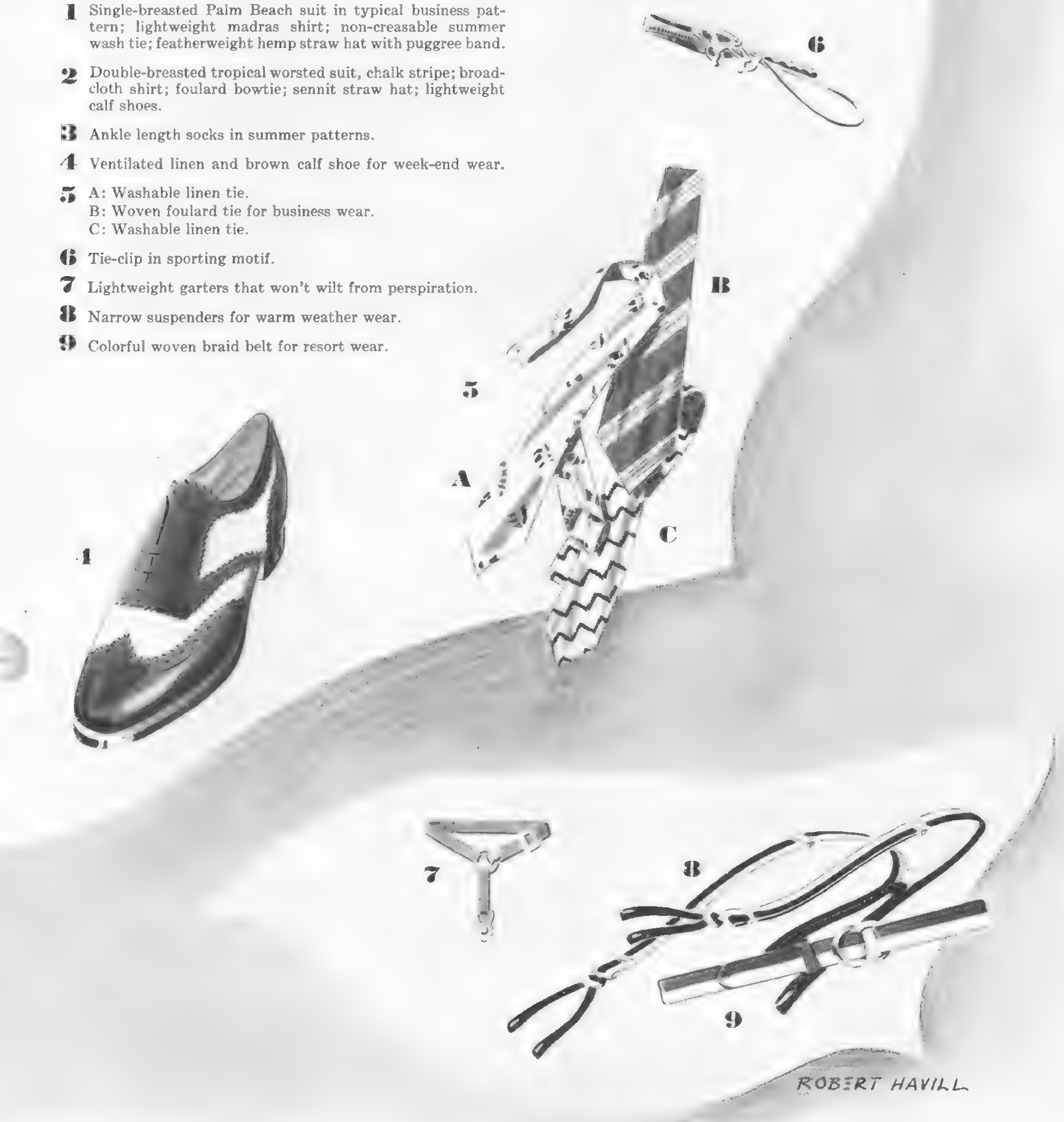
5 A: Washable linen tie.
B: Woven foulard tie for business wear.
C: Washable linen tie.

6 Tie-clip in sporting motif.

7 Lightweight garters that won't wilt from perspiration.

8 Narrow suspenders for warm weather wear.

9 Colorful woven braid belt for resort wear.



The Cost of a Song

Continued from page 65

saying then that happiness is a modern creation or invention, you are very likely to get yourself knocked down by scholars, knocked over by fascists who don't believe in happiness (pfui! a democratic idea!) and knocked senseless by communists who think no one has been really happy yet—but wait! Still that's my point, and it's specially my point about folk song. There were lots of happy songs sung in the past; a few individuals got gay and made up little lyrics and hummed them in the moonlight. But the amount of unhappiness was so overwhelming that most of these were forgotten and the story got around that the only songs worth remembering were the sad ones.

You'll find philosophical data on this. For instance, art is the result of a strain within the artist which he attempts to relieve by expressing himself (not vice versa). That's one way. Or art will disappear when the tensions and contradictions of modern life are resolved—that's a fairly good communist way. I don't know about that, because maybe we'll invent new reasons for having new arts. But I am pretty sure that the particular thing we call folklore hasn't appeared in America because the American people haven't been strained enough.

The hillbillies are still singing the songs their great grandpappies brought over from England, and the life of the hillbilly hasn't been one-tenth as rich and various as the average American's life. The cowboy sang dreary dirges—don't you believe it. One or two sad songs by way of contrast; there isn't anything more cheerful than a dirge if you aren't aiming to get buried. The idea that the genuine cowhand was a misanthrope and a pessimist is sheer folly.

About the only sad song the American ever really sang is the ballad. It lasted a decade or two, and then something else took its place. There were some heavenly ballads of melancholy in the 1840's, largely imports from England, and another, less tender crop in the 1890's. But the American folk didn't exist, being a composite in those years of some seventy strains, all pouring in at every port and across every border . . and very slowly we worked up a few songs which everyone sang like *Casey Jones* or *Frankie and Johnny.*

Neither of these songs approaches its subject as European parallels do. The tragedy of Casey Jones doing his duty and the tragedy of betrayed love seem to me to have just a trace—say 66 per cent—of rowdiness and good cheer in the background.

Maybe we've now arrived at Hypothesis 255: we'll never get any folk song in God's Country (that means the U. S. A.) unless things get a lot worse than they are. (Republicans might start working on a few, against the off-chance of a third term for FDR.) But if that's true, there's trouble ahead. Namely, the faint suspicion that Americans have got themselves denatured, that we aren't really human any more, because we haven't the usual quota of human feelings and human sufferings.

"Nostalgia," says Roussy de Sales, a French observer who keeps his eyes open, "is not an American feeling." Most of the nostalgia expressed in our songs comes from the Negro; and he might add that a lot of the yearning for the South comes from Russian Jewish immigrants who may have been expressing a cosmic yearning for the Wailing Wall under their ragtime yens for Swanee. But there you have it: nostalgia, which is obviously a universal human feeling, is not an American feeling. Someone else will pass by, throw a quick look over us, and say, "reverence" or "discipline" or "ecstasy" is not an American feeling

I have a quick impulse to snap back and say "We Americans are just as nostalgic as you are." What does a Frenchman mean saying we aren't nostalgic when everyone knows that the Frenchman never leaves home—never leaves his *quartier* so what does he know of longing for home? But this sort of jingo argument doesn't get you anywhere. It does seem possible that different feelings develop to a different degree of intensity in nations; I suspect that we aren't nostalgic. We may sing, "I wish I were back"—but the music is always in the tone of "watch me—here I come . . ." I don't think we long for any place in which we have been; we are pretty sure there's a better one somewhere else.

And that knocks another prop out of the folk song, which is often associated with a place, with deep sentiments about a place. And think back on the songs you know, the dear folk songs of Europe, and you will see that these songs about places are also songs of lovers parting, of melancholy and death.

Come on and hear . . . come on and hear . . . Alexander's Ragtime Band . . . ! #

To Find Dog Intelligence

Continued from page 55

blind, and for police and army service. The results of these investigations are reported in a book, *Working Dogs,** written by Humphrey in collaboration with a psychologist, Lucien Warner.

Humphrey found, just as Dawson did, that intelligent dogs are sometimes clever at avoiding work demanded by an instructor, and contrive to do this without incurring a serious correction. They just "let on" that they don't understand. One dog that had readily learned to retrieve sticks developed a habit of looking away when the stick was thrown and pretending he didn't see it. He faked stupidity.

"Many dogs," says Humphrey, "appear to make a nice distinction between work and play. They take great pleasure in retrieving, and will deposit at the master's feet an object to be thrown. But if the situation is reversed and the master initiates the activity, then the dog seems suddenly to have forgotten all it ever knew."

But Humphrey does not make the mistake—as many owners do—of rating a dog's intelligence according to the ease with which an instructor persuades it to conform to demands. He calls a dog intelligent if it is unusually capable of profiting by experience, regardless of whether this benefits the dog or the instructor. The great majority of dogs trained by Humphrey, however, also showed willingness to obey a master's commands, to be obliging and co-operative. Of two hundred forty-five dogs ranking in the highest intelligence group, seventy-five per cent also ranked high for willingness. Humphrey noted, upon closer study of his data, that the younger the dog, the closer is the relation between intelligence and willingness. As a dog grows more experienced, he is more likely to show *un*willingness if he has that trait. Many do not seem to have it. The ratio of willing to unwilling dogs appears to be about the same, no matter what the intelligence level. It is easy for the inexperienced dog handler to confuse the two traits; but Humphrey is convinced that they occur independently.

There was a relationship, too, between willingness or unwillingness and aggressiveness. In a general way, the proportion of unwilling dogs is far higher among those that are over-aggressive. Probably the exceptionally aggressive dog dislikes being annoyed by a master's commands because there are too many other things it wishes to do. In training dogs for police work, however, Humphrey found that it would be inaccurate to rate a dog as unwilling just because it is reluctant to bite a man. That happens to be the most difficult thing of all to train a dog to do. Even a dog that responds readily to all other commands, and is quick at using his teeth on other dogs, seems to feel a kind of inborn taboo against violating the person of a human being. Of sixty-seven dogs that flunked the police course because they couldn't be taught to bite on command, all but five ranked high in both intelligence and willingness.

Another easy error to fall into, thinks Humphrey, is to assume a dog is stubborn when it is only under-sensitive. Many a dog has a nervous system so constituted that it is slow to respond to either sound or touch. Sometimes it even happens that a dog has highly-sensitive ears but an under-sensitive body. Super-sensitive hearing is occasionally the explanation of a dog's shyness and failure to learn under one instructor though it gets along well under another. Certain men, lacking the necessary timbre of voice, cannot successfully appeal to a dog through its ear. It almost looks as if every dog owner should make sure that his own qualifications are properly matched with those of his pet. The right person can hold a dog's affection against all others, even though the dog is fed by someone else and spends most of its time with other members of the family.

In studying his various data, Humphrey unexpectedly found a sex difference in intelligence ratings. In the lower intelligence groups he found more males than females, but in the highest intelligence groups there were about one-third more females. As there were altogether 174 males and 172 females the distribution seemed "too unbalanced to have occurred through chance." Females almost invariably excel as guides for the blind. Males, however, seem better adapted to police work.

The relation between intelligence and success in whatever work a dog is trained to do, Humphrey finds to be high, as would be expected, but not one hundred per cent.

A few dogs of good intelligence never become satisfactory workers. Willingness or unwillingness, on the other hand, is less important than might be expected. If a dog is intelligent enough, his lack of interest in the job can be overcome. By careful breeding, seeking the best possible combination of traits, that is, by increasing intelligence and willingness, and eliminating shyness, Humphrey has been able to produce a much more teachable strain. At first only about sixteen per cent of his dogs were suitable for completing the courses of instruction. Today only about six per cent are *not* suitable. Moreover, he and his associates have greatly improved their ability to select those dogs which *are* worth training. They are wrong only about five times in one hundred.

Yet the methods for making such forecasts are fairly simple. Aside from tests for noise sensitivity, body sensitivity, generally suspicious nature, and a few other traits, the main thing is to determine how quickly a dog can learn an easy exercise it did not know before. If a dog shows understanding after three or four trials, then it is a good candidate. Humphrey can tell after about fifteen minutes if a dog is suitable. If, after being accepted, the dog fails to do well in his studies, it is usually

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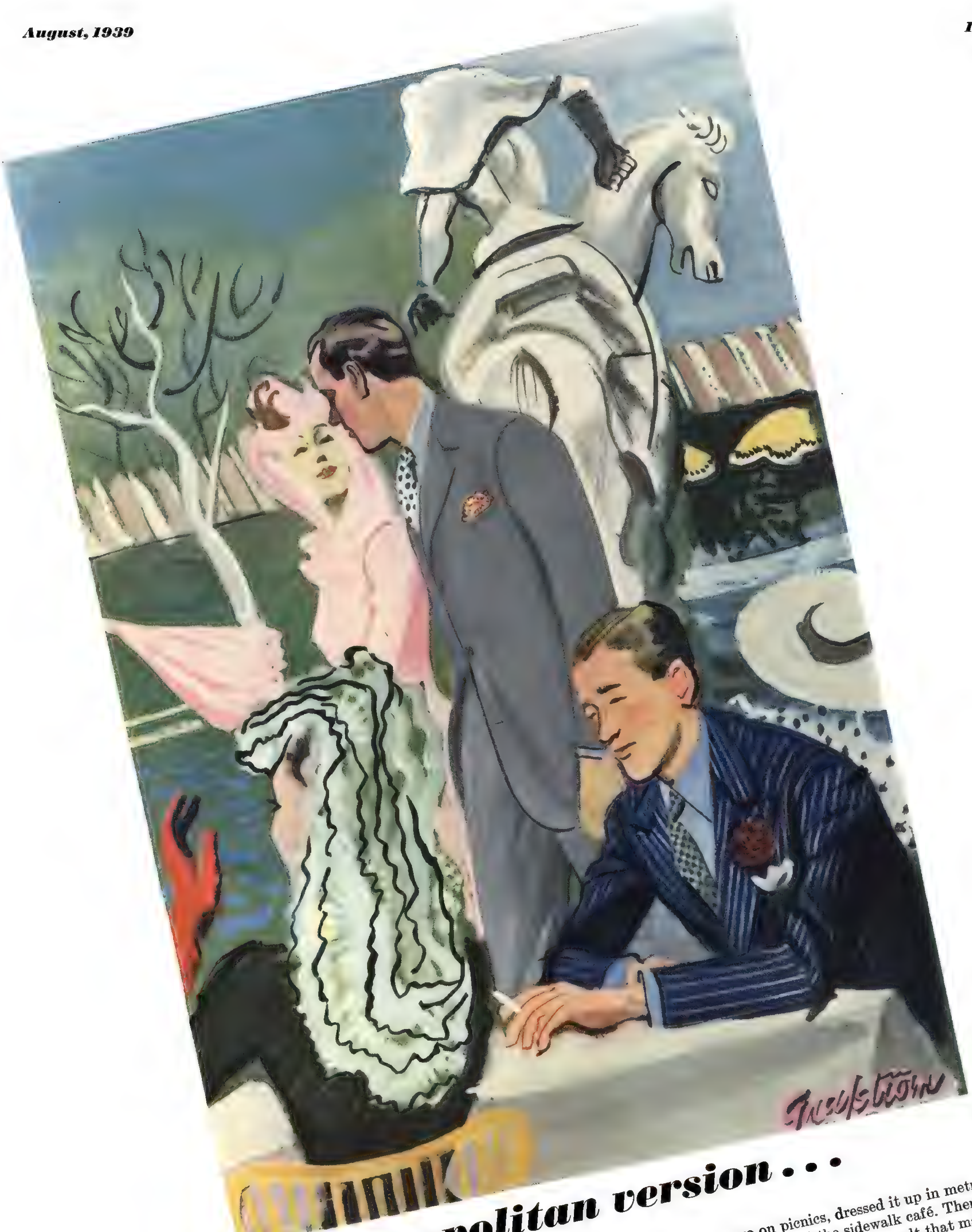
*Johns Hopkins University Press



Picnic, metropolitan version . . .

NEW YORKERS have taken the same old urge that induces people to go on picnics, dressed it up in metropolitan regalia, added a touch of sophistication, and have thereby produced the sidewalk café. There's nothing particularly new about the idea, as witness Paris, but it's as good as new, with the result that many of the best Manhattan restaurants have been greeting the advent of summer by blossoming out with a sidewalk café. The setting here is a World's Fair variation on the theme at the Three Crowns Restaurant of the Swedish Building. Semi-sports clothing stands up well for an occasion like this. The man at the table wears a double breasted blue tropical worsted suit with white chalk stripes, soft blue shirt with collar attached, lightweight foulard tie and red carnation. The other man has selected, in addition to the *femme fatale*, a single breasted grey flannel suit, light green shirt and white ground foulard tie. Reverse calf shoes would be correct with both outfits, being appropriate for town wear during the summer. A sennit straw hat is recommended.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

To Find Dog Intelligence

Continued from pages 55-102

because of some persistent bad habit that was not at once apparent. One dog had to be expelled from the school solely because of his disinclination to abandon a hobby of cat-chasing.

A noteworthy feature in connection with Humphrey's studies—and with Dawson's work at Washington—is the sharp dividing line between intelligent dogs and prizewinners in bench shows. An example of this difference may be noted in the German Shepherd breed (often wrongly called police dog), which some years ago began to split into two strains. As Humphrey and Warner observe, "one strain produced beautiful dogs, including *all* the show winners. The other produced working dogs, including *all* the working champions. No dog of the championship strains born since 1909 has produced winners in *both* show and working classes. We find that physical beauty and workable temperament are negatively correlated. That is, generally speaking, the less handsome the animal the more likely he would be a splendid worker, and vice versa."

It should be added, however, that it is quite possible to breed for both physical attractiveness and intelligence. Humphrey has lately been doing that very thing.

In short, if prizewinning dogs are not the smartest, it isn't because a dog couldn't be both handsome and intelligent but because too little effort has been devoted to the combining of such characteristics. ⌗

Patron Saint of Gamblers

Continued from page 37

creased. Besides, there was another reason why he favored Rákóczy. The Hungarian was related through his wife to a Madame Dangeau, best friend of Madame de Maintenon; and the Dangeaus, supporting every action of their relative, whether right or wrong, smoothed over unfavorable reports as soon as they popped up. Besides the king encouraged his courtiers to have as much fun as they wanted and the younger set were wild about Rákóczy's place. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and Madame la Duchesse de Berri were frequent visitors. These young members of the finest society, both of them married, took the pursuit of the pleasures of life very seriously, drank a great deal, and sometimes passed out so completely that lackeys had to carry them to their coaches. One of the two beautiful daughters of Madame de Varangeville also went to Rákóczy's in search of adventure. Many of the ladies gambled, and nearly all of them lost. The only person who won at the Hotel de Transylvania was the Princess d'Harcourt—probably because she cheated even better than the house did. As a matter of fact, she had been caught cheating at several grand house parties, but Rákóczy let her play just the same. Respect for a fellow-artist, probably! She was over thirty, tall and fat, loud and vulgar, disheveled and dirty.

Night and day the gambling went on. Endlessly the drinking continued. The losers saw their fortunes wiped out and their lives wrecked. The winners wanted to celebrate, and there were women right on the spot to accommodate them. They had but to go upstairs to the beautifully furnished suites and the Aubusson-covered couches of the Duc de Luxembourg, who had ceased thinking any kind of thoughts about women thirty years before. Now two young ladies of fashion lived upstairs and were ready to amuse the guests when they tired of faro. Between dealings, a lucky winner would run up to the second floor and a charming girl with lovely, dewy eyes and billowing petticoats, would presently be caressing his powdered, fancy wig (who hasn't seen French prints of the period?) and entertaining him in a manner befitting the luxurious furnishings of the Duc's private apartments. But the Duke's old servants shook their heads disapprovingly in the corridors as they listened to the sounds emanating from the room. Madame Perrot, the dressmaker of the day, would come marching majestically towards one of the rooms. The old servants would stop eavesdropping and pretend to sweep the floors. Madame Perrot would wait on the threshold and listen. When whispering ceased, when voices became normal, when weekdayish sentences were uttered again, Madame Perrot knocked on the door. Outstanding bills were paid, or new dresses were ordered by the satisfied officer who hoped to win back the money later on, downstairs. But Madame Perrot didn't come here only to take. In return, she would offer the latest gossip. The very latest was that the king had sent Baron de Breteuil for Rákóczy. Louis was reportedly a bit bored by the goings-on in the Hotel de Transylvania. According to Madame Perrot, the conversation between the two rulers ran:

"Do you keep a . . . er . . . er . . . a house?" asked Louis.

"So do you, Your Majesty!" answered Ferencz, who made up for his lack of light French *esprit* with Hungarian courage.

The most important evidence concerning the place has been left by the Abbé Prevost, author of *Manon Lescaut*, which book many people believe to be the Abbé's actual autobiography. He writes in *Manon*, (page 52), poor, unfortunate Chevalier des Grieux talking:

"The principal scene of my exploits was the Hotel de Transylvania, where there was a faro table in one room and other games and dice in the gallery. This *academy* was kept by the Prince of Rákóczy. We formed a certain society. Shall I mention it to my shame? I profited quickly by my instructor's tuition. I acquired an amazing facility in sleight-of-hand tricks and learned to perfection to *sauter le coup* with the help of long ruffles. I shuffled so adroitly as to defy the quickest observer and I ruined several fair players. My unrivalled skill so quickened the progress of my fortunes that I found myself master in a few weeks of very considerable sums, besides what I divided in good faith with my companions."

This account makes it clear that des Grieux was a dealer at Rákóczy's, where he was introduced by the brother of his sweetheart Manon. Monsieur Lescaut was an officer of the guards and knew Paris perfectly. When des Grieux wanted to blow his brains out because his money was stolen and Manon had left him temporarily for a rich old man, the brother of his loved one stopped him:

"Suicide is the resource of fools. Come with me and I will show you how to make some money . . ."

He taught des Grieux how to cheat; and after several successful lessons he promised the Chevalier to speak well of him to his Hungarian comrades at the Hotel de Transylvania. Provided, of course, he could get hold of some cash to start with. Tiberge, des Grieux's faithful friend, loaned the Chevalier enough to begin his gambler's career at Rákóczy's.

But by now Prince Ferencz had not one real friend left in Paris. Even the Dangeaus were afraid of this reckless Hungarian, who had acquired such a shady reputation. Leading aristocrats were coldly polite to his face. Behind his back they made fun of him. Feelings of shame and homesickness became predominant in Rákóczy and he finally realized the folly of this adventure. But what was he to do? His followers were pestering him for money; his creditors dunned him; he could not relinquish the luxury to which he had been born and at this late date start to lead a bourgeois existence. So the lookout kept on peeking through the judas to scrutinize pretty ladies on the doorstep of the establishment, and whisper reports to his companions in the background.

"Madame de Varangeville's daughter. The good-looking one. With a cavalry officer . . ."

The judas continued to open until things started to happen very suddenly. Madame la Duchesse de Berri was beaten up by her husband. The king was present at this memorable occasion and tried to protect the beautiful but wicked young woman by lifting his cane to strike the duke. The cause of the matrimonial differences was a Hungarian officer at the Hotel de Transylvania. The duchess was indiscreet, apparently very much in love. After the beating, a sort of reconciliation was effected and the duchess made faithful promises. In return, her husband apologized. Soon after this, they went on a wolf-hunt in the country. Both appeared in very high spirits. They were seated in a carriage and the duchess offered her husband a drink from the flask she always carried with her. She smiled charmingly as the duke drank and said she hoped he liked the drink. The duke was dead within the hour.

Louis was furious and so was everybody else. Of course, things were hushed up, but the Hotel de Transylvania was closed. Rákóczy fainted; the unfortunate happenings made him ill. He was badly frightened and a reaction took place in him which manifested itself by religious mania. He fled to a monastery for the remainder of his stay in France and tried desperately to forget the Hotel de Transylvania with its gambling, women and killing.

Later, Prince Ferencz, without a penny in his pocket, sailed for Turkey. The Sultan paid the reverse charges on his passage, but he was asked with Oriental politeness not to play cards in Turkey since cheating at games was a monopoly of the government.

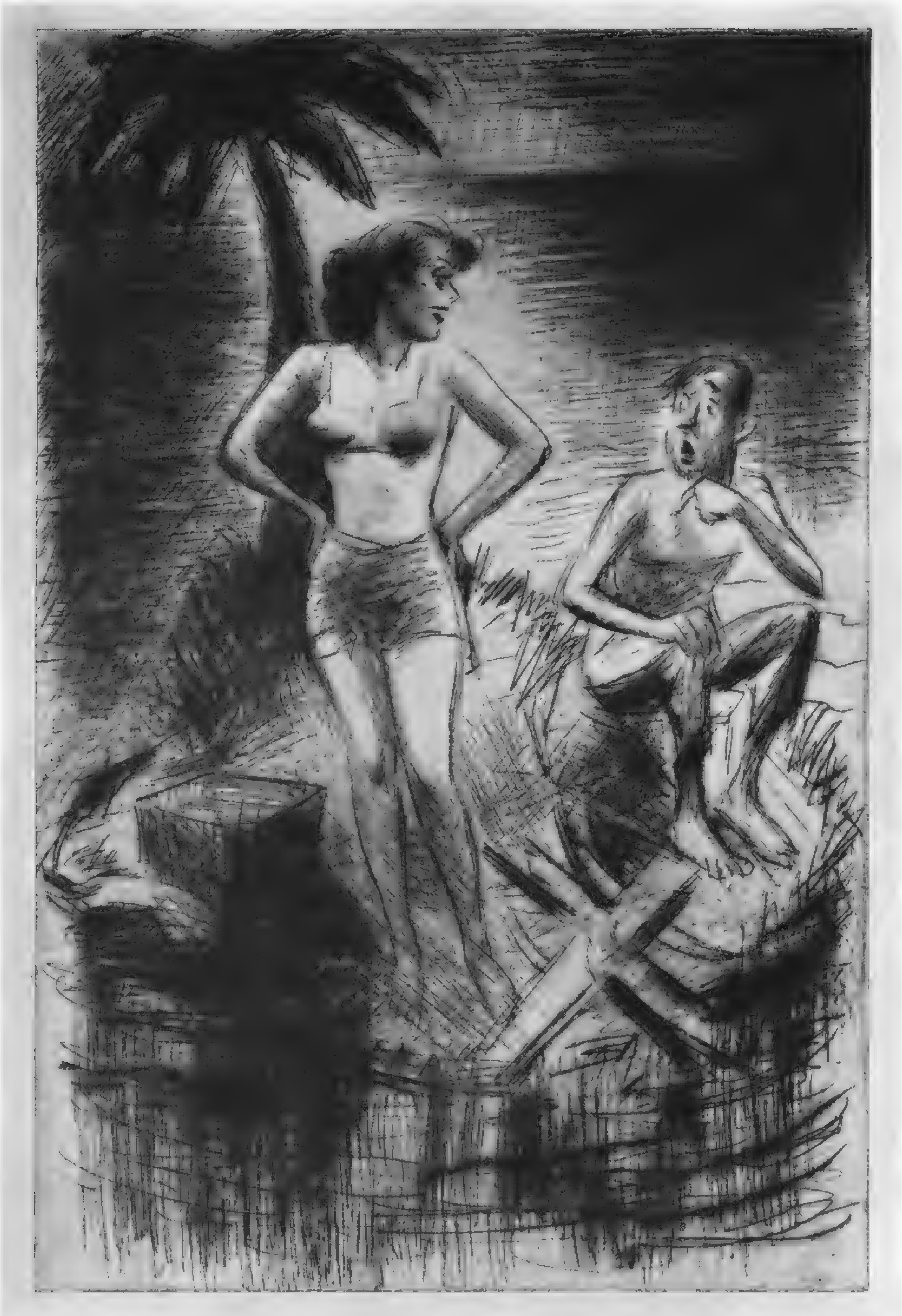
Voltaire didn't forget Rákóczy and it is in his *Candide* that we hear of the Hungarian prince for the last time. Candide has finally located Cunegonde, the long lost heroine in Constantinople. He first meets Cacambo, his valet, who accompanied his sweetheart on her voyages. After embracing the loyal servant, Candide asks him:

"And how is my darling Cunegonde? Does she still love me? Is she still a miracle of beauty? No doubt she has a wonderful palace in Constantinople . . ."

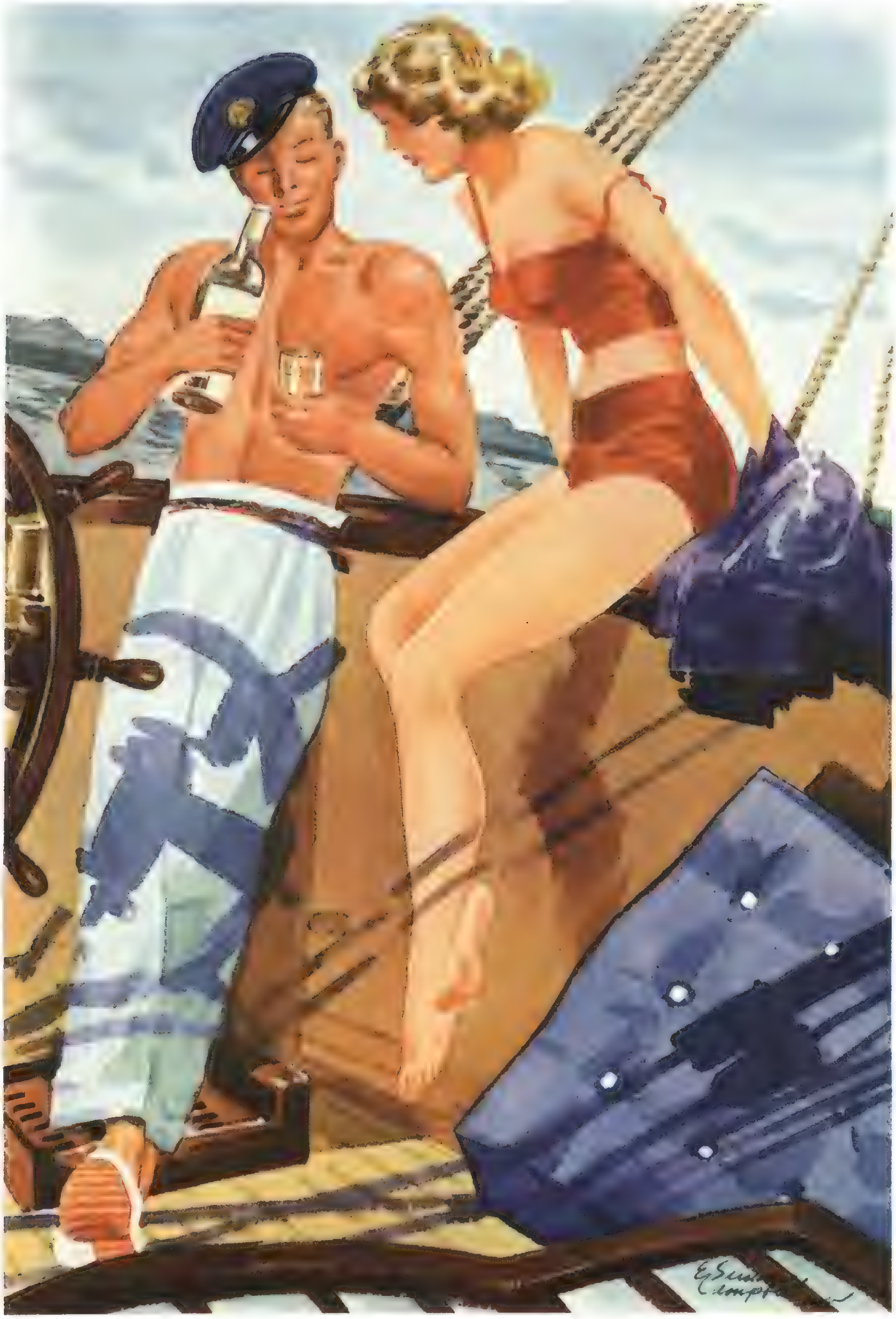
"My dear master," answers Cacambo, "your Cunegonde washes the underdrawers of a Hungarian prince, who possesses very few underdrawers. She is a slave of a former souverain named Ragotski to whom the Sultan gives three pennies a day in his exile. But it is much more sad that your sweetheart lost her beauty and became terribly ugly."

"Oh, beautiful or ugly," said Candide, "I am an honest man and my duty is to love her for ever . . ."

And while Candide and Cacambo went in search of Cunegonde in the servants' quarters in Rákóczy's house, the patron saint of gamblers, a sadder and presumably wiser man sat at his desk in one of the rooms. He was busy dipping his quill in the ink, inscribing the title of the book he was writing. The title was: *Confessio Peccatoris.* ⌗



"Who, me?"



"Dead calm or no dead calm—I've got to get home before my husband does!"

So You'd Like to Disappear

Continued from page 75

stuck with it, and that his policy was canceled.

Of course, insurance investigators aren't pulp paper detective heroes. There are some people who have succeeded in vanishing completely and forever—leaving only a paid-up policy.

There was a fellow who had tertiary syphilis and a shrew of a wife. He got rid of the wife, but got alimony to take her place, and he never lost the syphilis.

Naturally, this didn't help his peace of mind. In fact, he goddamned the world in general, and then walked out of his front door and his identity.

He was trailed to a resort hotel, where he registered late in the afternoon. He hung up his hat and coat, had his suitcase sent to his room, and asked what time dinner was served. The manager told him it was served at six. Then, hatless and coatless, the man went out for a stroll—and walked into the Legend of the Missing.

The only way he could have left the resort on foot was by a long, difficult trail—and he was in poor health. In fact, it is doubtful if he could have walked even a short distance. An exhaustive search of the region revealed no clue.

If he were bent on suicide, how did he conceal his body? The doctors were unanimous on the point of his inability to walk to the nearest highway. He simply went into nowhere, or perhaps the fourth dimension, or whatever you like.

It isn't chance that the best stories which the insurance investigators tell are motivated by what the Family Relations Clinics call "Lack of Marital Integration." Three-fourths of all disappearances reported to insurance companies are caused by "wife-trouble."

There may be just as much husband trouble, but there aren't as many female disappearers. Only one per cent of the identity-dodgers are women. Maybe a woman needs a past to catch a future, or maybe a husband in the hand is better than the possibility of having to work for a living, but anyhow women just don't take naturally to disappearing.

In fact, statistics show that most of the romantic stories about disappearing get started in the brains of fiction writers. All the standard pot-boilers which detective story writers use as the *modus operandi* for people disappearing just can't hold their own in real life against a little woman on a rampage. Only a very few men actually disappear to escape the shadow of any past or present crimes.

Amnesia and split personality aren't even in the running. As causes for real life disappearing, they aren't even as potent as the fear of the installment collector.

Of course, there are a lot of guys who disappear from pure dumbness, the kind that didn't know who they were anyway, and who thought the insurance company loved them as much as the salesman said.

There was one such fellow who was a plumber. After he'd been gone seven years, his wife notified the insurance company, and got ready to take a trip to Europe on the proceeds of the policy.

She told the investigator that she'd done everything she could to find her missing husband. But he'd just plain vanished. Maybe the banshees had got him.

The investigator checked the city directory, and found a man with the same name as the missing plumber living in another part of the city. That same name and address had appeared in every edition of the directory for the last seven years.

Yes, it was the same plumbing husband. He'd just forgotten to come home one night, and then decided it wasn't worth while. So for seven years he went on plumbing under the same name in the same city, while his wife was telling stories of his having vanished after hooded phantoms had been seen in the house at midnight on Michaelmas.

Did we say the guy was dumb? Well, maybe we'd better check over that statement.

The real grief for the investigator comes from the cold, calculating type of disappearer, like our friend Jones. This type changes everything from his name to his brand of underwear.

But people who come from nowhere, like the famous Kaspar Hauser, usually end up in jail or a psychology textbook. Neither place is very lucrative. It is therefore necessary for the disappearer to make up a past, or distort his actual past so it will do him no harm.

Often he will make up a complete set of bogus associates and relatives, and then move them about the world so that they will never be "hunted up" by his new friends. But this takes a lot of memory work, and a great deal of restraint when consuming alcoholic beverages in public. Even so, the "small world" demon may jump up waving the disappearer's old identity.

This type of thing occurred in the case of a man who had been out of sight for twelve years, and whose wife had just thought of claiming the insurance.

The investigator on this case contacted the man's son, who was a bigshot quarterback at an eastern university. The son hadn't heard from his father since the disappearing act. However, this particular quarterback had a brain (not standard equipment). He used this special gadget, and dug out of his memory the fact that the year before a timid freshman had stopped him and said:

"Say, I feel almost as if I know you."

"Come from my home town?"

"No, but there's a fellow in the burg where my family lives who has enough clippings of you to cover the city hall. Everybody in town used to collect them for him."

You've guessed it. The clipping collector was the footballer's father. And it was the clipping habit that finally brought back his identity and his wife.

So if you're thinking of applying for a membership in the Legion of the Missing, remember that your identity is harder to get rid of than athlete's foot or a magazine you've once subscribed to.

There was even one guy who was a real split personality case—but they caught him too. He came from Kansas, and he disappeared from one identity, started two new ones, and kept them both going at the same time.

There's only one thing he didn't change. He never paid his bills under any of the three identities. #

Blast on Coffin Nails

Continued from page 69

the curing in specially constructed barns.

The flue curing of tobacco calls for expert knowledge and extreme care, for although curing can't convert poor leaf into the high-grade cutters so necessary because of the combustion characteristics of cigarettes, which in turn forces the manufacturer to be hypercritical, a slip ever so slight can turn prize leaf into mediocre—or even the world's worst. Properly cured, the leaf goes to one of the various auction centers scattered throughout the belt, where buyers compete to the enny-meeny-moaning of the tobacco auctioneer—recently popularized over the radio—a meaningless jargon designed to sustain the machine gun rapidity of sales. Bought, the tobacco is hauled off to the manufacturer's plant for *reordering*, the first in a long series of operations not to be completed for a full two, and possibly three years.

The selected leaves are fed on an endless belt through a huge tunnel-like machine consisting of a series of heated chambers. Emerging bone dry, they pass on to a cooling machine, finally winding up with exactly the right moisture content and in precisely the proper condition to insure the desired fermentation for the aging period. Packed into hogsheads of specified woods, designed to hold about a thousand pounds of leaf at a thousand-pound pressure, it is stored away in specially equipped warehouses generally located so that the climate is similar to that of the tobacco's birthplace.

During its two- or three-year hibernation, the leaf undergoes seasonal sweats, and by a highly complex chemical process the leaf gains in mildness, smoothness, character, and bouquet. Tobacco, like wine, must be aged. And don't let anyone tell you there's a substitute for time. If there were, the popular brands manufacturer wouldn't have to keep a hundred million dollars of hard cash tied up. Be certain he'd welcome your informant with open arms, and pay him handsomely.

Two or three years gone by, the now mellow leaf is carefully taken from the hogshead, looking for all the world like a giant fruit cake and filling the air with a delicious fragrance. Off it goes to be reordered, again; stemmed, and blended. And blending calls for rare skill since from twenty to twenty-five distinct types of leaf, each type having three or four subdivisions, must be carefully blended if the final cigarette is to have the sought-for characteristics; if uniformity, year after year, is to be maintained. Naturally, the manufacturer closely guards his blending formula, as he jealously guards his casing solution.

Casing is a trade term to cover the spraying or steeping of the leaf in flavoring sauces. No one, other than the maker, himself, knows exactly what ingredients go into the particular sauce. But thanks to the government, which keeps records of just what goes into America's cigarettes, we do know what the industry collectively uses. Prominent among the long list are: Maple and cane sugar, licorice, molasses, honey, essences of vanilla and chocolate. Then there is the bouqueting, where the shredded tobacco is sprayed with such secret formulas as: Essences of vanilla, fig, rose geranium, chocolate, tonka bean, deer-tongue, angelica root—to mention a mere handful. Then, as a finishing touch, a hygroscopic agent, such as glycerine, is added to insure the cigarette's keeping fresh and moist; the ideal moisture content being 13 per cent.

Your popular brand contains not only domestic leaf, but Oriental tobaccos in quantities as high as 25 per cent. This leaf from far-off Macedonia, Smyrna, and Samsoun, is neither flavored nor stemmed. The aroma is so delicate as to be ruined by spraying with anything but plain unadulterated H_2O, and the stems are so fine and flavorful as to make their removal some sort of a capital crime. The now blended Turkish-Domestic leaf is fed to the cutting machine where a guillotine-like blade shreds the leaf into its final form.

Coming from the cutter, the tobacco is a compressed humid mass with a moisture content so high as

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Blast on Coffin Nails

Continued from pages 69-107

to make for almost a third of its weight. A conveyer takes the shredded tobacco to the drying machine, where thermostatically-controlled heat reduces the humidity, and where gentle rotation within a large drum not only further mixes the tobacco but makes for uniform drying. The cooling machine, also a rotating cylinder, not only cools the tobacco, but a powerful exhaust and filter system removes certain undesirable vapors and impurities.

At last, after a two- or three-year journey, the leaf is ready for the cigarette-making machine, a marvel for cleanliness, accuracy, and mechanical ingenuity.

Automatically, the shredded tobacco is fed into a large hopper at the top of the machine, from where it is conveyed in a layer less than half an inch thick to the paper, which is being unwound like a ribbon from an inch-wide spool. Meanwhile, a printing press in miniature is stamping the brand name on the paper, while it is yet flat, and in so precise a manner as to come out in just the right position after the cigarette is rolled. The paper is automatically rolled about the tobacco so as to leave a very small lip to take some of the edible vegetable paste that seals the tube. The result is a long cigarette, known as the *rod*, that must be cut up into so many cigarettes of the desired standard length. No better word picture to impress you with the efficiency of this machine can simply be given than to say that the latest models, demanding a girl operator and one mechanic to tend several, turn out complete cigarettes at the unbelievable rate of thirteen hundred a minute! Better than twenty-one a second.

Visitors, leaving the cigarette factory, have been known to argue the point whether or not the packing machine is even more ingenious than the rolling device. For this mechanical superman not only counts out twenty cigarettes, makes the package, inserts the ciggies, puts on the six-cent revenue stamp, and the glistening cellophane, but a particularly clever device, aptly called the "electric detective," feels the ends of each cigarette with uncanny accuracy. Should a single cigarette be improperly filled, or the pack contain less than twenty—accidents are bound to happen to a machine so human as the rolling mechanism—the entire package is automatically kicked out. How fast does this machine pack? Figure it out for yourself if you want the per second, or hour rate. Its daily production is one million!

It but remains for girls clad in nurse-like uniforms to hand-pack the familiar twenties in cartons of ten. Then tucked into cardboard boxes, your favorite brand is shipped not only to the ends of the U. S., but to the four corners of the world. For the native people of every country pay tribute to the truly American cigarette. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 77

programs were completed I became aware of the fact that I was participating in a quality of music-making that had not before existed in summer. Here was a finer orchestra than Mr. Toscanini had in Salzburg or London . . . a finer orchestra than Mr. Furtwängler used in Bayreuth. Here was an orchestra with its full personnel and its permanent conductor, and this was an occasion on which he permitted no compromise: each masterpiece had been rehearsed up to a point which enabled him to achieve the exact sounds he wished —and what sounds they were!

I remembered the elderly Bostonian gal who ten or twelve years ago used to tell me in Bayreuth: "You know, our new conductor, Koussevitzky, he plays much too loud. I'll have to speak to Judge Cabot about it." There she was across the aisle pounding her palms and shouting. And well she might! These concerts gave evidence of the culmination of an epoch: symphonic performances without parallel.

This month six more concerts will be given with no galaxy of "wandering" stars, no ballyhoo—simply great music played by the Boston Symphony and Koussevitzky.

The programs are:

August 3, 8:30 p. m.
Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.
Rimsky-Korsakoff: *Scheherazade.*
Brahms: Symphony No. 1.

August 5, 8:30 p. m.
Piston: Concerto for Orchestra.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 5.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7.

August 6, 3:30 p. m.
Mozart: Symphony in E-flat.
Prokofieff: *Peter and the Wolf.*
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4.

August 10, 8:30 p. m.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2.
Strauss: *Thus Spake Zarathustra.*
Moussorgsky-Ravel: *Pictures at an Exhibition.*

August 12, 8:30 p. m.
Haydn: Symphony in B-flat, Op. 102.
Stravinsky: *Le Sacre du Printemps.*
Wagner: Overture to *The Flying Dutchman;* Prelude to *Lohengrin;* Prelude to *The Mastersingers; Siegfried's Rhine Journey.*

August 13, 3:30 p. m.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4.
Debussy: *L'Après-midi d'un Faune.*
Ravel: *La Valse.*
Sibelius: Symphony No. 2.

This in itself is sufficient: there is no need to wait for the Berkshire Festival to grow. Already, it occupies an eminence by itself. Says Doctor Koussevitzky:

"Yes, the Berkshire Music Festival is started and is rapidly growing. But concerts are only the first step toward the ultimate goal: the establishment of the greatest music and art center in the world. The United States of America can and are destined to have such a center. American freedom is the best soil for it. American financial resources will make it eventually possible. . . .

"The activities of the center will be many and varied. They will consist, first, in a series of symphonic concerts of great music. Second, in a series of immortal operas in a perfect ensemble of the finest singers, artists and choruses. Third, in a series of the most important oratorios presented in action. Fourth, in several outstanding ballet performances.

"In addition, we plan to give the classical tragedy and comedy with foremost living actors. We expect to re-create the antique Greek theatre in its modern form. For that purpose leading playwriters, composers, scholars, and other specialists will be invited. Their collective co-operation promises not only re-creation of the Greek theatre but also a creation of a new and great theatrical art, so persistently yet fruitlessly dreamed of by many visionaries in the nineteenth and present centuries.

"We contemplate further to establish an Academy of Music and Arts as a permanent institution. It has to be a creative musical center, where the greatest living composers will teach the art of composition; the greatest virtuosi, the art of perfect performance and technique; the greatest conductors, the mystery of conducting orchestras and choruses. The most eminent thinkers and scholars of Harvard, Yale and other universities will be teaching there, each in his field, so far as it concerns arts and music. . . .

"So visioned, the center will be one of the foremost educational institutions. It will serve the American nation, the world at large and all those who seek the best in music and related arts; those who want to study the fine arts in their relationship to culture, and those who long for a creative rest in the summer."

* * *

The Academy will be established in the summer of 1940. In addition to the opportunity—and a sadly needed one at that—for mature and talented musicians to practice orchestral and choral conducting, there will be a chance for everyone who enjoys music to associate in an informal and intimate way with professionals, to sing in the festival chorus or play in amateur orchestras, to attend rehearsals of the Boston Symphony and all festival concerts, to observe for themselves how music is made.

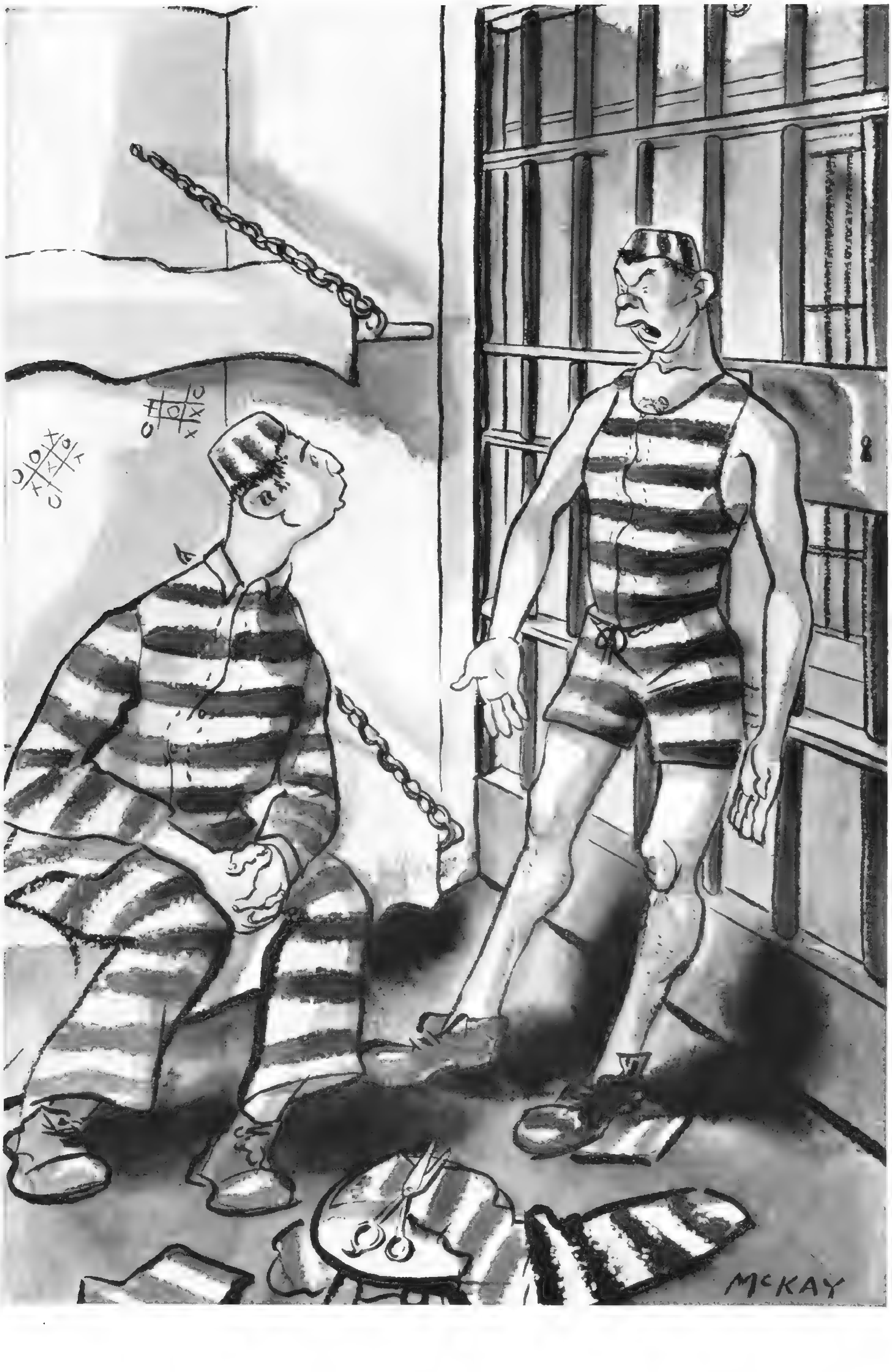
The only entrance requirement is an intelligent interest in music. No diploma or credit is given. In other words, The Berkshire Academy is not to be a conservatory or summer school. It will have no library, no research, no academic formalities. The lectures, which deal broadly with the understanding of music and the arts, will not constitute a course of study but will serve as a background for the actual musical experiences of the six-week session, which next summer will begin about July tenth and continue to August fifteenth.

To my mind, no more stimulating opportunity presents itself to the professional musician or the layman. Certainly, the Mozarteum in Salzburg offered no such attractions. As students soon discovered, it was largely a farce, its catalogue glutted with well-advertised names who seldom appeared. Salzburg had been for centuries a meeting place of Latin and Teutonic cultures. It was rich in age and romance.

But our Berkshires are rich in literary associations and have an inheritance and tradition all their own. Before 1800, William Mason was holding a musical convention in the courthouse at Lenox, "which was filled to overflowing." Hawthorne spent the busiest months of his creative life on what now are the Festival grounds. James Russell Lowell stayed in Stockbridge, Oliver Wendell Holmes in Pittsfield. William Cullen Bryant was inspired to write *Thanatopsis* and had a house near Great Barrington. The countryside was a "jungle of literary lions."

The natural beauty of this landscape influences every creative mind. Though in time they bored Hawthorne, who, incidentally, couldn't tell the difference between *Hail, Columbia* and *Yankee Doodle*, the endless nooks and corners along the busy Housatonic, the lights and shadows and clouds over Stockbridge Bowl, the mountains in the distance, have changed little since he lived at Tanglewood and wrote of Bald Head.

From the point of view of atmosphere, the Berkshires offer an ideal home for an American music-center. And, having heard the results of Doctor Koussevitzky's passionate faith and perseverance in his purpose, and knowing the unique combination of imagination and caution which characterizes the outlook of those who support this project, I am confident of its future. If, however, it should halt now and continue to present only symphonic concerts, it would have established a standard of performance second to none and have made it impossible for music in this country ever again to take a summer vacation. #



"I go to all the trouble of cutting it out, and now the warden won't lemme go swimming"

The Lives of a Hungarian Hussar

Continued from page 47

because it was a fashionable unit, but also because it was stationed near Vienna, rendezvous of all cavalry officers, and naturally the most sought-after garrison in the monarchy. The 1st Imperial Hussars were also stationed in Vienna.

You should have seen the *Haupt Allée*, or Main Street of the Prater—the Central Park of Vienna—on the 1st of May before the war! All the cavalry officers in the capital and all others who could obtain leave, were there in the most beautiful and sometimes fantastic equipages. A Prince Windischgraetz of the 12th Uhlans drove four perfectly matched piebald horses with two lackeys behind him; Prince Emery de Thurn und Taxis, equerry to the king, sat behind a pair of beautiful black Orloff trotters; the *gemütlich* and happy Viennese bourgeoisie watched an incredibly young Arciére Guard officer, without even fuzz on chin as yet, but monocle in eye, reclining on the deep plush seat of a fiacre, drawn by two "Americaners" fast as lightning. There were thousands of equipages—and one white automobile; an immense, clumsy Mercedes, belonging to a lieutenant of the 7th Hussars, Baron Peter de Baich, a famous gentleman rider. The pre-War horses turned the other way in disgust; but the populace, the happy pageant-loving Viennese were fascinated by the machine and the fabulously rich baron. They loved the cavalry officers as much or more than Americans like movie stars today.

An officer of cavalry had to have at least two horses: one given to him by the State, the other his own. But many of them kept a half-dozen. Each officer had a trooper who acted as his valet, dressed him, undressed him, shined his boots, stole his cigarettes and drank his champagne. He also had two troopers take care of his horses. If he showed especial talent for equitation, he was sent to one of the schools for Military Riding Masters. There were several of these very exclusive institutions, but the one at Holics was the best. Thirty-four superbly riding cavalry officers came here each year for five months and were guests at the Imperial castle. Over two hundred horses were boxed in the stables and an officer rode as many as six a day. And yet, in spite of all their efforts, not every one of them was able to qualify in view of the very high demands at the end of the term. Holics was also the Hungarian Melton Mowbray; there were several packs of foxhounds in the Imperial kennels, one pack belonging to Queen Elizabeth. Incidentally, the horse-loving queen wished very much to be the honorary colonel of one of the crack cavalry regiments and wear their uniform on her splendid figure, but Franz Joseph would not consent.

If an officer wished to marry, he or his bride had to deposit the equivalent of about seven thousand dollars in the coffers of the State. This rule was not merely established to discourage the officers from marrying—a man with a pretty wife becomes less interested in the army—but the money also served to extricate the officer from financial difficulties that often arose in the lives of soldiers in the Hungarian cavalry. Eventually, after a certain number of years, the money was returned. Sometimes the ruler made an exception and waived the deposit; but often the officer in love had to choose between family life or the army on account of the lack of money and usually became an unromantic government servant, postal or railroad clerk.

At the advent of the World War the cavalry of Austria-Hungary was really superb. There were about sixty-one regiments, hussars, dragoons, uhlans, guards, etc. On the 1st of August, 1914, they rode spick and span in their gorgeous uniforms to meet the phalanx of the Russians in open combat. Each regiment comprised 1,180 men, 1,150 horses and 40 carriages; they were on their way to massacre the enemy. In the first few days of warfare the losses of these brave but naïve hussars, who attacked according to the age-old rules of the Hungarian cavalry, were horrible! The beautifully dressed shiny, fast-galloping soldiers and horses served as magnificent targets to the more modestly attired Russians, who already knew better than to expose themselves and fought from trenches. Finally, shortly after the great debacle at the Battle of Limanowa the hussars dismounted. From that time on, they fought all through the war the same as infantry, with the added advantage of being able to move fast, when it came to advance or retreat, since the horses were always kept near by. They could cover terrain where men on foot or in machines were useless, and in reconnoitering they were indispensable. I have no statistics available as to how many Austro-Hungarian cavalry men died in the World War, but it is safe to say that the number approaches 200,000. The loss of horses is officially put at a million and a half! (In 1914, there were over four million horses in the monarchy.)

Germany, an ally of Austria-Hungary during the War, had some famous cavalry regiments too. The Kaiser, who was addicted to military display, insisted on an excellent cavalry, and during his reign uniforms were designed and redesigned. He was almost as fond of uniforms as Herr Goering, and often appeared fantastically dressed, although he cut a far better figure than the deformedly corpulent Goering. It is interesting to note that the Kaiser also gave preference to white tunics just like the present strong man of the Reich. One of the best cavalry regiments of old Germany, the Bismarck Kürassiers, was an all-white regiment; white tunic, white breeches, long white gauntlets, and even the silver helmet was bedecked with white egret plumes. Another exclusive regiment was the "Kürassiere Kaiser Nikolaus von Russland," but the foremost cavalry regiments of all were the "Totenkopf Hussars." They were started by Frederick the Great on Hungarian pattern and always enjoyed special privileges and prominence. The uniform was all black with silver braidings, and used a half-cape flung over the left shoulder, patent leather boots with silver frogs, and a modified calpac with a metal skull and bones. The three regiments were garrisoned at Danzig, Langfuhr and Braunschweig, respectively, and Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm and the Duke of Braunschweig were joint protectors or honorary owners. Of course, today, under the rule of an ex-infantry corporal, there are no more dashing Death's Head Hussars, who, after all, added greatly to the romantic glamor of the country. But now and then we may see in the news reels or in the rotogravure section of a Sunday paper a very old man dressed in the uniform of the famous regiment. He is Field Marshal von Mackensen, erstwhile commander, and last souvenir of the Death's Heads. It is sad to have to report that today in the highly mechanized German army there is not a single cavalry regiment left; a troop of mounted soldiers are attached to most infantry regiments, however.

In France the most fashionable regiment of cavalry is the 6th (black) Dragoons, garrisoned at Vincennes—which is very convenient for the officers who like to come in to Paris in the evening to make the round of night clubs after their day of strenuous riding. Nearly everybody is a "de" in the 6th Dragoons; the number of dukes and counts still found in republican France is truly amazing. The 11th Cuirassiers of Paris and the 8th Chasseurs à Cheval also enjoy a great reputation. The 1st Hussars—founded by the Hungarians—stationed at Angers, near Saumur, are very exclusive, too. There are five cavalry schools, the most famous being at Saumur.

In peacetime there are around fifty cavalry regiments in France, but only a few remain "pure," unmechanized. However, almost all of the colored colonial cavalry regiments still have their horses. There are seventeen regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique and Spahis at such romantic places as Biskra, Djelfa, Teniet-el-Had and Sidi-el-Hani, but ever since the memorable Stavisky affair a few regiments of Spahis, with no pity for recalcitrant white man, are garrisoned in France at Compiègne and at Vienne. The Spahis also lend a touch of color to the entry of a visiting king or to a statesman's cortege with their scarlet-lined floating white *burnus*. Then there is a "Regiment Etranger de Cavalerie," or mounted foreign legion, stationed at Meknès in Morocco, in addition to the five other regiments of foreign legion on foot. There are seven remount depots in Africa—Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco and Levant—and these provide the cavalry with excellent Arabian horses.

But I must not forget the "Garde Republicain Mobile" of France; every one who has been in France is familiar with their steel helmets with long horsehair plumes hanging down in back. They carry out any and every order of their superiors blindly—and often much too energetically—so that the extremist factions fear them equally. They are cleverly scattered in small formations; a squadron here, another there; mostly in industrial centers, in Paris, Nancy, Arras and Besançon. Once, during some disturbances, I saw them closing fast that district of the Champs Elysées where the president's palace stands. In four strategic streets, Guards and horses stood entirely across the width of the thoroughfare, perfectly motionless all night long. Not even a rabbit, with fascist tendencies—because that was the matter at issue—could have gotten through to the palace of Monsieur le Président de la République.

England's two remaining unmechanized regiments of cavalry aside from the Household Cavalry, which takes care of the safety of the sovereign, are the Royal Scots Greys and the Royal Dragoons. They are excellent regiments—the Greys, now in colonial service, I believe—with a long and honorable record; naturally the Greys have only grey horses. The uniform of this swanky regiment is a single-breasted red tunic, dark blue breeches, bearskin headgear, white gauntlets, and lance; officers in full dress wear a crimson sash around the waist over their sword belt and tied on the left side. Another very old and distinguished cavalry regiment was the "Queen's Bays," or familiarly just the "Bays"; here of course the horses were bay. The regiment was founded by the Earl of Peterborough in 1686, and although it is motorized now, they still have their famous badge, the Queen's monogram with the Garter. The two regiments of Household Cavalry were formed by Charles II from the eighty faithful gentlemen who followed him into exile. The Earl of Oxford, Aubrey de Vere, was the first commander; and at the time, a colonel's pay was two hundred and eighteen pounds sterling, a major's one hundred, and the busy surgeon received one hundred and nine pounds per annum. The senior cavalry regiment of the British army, the Life Guards, makes up one-half of the Household Cavalry; they wear a scarlet coat, white breeches, top boots and a steel cuirass and helmet, while the uniform of the Royal Horse Guards—the "Blues"—is the same, except that the coat is dark blue. At present, at the moment of writing, there are only 5,000 horses in the British army! Of course, things are different in India.

I would like to tell you about the 17th Queen Victoria Poona Horse, a very interesting regiment indeed, and the Yellow or Skinner Horse, and silky bearded native Indian Rissaldar Majors, and the strange customs of Indian cavalry men who were allowed to take their sweethearts to camp with them; and I would like to tell you about Cossacks in Ekaterinodar which town was the capital of the Russian horsemen who lived in communities; or to talk of the Rumanian hussar officers who use make-up, and put atropin in their already-large eyes, and ride on Hungarian horses in their white breeches with Hungarian braid, through Calea Victoriaei, Main Street of Bucharest, towards evening, promenade time. But I do not have space to write about all these things which interest me so. Just a last note about cavalry matters in the United States; I am told that the 3rd Cavalry is the smartest and most famous regiment, and is well over a hundred years old; and that there are fourteen regiments of cavalry of which only two are mechanized. I have also heard from experts in this country the same opinion as I got from experts in Europe: that notwithstanding the mechanized era, wars cannot be fought without cavalry, which must work in unison with light tanks, infantry, aircraft and artillery. Poor horses; I feel sorry for them. It seems that they will have to go on sharing man's problems and sufferings forever, and whether they want to or not, they will have to be a party to his blind stupidity. ⌗

Her Most Memorable Adventure

Continued from page 31

these foreign bandits and delivered up to them in a defenseless condition. What did they intend?

"The first evening nothing happened. We stopped at the first large town on our route and engaged three adjoining rooms in the best hotel. The husband put on evening dress, likewise his wife and myself. We had an excellent dinner, danced awhile, and then retired to rest. To rest? Left to myself I started to have palpitation of the heart as any young wife on the first night of her marital life.

"What awaited me? I undressed, slipped into bed, but dared not fall asleep . . . I had bolted the door of the adjoining room. . . . Later on I got out of bed and with sublime contempt unbolted it. Nobody can escape from his fate, I thought to myself. Apart from that I was somewhat curious!

"To my very great astonishment nothing happened—except that I had far too little sleep. Next morning the couple greeted me with great kindness; we seated ourselves in the car and continued our journey. . . . My fears were allayed until the afternoon, but in the evening when we arrived in the mountains I began to indulge in fancies anew. . . . They were afraid of doing anything as long as we were in the city, I thought. But here in the provinces . . . in a deserted inn . . . they would commit the crime. . . .

"The crime! The word tore through my tortured brain like a flash of lightning. I had read something about the profligate habits of American millionaires who, after having exhausted all the sensations they could find, came to Europe to indulge themselves in some hitherto unknown intoxication—the intoxication of spilling blood. They wanted to kill me!

"As twilight rapidly approached, a growing anxiety overpowered me. I watched both of them. Now and then they said a kind word to me. How much they controlled themselves! The three of us sat together in the unusually wide rear seat. In the middle, I felt the warmth of the two bodies which touched mine. They embraced me like living armor . . . I should have to flee! I thought out plans, and as the car stopped in front of the lonely mountain hotel I was determined. I already had an excuse for my returning—an urgent family affair called me back. But when the door of the hotel opened and the light of the warm, comfortable hall enveloped me—when I saw the cheerful tranquillity of the couple, and felt in my nerves the prosperity with which I had come in contact—then my anxiety suddenly disappeared. Let us wait, I thought to myself, for whatever may happen tonight. I found that in the case of a murder it is not only the murderer who is concerned—the victim too somehow contributes something, however involuntary his readiness to do so may be . . .

"This evening also we attired ourselves in our best clothes and ordered a fine dinner. At the table I behaved like a lunatic. I was alternately courteously composed and madly nervous. The two of them contemplated me good-naturedly, soothed me, sought to cheer me up; that was more than mere kindness. . . . But why? . . . What were their intentions toward me? . . . What did they want of me? . . . Once I was near tears. I could have been quietly sitting in Berlin with my friend, I thought to myself. But instead of that, here with anxious tension I awaited whatever the night might bring me. . . .

"Again we had three adjoining rooms. Take care, I thought—we are in the mountains! And I carefully bolted the door. I listened. . . . Next to mine was the wife's room. The husband entered . . . A stream of English words flowed from them, none of which I understood . . . The conversation continued uninterrupted and without a pause and drowned the suspicious little noises I could hear in between. I could not imagine what they were doing. At last, tired out, I sank down on the bed and, utterly exhausted, fell into a deep sleep. . . . Toward morning I dreamed that a man with a sharp knife approached me and wanted to dismember me . . . I awoke with a scream. The waiter knocked on the door and respectfully announced that my hosts awaited me at breakfast.

"On the third evening we retired to rest in a little inn on the other side of the Italian frontier. The hotel was full, and the best the proprietor could do for us was to give us two rooms. A short discussion followed as to how we should sleep. 'Well Mimi,' I said to myself, 'now comes the complication; but why make such a fuss about it?' The couple would, of course, have to share one of the two rooms, while the other would be assigned to me. But this arrangement didn't suit them at all . . . Then what did they want? . . . Perhaps it was only my imagination, but I had the feeling that the woman was suggesting to her husband that he share the room with me.

"At length she came up to me and smilingly asked if I would be agreeable to the proposition that she sleep with me. Resigned to my fate I consented. . . .

"Women are more inclined to physical intimacy amongst themselves than are men. My friend openly admired my perfect figure, my beautifully rounded arms, my muscular legs and my well-proportioned hips. We gave a mutual display of our favorite gymnastic exercises, boldly throwing up our legs and as audaciously squatting on our haunches and rising again. Then, somewhat tired, we threw ourselves into the double bed. From a respectful distance and in an exceedingly charming manner she related some anecdotes of American society life—under the influence of which, I regret to say, I speedily fell asleep. Next morning I awoke softly. She was already in the bathroom.

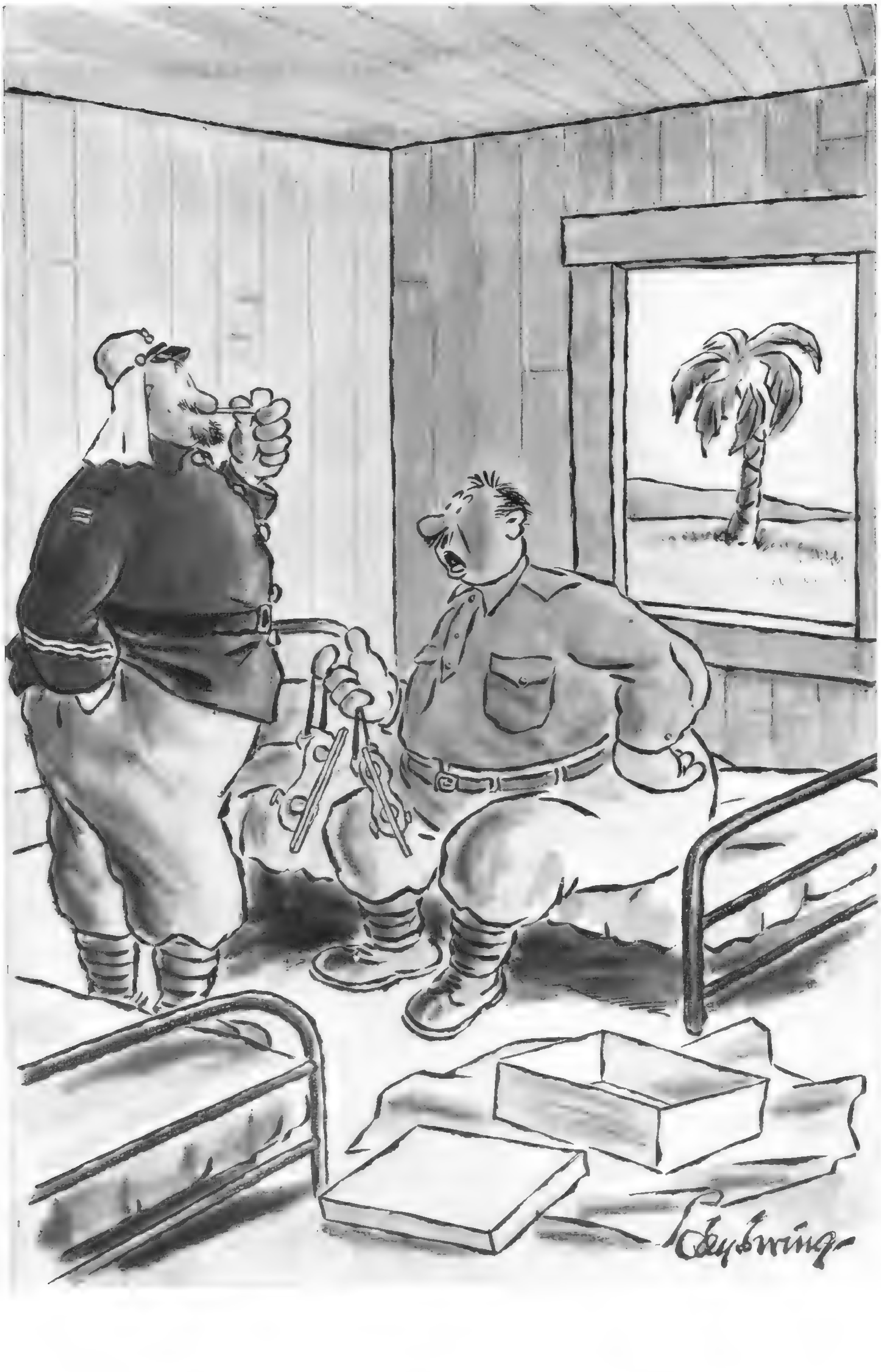
"I spent a whole month with the couple under conditions of ever-increasing intimacy. During the day we conversed with each other, and in the evening and early morning came into each other's room quite freely and without any feeling of embarrassment. Now and then I surprised them, while more frequently still they came of their own accord to me. When we went on short tours it often happened that all three of us spent the night in the same room, but not once was there even a vestige of—what is it you say?—impropriety? The last time I had spent a month under similar conditions of respectability I had been a little child. At last, so it seemed to me, I had found two human beings who did not require me for that. . . ."

"And for that reason it was your most memorable adventure?" I said interrogatingly, thinking to conclude the story.

"No," answered Mimi, "it ended quite differently. One day the wife announced to me quite unexpectedly that she had to leave for America. They had already determined upon that a month before in Berlin. Her husband, however, would have to remain for six months on business. She knew, she declared with perfect composure, that a normal man could not possibly live for this space of time without love. So they had agreed among themselves to discover an amiable woman who enjoyed perfect physical and spiritual health—one who would be able to protect her husband from other dangerous temptations. And as the best way they could get to know each other was on a mutually conducted trip, they had invited and taken me with them! Now upon closer acquaintance they pronounced themselves quite satisfied with their choice.

"I almost choked but contrived to preserve a friendly mien.

"So one *did* want me *for that* after all. Never had I felt myself so deeply humiliated as on that day when this American woman desired to surrender me to her husband. That was in Naples, the city of love! Whilst the two of them, whom I had constantly associated with murder and other horrors, were in the museum, I packed my trunks with all haste and fled back by the first train to Berlin—to a modest 'Jimmy' and to the life to which I had been accustomed. This, heaven knows why, I still held to be more honorable and more human!" ⌗


Eldon Dedini

"... An' y'know, she knows I don't know how to skate! ! !"

Night Watchman

Continued from page 28

either a human being or a taxicab. When the telescope is being adjusted on a star thousands of light-years away, jaywalkers grab its tripod to help them more quickly mount the sidewalk.

Except when adjusting the 'scope's eyepiece, Stoll almost always keeps his hands in the pockets of his ten-year-old greyish overcoat. Frequently he beats his thighs with the wings of this garment to keep up the circulation in his legs. It is important for him to be careful of his hands, not only to be able to adjust the eyepiece, but because he is by trade a lens-grinder. It is several years since he last had a daytime job, but to protect his fingers, in case he should find work again, he wears a pair of brown cloth gloves such as truckmen use. If the weather is less cold than freezing, however, he merely keeps his bare hands clenched in his pockets, clubbing his legs with peculiar flapping gestures and muttering in his hasty, nervous monotone: "Take a look at Venus, the most popular of all the planets. Venus just coming up. Take a look at Venus, the planet of love." The expression "The planet of love" sickens Stoll, and sometimes when he thinks what he is saying, he can barely get the words out. He worked along the Coney Island boardwalk a few summers ago, and he still regards barkers with loathing.

For several years, before establishing on 42nd Street, Peter had an observatory at Columbus Circle, and hawked the dark heavens over Central Park. One day the idea occurred to him of following the free-spending sporting crowd, and so he went downtown to Madison Square. He was already doing pretty well there when Tex Rickard got started at the Garden; the promoter became his first regular customer. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., used to bring his first wife to study their destiny in the stars, and after they were divorced, he soon began bringing Mary Pickford. For a while there in the twenties, you may remember, sunspots were held accountable for many peculiar things that were going on. A Mr. Daley, who represented himself to Stoll as the president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, was particularly fascinated by sunspots. He studied the solar changes, under Peter's guidance, as omens of those earthly cycles so vital to underwriters and actuaries. Every day at lunch hour, he joined Peter on the far side of the Square and made a rapid scientific checkup of conditions on the sun. Sunspots gave Peter not only a 24-hour potential income, and the friendship of Mr. Daley, but also the only coat of tan he ever knew.

The passing of the Garden sent Peter adventuring northward. When talkies were being predicted, he was wandering around in the Forties, poking his 'scope skyward between the increasing number of blinding illuminated signs and the blazing theatre marquees. Forty-sixth off Broadway was his favorite spot, and Georgie Jessel his best customer. Here O. O. McIntyre found him and gave him a nationwide paragraph, the nearest to fame that Peter ever approached. Because Daddy Browning always paid him a dollar, Peter allowed Dorothy Knapp to study her future in the heavens as often as she wished. Once he understood Daddy's catholic taste, he gave Peaches Heenan similar privileges. Peter found all these great figures tainted with superstitious horoscopy, but this foible did not surprise him. Known to the public only by their court trials, bathing costumes, and published love letters, these celebrities became touchingly real and human to Peter when they revealed that they considered his stars the true masters of their fortunes.

Stoll now appears on Forty-second Street every clear evening within a half-hour after the sun goes down. In winter his arrival is as early as six o'clock; in summer he turns up around nine. The changes in the solar cycle regulate hours of earthly darkness, and the hours of darkness regulate Peter's income. In summer, plenty of people are out roaming the sidewalks to cool off, but the astronomical hours are few. In winter, he can work longer, but the crosstown wind bites so deep that hardly anybody cares about star gazing. Stoll's philosophy has been shaped in part by his contemplation of this self-compensating cycle. "In the city," he says, describing this phenomenon, "everything seems fixed against astronomy. It's like as though it was a new racket. In summer so many heat waves come off the buildings you can't see anything; in winter it's the smoke or roof vents from the oil furnaces. But I always tell customers exactly what the visibility is. I even make it woise instead of better. Otherwise, they beef about the conditions the stars are in."

The growth of common curiosity about science, a profitable trend for other popularizers, has been unhappily offset in Stoll's trade by the increase in public self-consciousness. Unlike your academic astronomer in his eggshell observatory on a remote mountaintop, Peter's customer never quite feels that he is alone with the universe. Even as he buries his gaze in the infinite, the client senses that his body, like that of the ostrich, is all too noticeable in the here and now. Peter's pavement psychology stubbornly refuses to recognize any factor of embarrassment, but he cannot deny that it has hurt business. In a vertical city it ought to be natural enough to glance up at the heights of buildings. Yet where so human an action makes anybody conspicuous, the man who chooses to look beyond even the skyscraper into fathomless space, cuts himself an image verging upon clownishness in the eyes of his fellowmen.

Another phenomenon adverse to business, but less easy to explain, is that many pedestrians seem to find the astronomer himself a sight so diverting that it never occurs to them to investigate the stars. At the picture of Peter standing beside the heaven-directed finger of his telescope, flailing his thighs as he purveys the planets, even charitable-minded adults find themselves grinning. Youngsters who have cast the mantle of wonder ask him when he shot his last window washer. These derisions sting Peter to a burning anger that would take violent outlet if he were not instinctively so civilized. When he goes into the Horn and Hardart on Sixth Avenue for a cup of coffee, he gets a chance to thaw himself out and tells the assistant managers, both of whom are his friends, something of what he feels about the eternal crowd.

"They're coming out of one warm room, yeah," he says, his right hand punching his left palm, his eyes glittering. "They're going to another room, yeah," his teeth set tight and his jaw trembling. "Maybe they've just drawn their paycheck or their relief check. Fine. They know exactly how much they're going to bring home to the old lady for that week's work. Only they're so dumb and sure of themselves, being sure of their money, that it makes me sick and disgusted. Why, they're so dumb I bet half of them think I'm a fake. Sure, a fake. But listen. I never asked for sympathy or help. Did I? Ever hear me? No. Not from any of them. Never. *And what I've been learning about them in the meanwhile is plenty.*"

Peter has never troubled to hide his contempt for the gospel of collective intelligence. He dislikes labor unions, blaming them in part for the decline of the lens and optical business. It is his belief—a belief that with the years has come to have the force of an obsession—that the public grows perceptibly stupider from one year to the next. He thinks that it is science that is doing people out of their brains. As a scientist, though only a humble one, he cannot feel himself absolved from the general responsibility. He is haunted by a kind of professional guilt.

The major exhibit in what Stoll regards as the backward march of progress is also his chief rival in the field of night entertainment: radio. To him it is beyond question that radio, as leader in the field of predigested entertainment, has already substantially lowered and will continue to drive downward the intelligence level of the United States. When he meditates how bad radio is, and how many millions of people let it do their thinking for them, his forbearance flies out of the window. "Radio," he says, "is so putrid it stinks." Part of his feeling, of course, comes from the fact that people sit at home listening to gags, who, from Peter's angle, could much better be out reviewing the stars, as their parents used to do. But for Peter it goes much deeper than that. "I look up there in that beautiful night sky," he says, "so clear the Milky Way looks as near as a bracelet in a window over on the Avenue, and then I think of all that crap going through it. Just imagine it, spreading out in all directions, taking away people's power to read and think, every night making them dumber and dumber and dumber. When it's raining and I stay home listening to some comedian, and I hear the empty way those studio audiences laugh, I just about go crazy. Standing here every night as long as there are any people going by, how often would a person think I would meet someone who can think for his self? Once a week, anyway, wouldn't they? I used to meet somebody intelligent at least that often, in the old days. But now, *I never do.* It's almost impossible to believe, but it's the factual truth. So help me. *I never do.*"

Each stupidity of the masses Stoll treasures carefully, not only to give pleasure to his friends, but also for the boner itself, as a collector's item. The invasion of Martians led by Orson Welles, for example, is still a cheerful phenomenon for him; customers often inquire how the Martians came down to earth that time. Well, though, if they really *had* come, could they go back the same way? Or would they have to stay? Stoll's thunderous counter-challenge is: "Tell me, why *should* they?"

A short while ago a middle-aged woman with an umbrella came charging out of the crowd bent on transfixing Stoll and carrying off his telescope. A stooping client was at the eyepiece at the time, studying a spiral nebula. Peter defended his exposed flank by disarming the woman and giving her a series of resolute pushes. Finally she called a policeman and invoked Peter's arrest. Her charge was not that he repulsed her and took away her weapon, but that he was showing his customer Saturn, and this planet, she insisted, was the single cause of all earthly evils. Marched to the station house with Peter, she explained carefully to the desk that the Stoll telescope was operating as a pipeline, emptying the malice of Saturn into Bryant Park. The sergeant assured her that the force was keeping an eye on Mr. Stoll themselves, having long suspected something like this, and that when they had enough evidence to insure a conviction, arrest would be quick and prison inevitable. Satisfied, the lady nodded cordially at them all, including Peter, and walked out of the station house, putting up her umbrella when she was under the stars.

Stoll holds science particularly

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Night Watchman

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responsible for the creation of what he calls the Baby Snooks kind of mind. He means by this the mind that believes that a reason exists for everything. There is, of course, no field where this attitude is more trying than astronomy. In relaxed hours he enjoys mimicking his customers. In a kind of singsong he will inquire sweetly of a sympathetic friend, "Why do we need a law of gravity?" "Won't it ever stop?" Or, unctuously, "Why should Jupiter get four planets when we got merely one?" Whenever such questions as these are actually put to him, Peter's eyes take on a glassy, cataleptic stare. If public curiosity becomes unendurable, he simply picks up his 'scope and flees.

When under great spiritual strain, Peter's refuge is the Manhattan Cafeteria on Seventh Avenue at Forty-first Street. This establishment is owned by Demetrios Karavoulas, a stocky Greek who lost a $40,000 chain of eight restaurants to his smarter employees when his health failed, and who thus shares Peter's general philosophy about the manners and morals of the mob. "There ain't no answer to some things, but you can't tell the public that," Stoll usually begins by murmuring, peering through the counter glass at the raisin pie. Mr. Karavoulas, who for several months has been trying to take Peter's mind off the public by teaching him Greek, sighs cavernously. "My friend," he says, "look at them." He points at the cigarette-cadging bums and floaters that drowse for hours over coffee at the Manhattan's tables. "What more do you expect, my friend? To me, my friend, they are all like a page out of *Les Miserables*." This thought, because he is an admirer of French culture, is of the greatest comfort to Mr. Karavoulas, but it simply makes Peter Stoll impatient.

Stoll has ascertained beyond question, after years of painstakingly collected evidence, that a majority of New York's adults believe that every time the moon changes they are able to enjoy a view not merely of a different phase of the moon, but of *a different moon*. Unwilling to credit his ears, anxious above all things to be exact, Stoll frequently cross-questions his clients elaborately. When he has confirmed beyond doubt that his customer actually believes that the earth enjoys the services of a number of planets, each of them called the moon, Stoll hurries around to the Manhattan Cafeteria lest he forget the words of the moron. After he has told Mr. Karavoulas precisely how the multilunar hypothesis has been expressed this time, he orders a glass of warm buttermilk. He drinks it very slowly and in silence, while Mr. Karavoulas watches him sympathetically. The sidewalk astronomer never smokes and never drinks anything stronger than buttermilk, and for Mr. Karavoulas this asceticism is the hallmark of Stoll's genius.

The thought of exploiting the public's stupidity has naturally occurred to Stoll, but each time he puts it aside with firmness. Not only his personal honesty stands in the way; a professional code, the more inexorable for being unwritten, binds him. The temptation may be strong to give the suckers a Sirius for Orion, to offer them Aldebaran when Canis Major has been lost behind the American Radiator Building, and to cock their eyes at Pegasus when Europa's Bull has been branded out of existence by the crimson neon figures of the clock representing Enna Jettick shoes. But "If a guy wants to see Mars and won't take a different planet, there isn't a man with a 'scope in New York that would try to show him Saturn," as Stoll explains it. "And don't think it's easy to let 'em go, either. What do half of the dopes say, the minute they walk up to the tripod?" He simpers imitation. "How is my planet tonight?" "I must see my star before I go home to bed!" "I need just a peek at my own constellation or else I simply can't get to sleep!"

People always ask Stoll for astrological books. Had he begun selling them years ago he would undoubtedly be prosperous today. But he contemptuously turns his back upon the supernatural. Myra Kingsley he describes in terms more fitting a madam than a seeress. He has taken just one modest flier in the book business. From the stock of a bankrupt publishing house he purchased for fifty cents each a dozen copies of a paper-covered 138-page volume known by the provocative title of *Unveiling the Universe, Where We Are and What We Are*. In this work the earth is introduced as "Our Heavenly Orb, Freighted with Life, in an Unending Journey Around the Sun." Except for more captions in the same key, the book is factual, temperate and well-illustrated, and to Stoll it represents everything that a book sold by a sidewalk astronomer should be. While his customers have been supplicating him for astrological and heart books, he has been offering them *Unveiling the Universe* at seventy-five cents each. The average sale is one copy every four weeks.

Stoll has been caused a good deal of annoyance by the members of an obscure midtown religious sect who are not only astrologers but star-worshipers. In the course of their seances, which are in the nature of a collective trance, they visit the surfaces of several fixed stars familiar to Peter Stoll only through his telescope. "I try to be nice to everybody," he says, "but those people drive me nuts. They stop and tell me how they've just been up there in the cities in the stars, and how it's all golden streets and wonderful alabaster buildings. Oh, sure. To hear them, you'd think I was gypping people, you honestly would. Not only do they know Arcturus and Saturn, the way we do, but they know a lot of extra stars of their own, like Astreea and Cyclopea. Think they ever spend a nickel on me? Oh no. Why should they? They've got a better way. Thing they're after now is that *I* should take a trip up amongst the planets some night with *their* party. Look fine, wouldn't it?"

A pillar of comradeship to Peter in defending the professional code is his colleague, Joe White, who has been toting a big telescope around town for twenty-six years. Joe wanders unpredictably from street to street and frequently even tests friendship by working 42nd Street. As scientists, Peter and Joe White are one. When astrology is mentioned, Peter holds his nose and Joe spits in the gutter.

The only serious competition to Joe and Peter is an up-and-coming Latvian named Ed Balod. Mr. Balod owns a twelve-inch refracting telescope that when fully extended attains the formidable length of two hundred inches. Of course so huge an apparatus, while an incomparably fine magnet for customers, cannot be shouldered and carried along the sidewalk like Joe's and Peter's. Mr. Balod has given his beauty a suitably imposing background by mounting it in the tonneau of an early Rolls-Royce, which he drives himself. In this conveyance he can follow the crowds anywhere from the Polo Grounds to the Battery and set up business wherever the police are either friendly toward star gazing or too nonplussed to interfere. Balod charges ten cents a look, and even on this extravagant scale he has been so successful that he employs an assistant, who washes the Rolls-Royce while Ed polishes the telescope. Joe White and Peter Stoll look upon Mr. Balod with deference and some envy. The only time Peter ever dared charge ten cents it was not for a view of the universe; it was to see Shipwreck Kelly sitting on a flagpole on the top of the Paramount Building. That seems very long ago now, and somewhat unreal.

The *esprit de corps* among the sidewalk astronomers goes back to twenty years ago, when a few young amateur astronomers used to meet together on frosty winter nights behind the Museum of Natural History, in what was then an open field. When their fingers grew numb from adjusting each other's eye-piece they were often invited to warm up inside the Museum by Clyde Fisher, its director. In that way the Amateur Astronomers' Association was born, of which Peter Stoll and most of the others are still members. The most beloved figure of those days was Henry Dill Benner, a gentleman astronomer who used to write long letters to the *Times* and *Sun* about the pleasures of star gazing, expressed in a prose which, though visionary, was so rhythmic and compelling that his harmless propaganda never failed to be printed. Mr. Benner was the idol of Stoll's youth. Peter still has every letter Mr. Benner wrote, and he carries these yellowed clippings, poetry to him, in a wallet on the inside pocket of his worn overcoat.

As a craft, the sidewalk astronomers dislike on principle all politicians, but their feeling for Park Commissioner Moses amounts to hatred. Sensing himself surrounded by unknown forces, Stoll usually expresses his views about authorities with caution, but not about Mr. Moses. He calls him, "the Big Supreme I Am." By driving the sidewalk astronomers out of the metropolitan parks, Mr. Moses has accomplished his most gigantic feat of outdoor improvements: he has cleft the sky itself in twain. While the astronomers were allowed to work in the parks, they were able to command any angle of the sky. Now, having been thrust over to the non-Moses, or police side of the street, only half the universe is theirs. "Everything has got to be nice and tidy in the parks and there mustn't be anybody making his living there": thus Peter translates Mr. Moses' policy. "Everybody's got to starve to death quietly at home, listening to politicians talk on the radio. He's the coming man, Moses is. You can't stop him. He's the newest Big Supreme I Am we've got and if you happen to be dependent on your 'scope for your support, you know what you can do."

One sidewalk astronomer alone does more than criticize Mr. Moses: Mrs. Weber, of Times Square, the only female in the profession. Defying Mr. Moses to expel her, Mrs. Weber still offers the stars as she pleases in the tiny triangle in Longacre Square where the statue to Father Duffy stands. So far all Mr. Moses' men have not been able to persuade Mrs. Weber to leave. Peter Stoll, Joe White and even Ed Balod are proud of her.

Peter is happily married. He lives in a flat on Classon Avenue in Brooklyn, and he has two children, a boy, twelve, and a girl, six. Around midnight, when business begins to slacken off, he begins to look up at the red Enna Jettick clock and talk about going home. Actually, he rarely leaves before two. There is the problem of dismounting and finding a secure place for the big white telescope, a dilemma to be freshly considered every night. The only really safe storage is in the basement of an office building midway in the block. But in order to get it down there, it is necessary for Peter to trouble the watchman on duty and to request the use of the elevator. The watchman is perfectly willing to be accommodating, but Stoll insists on paying cash for his services, as he does for everything.

When he does not have a dime

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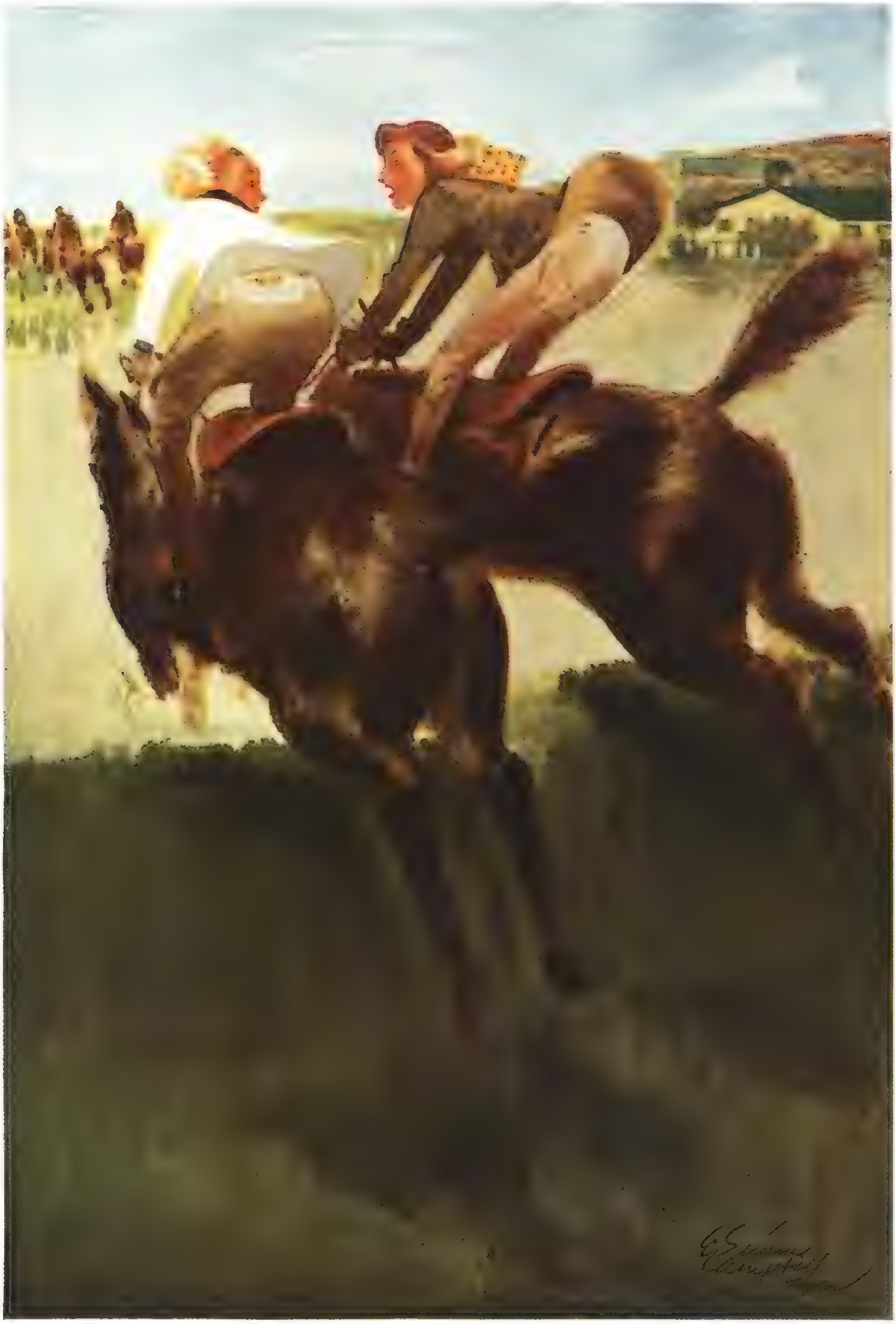

E. Simms Campbell

"Now tonight—she'll expect us to sit around all evening and play bridge"

Night Watchman

Continued from pages 28-113-114

for the night watchman, he is obliged to take the 'scope over to the newspaper shack of Blind Man George, which is at the library corner of Fifth Avenue, by the B. M. T. subway entrance. This is not the safest storage imaginable for a valuable optical instrument, but it has the advantage of costing nothing. Stoll has entered into a somewhat complicated but quite workable business understanding with Blind Man George, whose real name is Wittenberg, his morning partner, Frank Brown, and a man in an army overcoat named Smitty, who hangs around after sunset. This arrangement is made possible by the fact that Stoll owns a three-inch instrument in addition to the 4¼ regular telescope. He keeps the small 'scope beneath the shelf supporting Blind Man George's detective and western magazines.

Smitty acts as lookout man for Blind Man George, loafing at the curbstone edge like some predatory stranger, but actually watching to see that dishonest persons do not steal from the stand. For this work Smitty receives no direct income, but has the privilege of taking out Stoll's small telescope and working the library side of the street. Thus Stoll gets storage, Wittenberg gets protection, and Smitty gets a training in astronomy, to the mutual benefit of all. Smitty's earnings are limited, because he lacks the cloth signs describing his planets that hang in seasonal succession from Peter's tripod, hypnotizing the customers with their fabulous facts. Being a beginner (Smitty is about forty years old and has no hat), he does not know the stars very well, but Stoll, a terrifyingly scrupulous man, believes that the novice is entitled to fifty per cent of the proceeds, and sees that he gets them.

Stoll has a like arrangement for Sundays with Frank Brown, Wittenberg's morning clerk. The department stores being closed and the pavements relatively deserted, the police relax the rule against sidewalk telescopes in daytime-hours. There being no afternoon papers, Stoll takes out the big telescope and Brown the small one and they charge two cents for a look at the Empire State Building. All Stoll's companions, in fact, are astronomers of sorts, even the newsdealer, around whose unseeing face the entire system revolves, being familiar with the galactic universe by hearsay.

Whatever business there is, ends at two in the morning, when Blind Man George locks up. At this hour, on Christmas Eve, last-minute shoppers had spent $4.35 on the stars. This astonishing total was almost enough to even up the six visits to pawnshops Peter had been obliged to make as preliminary to his own family's Christmas. On the first freezing night of the winter, when the stars were very bright and Brenda Frazier had a $25,000 debut, his earnings amounted to 55c.

Business matters settled, and the telescopes put away, Stoll and Smitty stack up the newspapers and magazines for Blind Man George. They fit his shutters in place, adjust his iron bars and padlock, put his key in his pocket and walk him crosstown to the Third Avenue trolley. Nearly all the motormen know the three men, but if an unfamiliar man is at the controls, who might neglect to put off Blind Man George at the right street, Smitty and Stoll let the car go by and wait for the next, ignoring the newsdealer's wild protests of competence. When Wittenberg has been put aboard his trolley, the other two men separate, Peter to enter the subway, Smitty to take his own direction wherever he lives. Though he trusts Smitty with half his astronomical equipment, Peter has always scrupulously avoided the question of where, on earnings that average 25c nightly, Smitty sleeps. As a matter of fact, it has seemed to Peter the better part of discretion not to inquire even his junior associate's first name. Smitty volunteers little about himself, and Peter Stoll, who abhors the easy confidences of his voluble customers, looks confidently toward his future association with a partner whose social attitude so closely resembles his own. #

The Old Guy in the Spotty Toga

Continued from page 40

fighters, Dimachaeri, were socking away at each other. "Hm. Pish-posh," murmured the old gent. "Phooey!" He held his fingers up to his nostrils.

"Have a draught of Falernian," said Appius pacifyingly.

With brusque ill grace the old lad accepted the flask and, swallowing, made a wry grimace. "Sour," he grunted. "Falernian ain't what it used to be in my day."

The Dimachaeri had by this time been disposed of. "Do you really suppose the old son-of-a-gun fought against Sparticus?" I whispered to Appius.

Appius engaged the old man while the arena was being cleaned up. "Citizen of Rome," he said with mock seriousness, "I don't like these bouts any more than you do, only our aversion rests upon dissimilar foundations. You object because the circus is too little like a slaughterhouse, while I object because it is too much. Incidentally, my friend wonders whether or not you really fought against Sparticus the escaped convict."

"Convict!" exploded the old man. "So that's what they teach the children in school nowadays. No wonder there ain't a gladiator in all Italy worthy of the name."

"Have you ever seen Prothous the Athenian?" I interrupted.

"No," said the old veteran. "And what's more—"

"Well, Caius," I said, "you might have fought against Sparticus in Calabria, but this is the Colosseum in Rome and that's Prothous the Athenian taking the arena now, and we'd rather see him fight than hear you talk."

"Hm. So that's the mighty Prothous," and the old man in the spotty toga shrugged, turning back in his seat. "Hm. Ha."

The remainder of his bristling contempt was lost in the mighty roar which greeted the champion. Tremors of excitement thrilled up and down my spine. Everything was forgotten but the heroic figure of the gladiator standing erect and alone below us. Clothed lightly in a brief tunic, helmeted, a short curved dagger held down rigidly in his left hand, a broadsword in his right, he stood and exhibited his weapons to his patron, then waited in the easy stance which signalized his willingness to meet any fighter of the empire in single combat.

His opponent was the conventional *retiarius*. Disdainfully, Prothous evaded the maneuvers of the net-man who sought to entangle him. Exposing himself to intrigue the *retiarius* into closer quarters, the Athenian then executed a quick series of foot movements. Pattern completed, with dazzling suddenness he had spitted the *retiarius* upon the blade of his sword. Nonchalantly he held the dead man stiffly arrested in the upright position by the perfection of his sword thrust. Finally, when the spectators awoke from their amazement and bellowed their approval, he raised his knee and pushed the corpse from his sword with his foot. This stunning exhibition left the mob a mass of crooning admiration.

A little voice warned me not to look over at the old fellow in the spotty toga, but somehow the temptation was impossible to resist. As though under the volition of someone else's will, my head turned of its own accord. "Caius," said the old guy, and I knew what he was going to say before he said it. "Caius, this show smells."

I boiled up inside like a water kettle. It was impossible for me to articulate my words.

"Caius, it smells out loud," he continued. "In my time a gladiator would as soon stick a pin in a baby as kill such a lousy *retiarius*."

Appius laughed. "Caius," he said, "you're ruining my friend's afternoon."

The old guy spat over his knees. "Permit me," he held out his blue knotty hand, "to wash away the taste of that last bout with a swallow of your foul Falernian." Appius smilingly handed him the flask. Having drunk and screwed up his countenance wryly, the old fellow in the spotty toga continued. "So your friend wonders whether I fought against Sparticus, eh? Ha!"

"He'll be showing you his wounds next, Appius," I muttered.

"I served with noble Crassus during the entire campaign," he said, ignoring me completely. "Beginning with seventy crummy slaves the great Thracian fought off all Rome for three years. I was there when we had him trapped at Messina, or thought we did. By Jupiter, they came storming over the walls we'd built, and our whole force turns tail and makes for the tall timber."

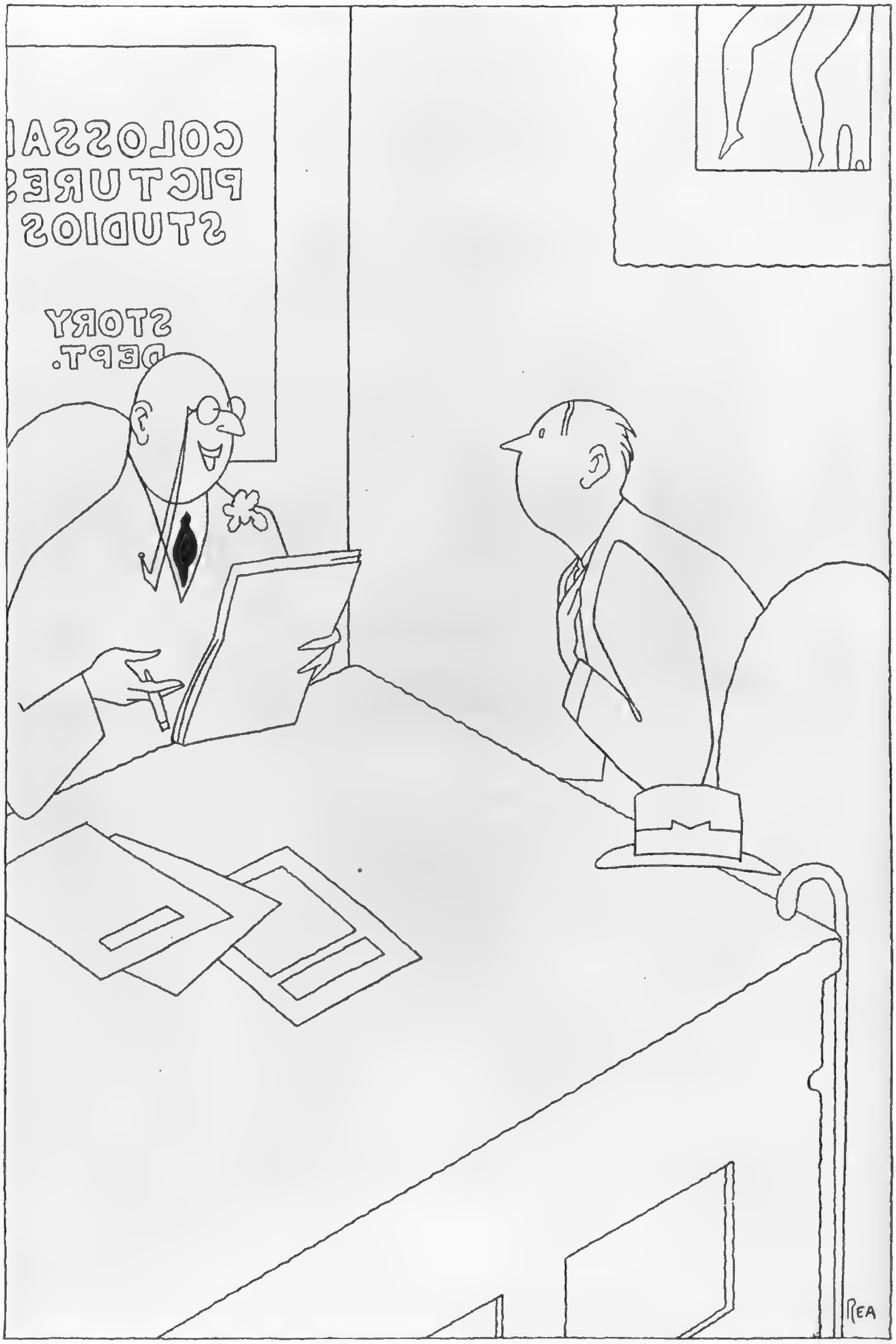
The old guy blew his nose between his fingers and went on. "That was Sparticus, boys, who started out with a few gladiators and wound up commanding an army that forced the Senate to call Caesar back from Gaul, and Pompey from Spain. And me, I saw Sparticus die. Bottled in by the greatest armies the empire could muster, he cut the throat of his faithful horse. 'If I win this here battle,' he told his soldiers, 'I'll have more doggone horses than I can use. If I don't—well, countrymen, I just won't need a horse.' You lads know what happened then. But I saw it. He lined up his forces, and he marched, marched straight for Crassus himself. His sword cut a swath in our troops. Heads and arms and legs and dismembered trunks fell left and right all about him. Me, in the center of my legion, I stood petrified, frightened clean out of my wits, as this holocaust came on. I saw a man singlehanded fight the whole damn Roman Empire. Suddenly the rebel gladiator just disappeared. He'd been hacked in little bits. There wasn't a square inch of him left to identify."

We'd forgotten to watch the match between the lion and the Mirmillone going on down in the arena. The old guy in the spotty toga turned his attention back to the contest. "Pish-posh," he mumbled, still derisive. "In my day," he shrugged, "they'd as soon stick a pin in a kitten. Phooey! This show smells." He rose, gathered up the folds of his toga, and bundled away toward the gate, grumbling to himself. "Hm! Prothous the Athenian! Wish-wash . . ."

"Maybe," I said sadly to my friend Appius, "maybe you were right. Maybe we should have gone to hear Sertorius Quintus at the Forum. These—well, these shows they're putting on nowadays at the circus—well, you know what I mean."

"Exactly." Appius grinned his cryptic grin. "Rome probably isn't what it used to be when Sertorius was a kid."

"No. And what's more," I told him petulantly, "it probably never was." #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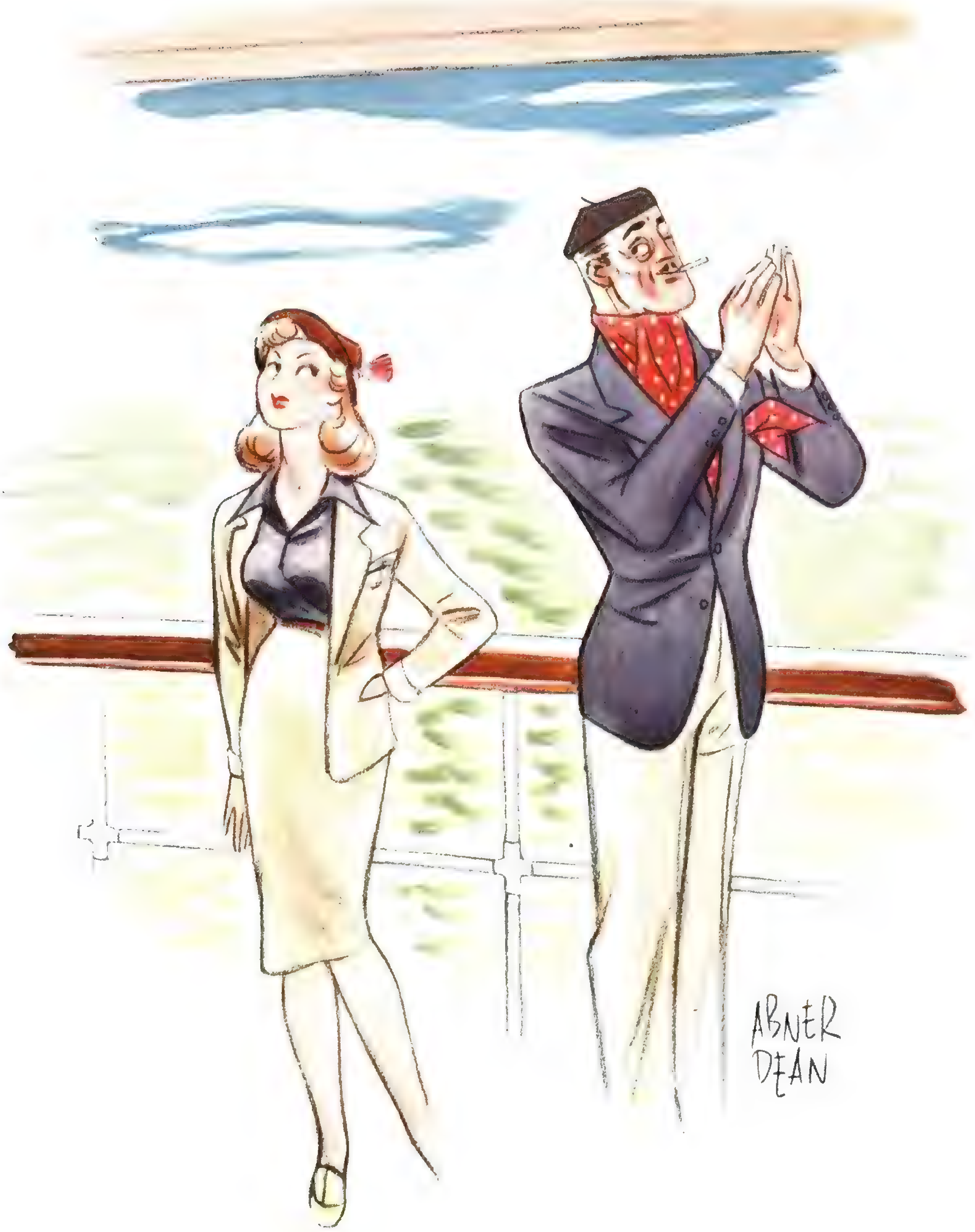

CRUISE CARGO—THE CRITICAL EYE

Charting the Course Without Sextant

Headline Homily

Continued from page 70

commerce member, unaccountably disappeared in the middle of a bridge game held at his residence. When last seen he was heading in the direction of the kitchen, apparently in good health, although his wife admitted that he had shown signs of despondency recently. After fifteen minutes a searching party was dispatched to the kitchen, but, in spite of laying a dragnet, it was unable to find the popular local host.

Spouse mystified. "Can't imagine whereabouts," she states. Game halted as search continued.

Kidnaping hinted. Mrs. Dovis submits theory. Scoff at kidnaping theory. "Ridiculous," states Dovis. Assails feminine imagination. Arlene defends theories. "Cannot yield," insists Lulu in firm statement, refusing to take sides in Dovis incident.

Local man found! Returns to bridge game unscathed. Spouse takes return calmly. "Knew he would come back," she states. Mason mystery solved. "Out of Scotch," explains local host. "Made emergency trip to corner." Accuses spouse of inefficiency. "Should have ordered Scotch," claims Mason. Inefficiency charge hotly denied.

Domestic feud rumored near solution. Both sides yield concessions. Hostilities averted as Mason serves drinks. Dovis commends Mason policy. "Perfect solution," he states. Rumor bridge game to resume, but time uncertain. Crisis over, Mason-Dovis game continues. "Don't know what to bid," maintains wife, looking at hand. Mason-Dovis play delayed.

Mrs. Mason refuses statement. "No bid," states Lulu. Impasse feared. Bidding strong in sudden upswing. Dovis bids six no trumps. Local broker voices confidence in conditions. "Contract certain," he avers. Dovis stock tumbles sharply! Dummy a bust, broker pleads non-support. Arlene hotly denies charges. "Made no promises," she pleads. Dovises retreat under brisk counterattack. "Down three doubled," sobs Arlene. Finger on Mr. Dovis. "Overbids consistently," accuses spouse. "Will launch comeback," promises Dovis.

WHITE EAGLES TRIM HURRICANES IN DING-DONG ENCOUNTER

Last-rubber rally clinches contest. "Greatest game of my life," states Dovis, White Eagle leader, in exclusive interview. Gives credit to spouse. "Never played better," he states. Arlene, modest, belittles praise. Pays tribute to mate. "Greatest player in league," she states. Defeated Mason team declines to give statement.

DOVISES DEPART

After several delays in their plans, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dovis took off from the Mason residence at 12:37 this morning. Dovis stated that he expected to make the return trip in under half an hour. Has confidence in machine.

New rift in Mason household. "Betrayed!" sobs Lulu in startling accusation. Mason scoffs at charges. Terms them false. Mason launches countercharges! Attacks wife's playing. Inefficiency hinted. "Played like moron," states Mason. "Weak defense cost thousands," he avers. Wife silent over new charges. Pleads for truce. Truce pact settled. "No hard feeling," states Mason. Proffers apology. Lulu accepts apology. "Everything forgotten," she states.

Announces retirement. "Going to bed," states local merchant. Masons in accord. Complete agreement reached on all points. "Retirement the sensible solution," states Mrs. Mason. Pact implemented, Masons retire. Hurls new charges! "Snoring," accuses Lulu. Mason denies all, demands proof. Spouse reiterates charges. Lays snoring to sleeping on back. Lulu's story branded tissue of lies! "Sleep on stomach," insists mate. Mason yields. "Did it in moment of aberration," states spouse. "Shut my eyes, and everything went blank." Lulu in disagreement. Mate responsible for actions, she avers. Mason rift widens. Spouse demands arbitration. Lulu scores mate. "Arbitration impossible," she states. Bars witnesses. Mason promises reply tomorrow. Hint bombshell. Masons weary, debate lags. Domestic rift healed as couple sleeps soundly. Local storm causes heavy damage. Mason bedroom furnishing drenched by downpour while couple sleep. Puts finger on spouse. "Should have shut window," charges Lulu. Mate denies guilt. "Unaware of happenings," he pleads. Mason debate continues. Immediate settlement improbable. #

Minding the Calves

Continued from page 39

lids he saw the flash of lightning. "Come now and take them all. Take me too. Come, take and kill us, before they do," he shrieked, opening his eyes toward the sky.

Then he waited, with his arm around Abner's neck. Another flash of lightning nearly blinded him. "See, Abner? See, they're taking us. God, take us."

But the rain and thunder lessened. The corn only rustled now. With the next volley of thunder he realized it was past, far past. "You're cheating me," he muttered. He pressed Abner's head so hard that the beast tried to wrest himself free. "Don't cheat me," he pleaded.

Then he felt Abner stand still and taut. He thought he felt the earth stand still and taut. There were no sounds, only dripping water, no great sounds, as if everything had fled from the earth. He opened his eyes. He saw the calves stand with heads lowered as if ready to charge. He saw the lividly blue corn against the black sky. He was almost afraid to watch that sky; it was lowering, crouching, as if ready to pounce. The first thunder seemed to be fleeing from it. Out of it rose other thunder with a strange, mad sound, which seemed like that awful blackness become audible. It grew mightier. Abner started to scrape the ground as if he had suddenly grown into a mature bull. "Look, look, look," he cried to Abner.

He said no more. He tried to grab Abner again, but Abner had grown wild. He saw the house and its pines fade suddenly in grey and white. The thunder slapped and crackled upon the earth as if it were trying to break it apart. "Look," he shrieked, trying to dodge Abner's charging.

Everything was huge sound and grey-blackness. But he did not shut his eyes. The storm had come for him. Fiercer things than thunder. The sounds of God. "The bigness of God," he shrieked, running among the wild calves. Abner reared and charged, bending the stake to which he was tied. The stake yielded, stood awry as if it jabbed against the thunder, then fell and dragged behind Abner, who galloped in wild circles through the storm.

The boy stood still, blinded by rain, trying to watch Abner. "Abner," he said softly, impotently, realizing he'd never be able to catch Abner again. Abner was part of the storm. The storm had gone into Abner. He stood transfixed, while Abner circled around him, and nearly toppled him. But suddenly he knew what he was going to do.

He pulled Tom's stake out of the ground, then Paul's. Both hurled after Abner. He ran after them, shrieking, his arms apart. He heard the calves charging around him and then following him. Paul's stake still attached to the rope, jangled.

Wildly they charged over the uneven pasture, over oatfields, the calves sometimes ahead, sometimes beside, sometimes charging madly away from him, out of sight, to emerge again out of sound and rain. He did not know where he was running. "Oh God," he cried. "Oh God, you've come." He screamed, trying to raise his voice futilely above wind. There was only greyness ahead of him, no land. Once he thought he saw the house, but then suddenly there was a barbed wire fence and the calves charged through it, and he followed, tearing his clothes, ripping his legs.

The calves were like demons. Below them he saw the river, milling and foaming. "You've come," he shrieked, while he tumbled down the slippery slope after the calves, unable to stop now. He could no longer hear his own voice. The calves reared beneath him, stopped by a dense snarl of vines behind which the river roared. Paul's stake was caught in the tangles, the other two calves charged Paul, with eyes red and terrible. But the boy wasn't afraid. He was among them. Then Paul broke loose, and all the calves plunged toward the terrible river below them. He jumped after them. Suddenly a powerful hand clutched his shoulder, and dragged him back. He didn't cry. He heard his uncle's voice bellow unintelligible things. But the calves tumbled on.

He caught a momentary glimpse of his uncle's face, a face distorted with horror. He struggled to get free. He saw Abner crash through the last tier of bushes, he saw the river whirl blackly and churn over Abner's brown and white body. He shrieked. His uncle's hand clutched harder. "Tom," he cried, for Tom had followed Abner, and Paul was following. The river whirled away with Tom. Tom's head lifted, turning, tumbling. Then Paul was beneath the water. He stopped shrieking. Suddenly he stood rigid and looked up at his uncle. "They're gone," he said.

His uncle pressed him close against him. His uncle's face turned down to him was like something hewn out of red clay. He looked at the river again, but it no longer lifted the calves. He shuddered. He again looked at his uncle's blue frightened eyes, and the mouth which was now twisting to a crooked relieved smile. Then his uncle's strong arm guided him up the slippery bank away from the river. "We're going home," his uncle said.

The storm was ceasing. "You're so wet, you'll get sick," his uncle said, wrapping his own jacket around his shoulders. "You . . ." he was going to continue, but stopped, the blue eyes relieved.

They plodded over the soaked pasture. Nothing mattered now. The three calves were in the river, and this was peace. Suddenly his uncle stopped and lifted him in his arms. He clutched his uncle's red wet neck, while his uncle said: "Don't you ever do that again."

They walked past the four remaining calves, huddled miserably in the rain. They walked past uprooted trees. The house became visible and from it his aunt and cousins came running toward them. He held on firmer to his uncle's neck. "And don't you ever tell them you loosened them. Tell them they broke loose," his uncle was telling him.

He listened but he wasn't surprised. And from the house they all came running, their faces contorted, crying, even laughing. It didn't seem to matter. Perhaps he was tired. "Don't you tell them now," his uncle pleaded.

"No," he said. #

Not the Old Lady

Continued from page 45

bastard I was. Yeah, I heard. I heard a lotta things."

Gertie stood up and gave Matty a tired look. She did not seem to know that a teardrop was rolling down the side of her nose. He had expected her to weep and had made up his mind not to be moved by it. He would not go soft, not this time. He had gone through too much; he would not allow her tears to spoil things for him.

"But Matty, she's an old, helpless woman. What'll she do?"

"Let your brother worry about that for a change. You took care of her long enough."

"Leo don't make much—and he's got the kids—you know that. Besides—"

"He wouldn't if he could! I know. Well, we can get her a little room somewhere—I'm willin' to give a few dollars a week—as long as I don' hafta see her around."

"She ain't strong. She can't live alone."

Gertie walked to the window, wiped her eyes and turned back. Her eyes were red.

"What are you bawlin' about? You! Did she ever treat you decent? Ever let you go anywhere, ever let you have any friends? It's a wonder I stuck it out."

He sensed with a dismal certainty that the matter was already settled: Gertie would not leave her mother, and he would go to hell before he would marry both of them. But he would not face it as fact; there were things that had to be said, first. He sat slumped forward in his chair with his left hand in his pocket, looking stubbornly at the table, rubbing his right forefinger back and forth along its smooth edge.

"Livin' like an alley cat for six years, for what? So I can have her sittin' in a corner, always suspicious, spyin' on me every move I make? Not a chance! I ain' gonna go on jugglin' crates, breakin' my back, for *her*—just so *she* can boss me around."

"I never thought for a minute . . . You always said . . ."

"I never said anything about her livin' with us!"

It was true, Gertie admitted to herself. He had always been silent, obviously anxious to talk of something else when she had mentioned plans including her mother. She had interpreted it wishfully as assent—unwilling but nevertheless unquestionable. And it was a long time since she had brought up the subject; she had clung to the assumption without daring to test it.

"You should have said so! You shouldn't have let me think—" Gertie was softly crying again.

"God—were you so dumb? Couldn' you tell I hated her guts? Couldn' you see I was just waitin' . . ." Matty stood up and looked at Gertie, his face softening slightly into an expression something like wonder. "Couldn' you see what I was hopin' for every time she got sick?"

He had a strange feeling of admiration for himself—a feeling of honesty in having exactly explained his attitude. The ending was fixed; let there be a clean break without any question.

Gertie had been shocked into a defense of patient resignation. She had stopped crying. She looked wearily at Matty, but with her eyes focused on something nonexistent far behind him.

"She's old and weak. I have to take care of her. I can't leave her."

"Yeah, I see. I was crazy to think I had a show against her." He picked up the bank book with a hasty, awkward motion and put it into his pocket. "Well, good-bye."

Matty walked quickly out, through the living room, scooping up his hat and coat from the sofa. At the door he stopped, irritated unbearably by a sudden feeling that he had been routed. He turned around toward Gertie's mother. Slowly he took out a pack of cigarettes, removed one and lit it, all the while regarding her with a deliberate, malicious grin. The old woman looked as if she were choking, but she said nothing.

As he yanked open the door, he thought, God! why didn't she die?

He went directly home.

By the sudden change from the outdoor light, the gloom of the hallway was exaggerated into blackness. But he did not need to see. His legs unerringly took him to the stairs, and skipped the broken step, fourth from the top.

He opened his door with a complicated maneuver involving doorknob and key, pulled the chain of the electric bulb hanging above his head, shut the door with a backward thrust of his foot.

A barely audible sound, as of two sheets of paper being lightly rubbed together, came from the drainboard at the side of the rusty sink. It was dotted with randomly scurrying cockroaches. He stood carefully still, not to frighten them. Staring at them with his normal, dogged expression, he reached fingers into a lidless bowl, removed a pinch of sugar and sprinkled it among them. For a few moments he watched their heightened activity. Then, bursting into tears, he picked up the bowl and began furiously squashing them against the grey, hairy wood. #

Six Miles a Minute—Why?

Continued from page 48

which will pull fourteen regular Pullman coaches at speeds up to 100 miles an hour.

I sought to bring the comparisons down to earth.

You or I have less than 100 horsepower in our car, which weighs perhaps 3,000 pounds. That is one "horse" for every thirty or more pounds. "Thunderbolt" weighs 15,000 pounds. But she has one horsepower for every *four* of them. In other words, as I visualized the situation, in my none-too-profound way, Eyston had seven or eight times our problem of control—from *this* standpoint alone.

Eyston described some of the problems he confronted in setting out to explore "the great unknown," as he called it, which lay beyond 300 miles an hour.

He found that his problems increased greatly with each few miles to be added. He had to step up his horsepower from 3,200 to 4,000 to increase his speed from 312 to 357.

He believes that, as far as present mechanical science can see, the "ultimate" land speed may be about 400.

Eyston is accustomed to solving problems of speed. He has been designing, building, driving motor cars—large and small, Diesel- and gas-engined—for twenty-one years. He started his racing career on motorcycles. He may also seek speed-boat records. And he's a licensed aviator, too.

He is accustomed to danger. Cambridge-educated, he entered the British Army, a few days after the opening of the World War, as a machine-gun officer. Four years later, after a series of promotions, he was staff officer under Sir Douglas, later Earl Haig. He worked with engineering firms—resigned, at twenty-five, as managing director of one, to form his own engineering organization.

"Thunderbolt" was Eyston's toughest job. He made more than 1,000 designs before he had the car "right," on paper. That was in June, 1937. When she was uncrated and assembled at the Salt Flats in October of that year, he had to make her "right" again, on wheels.

But the solution of the basic problems had been *thought out* when the car existed only in the mind of her creator.

Here are some of the problems that mind confronted.

"Thunderbolt's" two great engines provided the needed power, but placed an extra load on tires. The car was provided with eight wheels—two in sequence on each side in front, two on the same axle at each side in rear . . . Even so, each tire was responsible for several times as much weight as your car would impose on it. And there were other stresses to be considered. At 357.5 miles an hour the greatest stress is not weight, nor surface contact, but centrifugal force hurtling out from the hub.

Diameter of the tires had to be great. The greater tire size increased the head resistance of the car. So more horsepower was needed. The wheels had to be totally enclosed to reduce wind resistance. This made the car bulkier and further increased the weight. So still more power was needed. And still stronger tires.

When Eyston finally found the end of this vicious circle, he had a fearsome Juggernaut on his hands. . . . And more vicious circles. . . .

In "Thunderbolt" slow speeds are impossible. The car "starts" in low gear at 60 miles an hour. In second she hits 200. High gear, with throttle wide open, track firm and wind favorable, brings almost bullet-like speed.

The problem of getting the clutch to function at such speeds required a month's work on the Salt Beds by Eyston's British mechanics and by three Americans called in to help . . . The solution brought some new clutch discoveries.

Air resistance increases faster than speed. Eyston came to know, perhaps more than any other man, about streamlining . . . The center of gravity had to be low—six inches from the road surface. Eyston learned a lot about a subject which should be an exact science, called "roadability." . . . He believes that "Thunderbolt" cannot turn over.

I discovered, as we drove together to the Salt Beds, that geology and meteorology also had become part of his self-imposed curriculum. He must be able to sense the weather well in advance. It takes a while to get "Thunderbolt" out of her berth and tow her the dozen miles to the race course. It takes time to round up those who must be present at the trials. . . . He must weigh all of the effects of wind and moisture on the salt.

The Salt Beds, he explained, are a salt crust on a great lake of mud, formed like ice on water. The salt ranges in depth from five to eight inches. Like ice, the wind may crumple it. The impact of the heavy cars sometimes cracks it. But there seemed to him little chance that the crust would break and the cars fall through.

The salt was moist that morning. Under great speeds I imagined that one might skid. But as we drove the 12-mile circumference of the 24-hour course, which Eyston and his men had staked out, I felt safe enough. The best our small borrowed car could do was 80 miles an hour.

Then we cut across, and drove into the measured mile.

That mile is part of a straight course 13 miles long—10 miles in which to get "Thunderbolt" really going, and two in which to bring her to a stop. . . .

He told me some of his experiences . . . the time he almost hit a bystander who had ventured too near the track . . . the time he had to make a swift, almost right-angle turn at the end of the course . . . the time he almost suffocated from exhaust fumes when he tried

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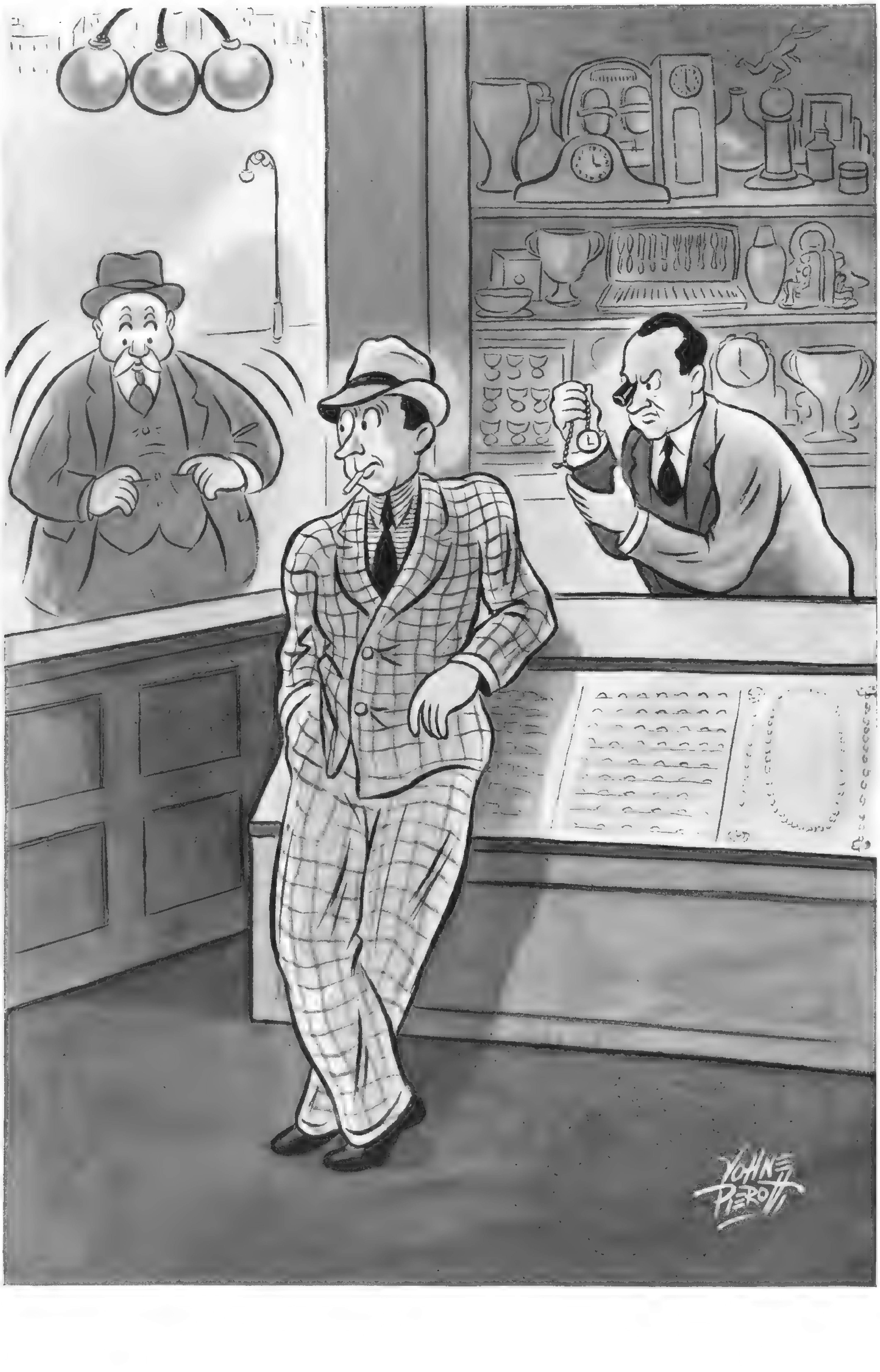
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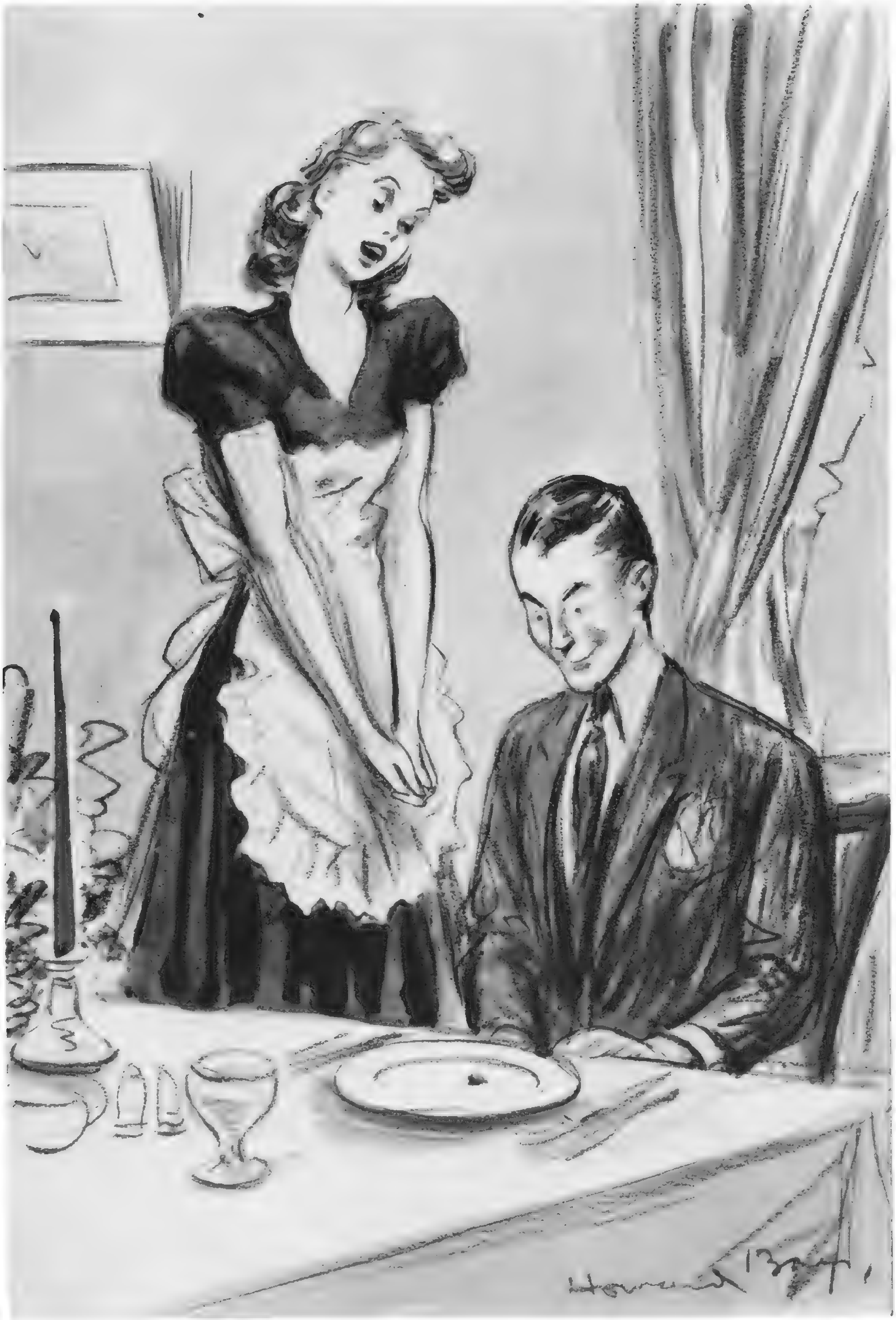
Howard Baer

"I have a surprise for you, dear—the bean is from your own garden"

Six Miles a Minute—Why?

Continued from pages 48-120

a run with the cockpit closed. . . .

The time he broke Campbell's record was as exciting as any.

He had done the north run in 305.34. The car swerved, but did not turn over.

Returning southward, with the wind, he "let her out." His goggles became loose. He took one hand from his wheel to hold them. With "Thunderbolt" streaming flame from four exhausts, shooting salt for half a mile in her wake, Eyston drove with one hand, straight down the center of the black line which held him in his course, at 317.74 miles an hour.

It was, Eyston said, "a hell of a ride."

He has gone much faster since. But then, you see, he is beginning to know how.

Eyston alone now holds more land speed records than any other man. Some of these records may stand for years.

Surely, Eyston, entering middle age, should be content with things as they are. He knows that, even with all the "breaks," each new record attempt must be increasingly "a hell of a ride."

He has had spills in his racing career. He has been badly hurt. Might not the next run be his last?

Still, he has told me that he hopes to come back, when he can. And go faster.

Why?

Let me try to give you Eyston's answers—as he gave them to me at the Salt Flats that autumn Sunday, and as he has since elaborated on them. The interpretations, however, are my own.

To be sure, there are great thrills in great speed. But Eyston is not a customary daredevil. Of course, there are Page 1 stories—public amazement and public discussion. But Eyston is not a publicity seeker.

The average small boy in Britain wants to be "like Captain Eyston," when he grows up. Grown-ups follow his exploits too. He's a pretty popular man, over there.

But Eyston wants chiefly to be left alone, to do his work.

And that work, he emphasized, is not the development of speed but the *control of speed*.

He wants to *master* the motor car.

He believes that his work will help others to master their motor cars.

His most exacting and brutal testing and proving of motor car designs—of the metals, rubber, oil and other things that go into motor cars, he believes, will help your car to ride the road more safely, your tires to be more blowout-proof. . . . It may postpone your rendezvous with death on the highways.

Large manufacturers of such products, he pointed out, help pay the costs of these tests, in the belief that Eyston will help *them* to provide better motoring. Eyston invests his own money, time, efforts, to design, build and drive cars that will "take" these tremendous strains. He stakes his career and his life on his ability to establish super-controls over them.

The newspapers call him a "wealthy sportsman." But he is not wealthy, and he is relatively little "sportsman." He is an engineer. He makes a living by doing his work as well as possible.

Eyston did not make much profit from his work on the Salt Flats. There were the costs of shipping equipment from England and from American cities. The costs of transporting from England, boarding and paying the salaries of the dozen highly specialized members of his professional family. The costs of bringing official timers of the American Automobile Association from San Francisco and Los Angeles—of paying them for weeks, during the trials and troubles, the checking and reassembling, till the records finally were made.

Daytona Beach offered Eyston all expenses—and therefore fat profit—if he would make his trials on the sand there. But he preferred the Salt Flats—even though the only thing he received free was permission from Bonneville Corporation and Utah Salduro Company, joint owners of Bonneville Race Course, to use this broad area—good for nothing else than the extraction of salt and potash—for his work.

Whatever the cost, he feels that the job must be done right, under conditions which he considers best adapted to it. . . .

Just as the speed itself has attracted undue attention, Eyston said, so have the risks involved.

There have been risks in every conquest of space and time that man has ever made. Eyston believes that his risks are worth taking. But he does not believe in running any of them unnecessarily.

Mastery is largely forethought. There are, he thinks, few risks which careful planning cannot minimize.

Eyston is British. Britain has become ruler of the waves, and of much of the land and wealth of the world, not by hazarding blindly, but by building and expanding carefully. Britain seeks, above all, to "conserve."

Large companies are conservative, too. They would not have backed Eyston had they feared that he would scatter their finest products—with such disastrous publicity!—across the Salt Flats. . . . Lloyds would not have insured his life, at the fairly conservative coverage-premium ratio of 20 to 1 (for a healthy man of 40), had they questioned his habits, his ability or his judgment.

And the man himself, if the doubt were too strong would, I think, have taken the benefit of it long ago. He would have remained a "recognized" and prospering professional man, back in civilized London.

Four days before he first broke the mile record, I heard from Eyston. As I read the wire I visualized him: Impatient and heartsick from delay after delay, disappointment after disappointment. Much of the rest of the country already blanketed with snow, and winter beginning to ride in with the wind across the great desert. Eyston said he had "blood in his eye." The record must be made that week.

But knowing the man by that time, I was sure, even then, that he would not do anything rash. . . .

And later, as I learned he had been forced to drive 317 miles an hour with one hand, I knew that he put into that hand all the brains and ability and experience—and *conservatism*, he possessed. . . .

In our talks, *control* was emphasized more than *speed*. . . . But, curiously enough, the word I heard most of all was *comfort*.

Surely, comfort was a strange condition for such a man to seek! . . . There's little comfort in fighting motor's heat and machine's vibration, streaming oil and tearing wind. . . .

Yet, there it was. Comfort had made his work possible. One could drive more safely, in comfort. . . .

When I sat in "Thunderbolt" I began to understand what he meant.

I am taller than Eyston. I seemed like a long and awkward sardine as the mechanics squeezed me in. . . . But when I took the wheel I felt something more than size and power. I felt that the great machine was a "part" of me. I could command and the machine, implicitly, would obey. . . .

It is not enough, I know, to tell you that the dials were in easy sight, the controls in easy reach. That the steering wheel seemed merely an extension of my hands. That the seat supported my back and hips as if it were made for them. That the rear streamlining started with a circle of metal in back of me, to protect my head against a six- or seven-mile-a-minute breeze, and swung and widened gracefully to the tail. . . . There was more to it than that. More than I could explain, or even understand.

But I felt and wished that all motor cars might sometime feel as responsive as this.

To Eyston, I think, comfort means the combination of all the factors which make for driver concentration and control. To these must be added the factors which make for greater human adaptability.

Not so long ago, he said, doctors wondered if the human body could endure speeds of *60* miles an hour. Since then we have learned that the body can adapt itself to almost any speed—if adequate supports are provided for it.

Manufacturers provided such supports. They had to. People wanted speed, and more speed. The manufacturers did not want to become accomplices in mass murder. . . . They even designed cars which would help to protect motorists in accidents at high speeds.

"In seeking speed and power," Eyston emphasized, "I am merely reflecting the desire of every other man who has ever bought or driven a motor car.

"The motor car was invented and developed to enable people to go places more easily and quickly than they could by horse and buggy. The annual demand for four or five million motor cars has made this your largest industry. And speed and power have expanded with it.

"Laws and crusades against speed may provide some sort of control, and thus tend, in time, to reduce the number of victims. But if people could not have speed and power, the industry would not exist.

"The solution of this problem, I think, is not to reduce power but to increase *control* over power. . . . It isn't enough that the body may 'stand' power. The brain must be able to master it.

"More and more, motor cars are being tailor-made for the problems they must meet. Manufacturers today give us—in addition to power—all-steel bodies, more dependable brakes, lights, tires, gasoline, and a score of other protections. Highways are being designed and built not to check but to stimulate the easy-but-controlled flow of automotive power.

"Much, of course, must yet be done in these directions. Manufacturers should place less emphasis on style and gadgets, and strive for greater improvement of vision, front and rear. And better road-holding. Self-changing gears. . . . Headlights should be more penetrating without blinding other motorists or pedestrians.

"But manufacturers can never build brains for motorists.

"Those who drive cars must be made to recognize their responsibilities.

"I wish I could emphasize sufficiently to the driver of every motor car that one does not have to drive across the Salt Flats at six miles a minute to face great motoring responsibilities. Wherever one is, one faces them every day, on every road, at every corner.

"If something should happen to 'Thunderbolt' out here, only my life would be endangered. And I have worked and planned for years to protect myself against such an eventuality.

"But millions of motorists, all over this country, started out with their families on a holiday jaunt, this Sunday morning. Each family crowded in rapidly among thousands of other motorists and pedestrians. Probably they had bought gasoline. But that was often their only preparation.

"In this car is the possibility of death in the form of brakes that

Continued at top of page 124

Six Miles a Minute—Why?

Continued from pages 48-120-123

needed relining.... There is death on smooth tires that should have been changed months ago.... Death in faulty headlights...even dirty windshields.

"But they are out for 'fun,' these millions of families. They don't like to worry about such dismal things.... There is fun in crowding the car, distracting the driver.

"Fun in getting somewhere quickly, by passing on curves or swinging out of line on crowded highways. Fun in mixing a little alcohol, now and then, with the already-potent possibilities of gasoline....

"Of course, something must happen to many of them. And something does.... Before tonight hundreds will have died under those wheels. Thousands will have been crippled—many for life....

"May I tell you now some things which I should like to see done, to help them?

"First of all, I should start *young* to reduce the possibilities of sudden death.

"It is more important today to teach young people how to cross the road than it is to teach them history or geography. Of what use is knowledge, if they cannot live to use it?

"Then, I should teach them driving at school. But I should not let anyone drive until sixteen years old. Twenty-one is better.

"And before anyone is permitted to drive alone, he should pass through periods, first of apprenticeship, then of probation. He must know not only the mechanical functions of driving. He must realize that driving is a job—an important and responsible job—which requires the concentration of all his faculties when he is performing it.

"As for older drivers who are careless, I should not cause them merely to pay higher insurance rates. I should not merely punish them. I should not permit them to drive at all.

"Each year we go to auto shows or dealer showrooms to see the new models of motor cars. They appear to be better—they really are better than those of last year—far better than those of a decade ago.

"I wish we could have exhibits of drivers. We need some improved models among *them*.... We should not risk riding in ten-year-old cars.

"And yet, every day, we risk our necks with drivers who in five, ten or twenty years of driving, have learned nothing of responsibility and control.

"In other words," Eyston concluded, "we must *master the motor car*.

"If my work, and my example, mean anything to other motorists, I hope they will mean *that*." ⵂ

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 80

comprehend this vast animated junkpile which is the spiritual vanguard of America. The job calls for an immense writer, a Thomas Mann, a Thomas Wolfe, an André Malraux.

Maybe Nathanael West will work up to it. He knows something that Aristotle didn't know and Saroyan (of California) doesn't know, and I am waiting for his third book.

The first novel of Jerome Ellison, *The Prisoner Ate a Hearty Breakfast* (Random House, $2) displays talent. A lad named Shannon Light is very much like Mr. West's Tod Hackett, and like Tod has a hell of a time. He is an unwitting scab in a building strike; a belated college student (falls in love with a co-ed who dies tragically of an abortion just after she has declared her love for him); becomes a naval aviator and is kicked out of the service (author dodges this part); has some odd experiences with a motherly whore and an artists' model; gets mixed up in a Caribbean confidence game....

Random House opines that it has launched something here in the manner of John O'Hara and James M. Cain. Why leave out Ernest Hemingway and Dashiell Hammett? (Dashiell, however, figures in the blurb for *The Day of the Locust*.) Publishers should lay off this kind of touting—not that it's immoral, but that it no longer means anything, except maybe that the author's style is crisp, and that he throws in the nasty words, scarlet women, and bedroom stuff.

Books on the order of *The Prisoner Ate a Hearty Breakfast, The Day of the Locust*, and *Hannibal Hooker* (reviewed a couple of months ago) illustrate a curious trend.

The picaresque novel seems to be staging a comeback. In these and other yarns we are treated to a slice of life that differs greatly from the biographical novel ushered in at the turn of the century by Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*. Hannibal Hooker, Tod Hackett, and Shannon Light are talented lads who get nowhere, achieve nothing. The world has no place for them, no will to accept the contribution they want to make. The author runs his glorious misfit through the gamut of experiences—love and sensuality, fine talk and booze, work and racketeering. Thumb through your *Gil Blas* and your *The Unfortunate Traveler* (Thomas Nashe), and you will note that this is all according to Hoyle. So is the technique of conducting the hero geographically through the country, ideologically through the contemporary stereotypes, and sociologically through the class-and-caste structure of his world.

The rogue story born of the Renaissance, rose out of the breakdown of the Middle Ages. The tendency toward the picaresque novel today fits in well with plenty of other signs that another historical breakdown is in course. These authors, unlike the Butlers, Conrads, Galsworthys and Mérediths of a heftier day, do not organize their stuff. The picture has no frame, the beads are stringless. The one theme is disintegration. The orchestra has lost its faith in the score and has gone on a permanent jam session.

Is Max Miller a flash in the pan, or can we look for him to produce? Certainly *A Stranger Came Into Port* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2) is so poor a story that it brings Max himself into question. A business man disgusted with taxes and labor unions which have disrupted his happy one-big-family relations with his employees, scrams, leaving all, and lives idly on a houseboat remote from home until an accident reveals his identity.

The scrammer, Hardson, isn't likable, although the author thinks he is, and Hardson is most of the book. The rest is Johnny the lobster pirate, who is about as convincing as an old tintype.

Millen Brand made a reputation with *The Outward Room*. Its successor, *The Heroes* (Simon & Schuster, $2), about life in a soldier's home, is just a negative story. The characters are flat, the narration is thin. I didn't feel that at any time I was getting beneath the surface.

George Burley, who lost an arm in the War and his post-War job as cabinet maker, is forced to seek the shelter of that veterans' poorhouse, the soldiers' home. The monotony of the life and the feeling of being shut off from the world oppress him, until fate sends him a girl to fall in love with and the bonus spells his release.

What is Mr. Brand trying to say? Is he concerned with the fact that the vet boarders have no useful work to occupy their minds? Is he bothered that these men who fought for their country must now take unequal chances with the others? Is he protesting against any institution that seals men from jobs and family in return for security? Is he merely interested in a slice of the life of a unique human being, George Burley?

I don't know. He touches timidly on all these matters, and lets go before any becomes too important.

I can't manage more than the politest patter of applause for Louise Redfield Peattie's *Star at Noon* (Doubleday, Doran, $2). She's a He-She writer. It's hardly damning, of course, to limit yourself to that great concern of poets and philosophers—what happens when boy meets girl. Mrs. Peattie has done a competent tale about a twice-married man who discovers he loves his first wife just about as much as his second. In a different way, of course. Wife No. 1 represents passion; No. 2 is sturdy and wholesome. This blank façade is a little relieved by some scrollwork in the shape of a love affair between step-son and daughter.

Less serious than *Star at Noon* but of the same genre is *Shake Down the Stars*, by Harriet Henry (Dutton, $2.50). The girl with the domineering mother is swept away by the love of a good man. Mother doesn't give up. She visits the couple in the Caribbean, and stays on until boy and girl are throwing mean words at each other. Then she sails for home with her daughter. But that's only the seventh inning. Stretch yourself and see what happens with two out in the ninth.

Last month I should have included two historical novels, but I lacked room. The better of the two is *Garland of Bays*, by Gwyn Jones (Macmillan, $3). This tale of Elizabethan England is woven around Robert Greene, the minor poet whom texts in English lit. mention briefly along with a few lines of his colorful, shallow rhyming. In this almost 700-page romance of Shakespeare's time is crowded a pageant moral and leacherous of an age rich in brave talk and poor in material things, high-principled and cruel by turns. The adventures of Greene take us through every stratum of social life, from court to worker to thief. Mr. Jones wisely resisted the temptation of most historical romancers to make his hero heroic. Greene's humanness imparts realism to a story that oppresses with the realization of how complex a single point in the past can be. A vivid, exciting novel, however.

The Middle Passage, by Roland Barker and William Doerflinger (Macmillan, $2.50), is a rare picture of traffic in slaves in the early 1800's enclosed in a hackneyed romantic frame. Stephen Bishop, mate of *The Belted Will*, British East Indiaman, comes home to Cornwall on a month's leave, falls in love, gets his girl, is slated for captain. And then what happens! The ship is lured on the rocks by wreckers, led by Bishop's own father. Our hero, found on the scene, can't alibi because it would compromise his lady-love (that happened even then). So he runs away, unknowing that the fair Jocelyn has come forward of her own accord. Ignorant of his acquittal, he burns bridges behind him by becoming mate of a slave smuggler. From then on we are excellently introduced to the slave traffic and the smuggler's world that is this adventure story's one

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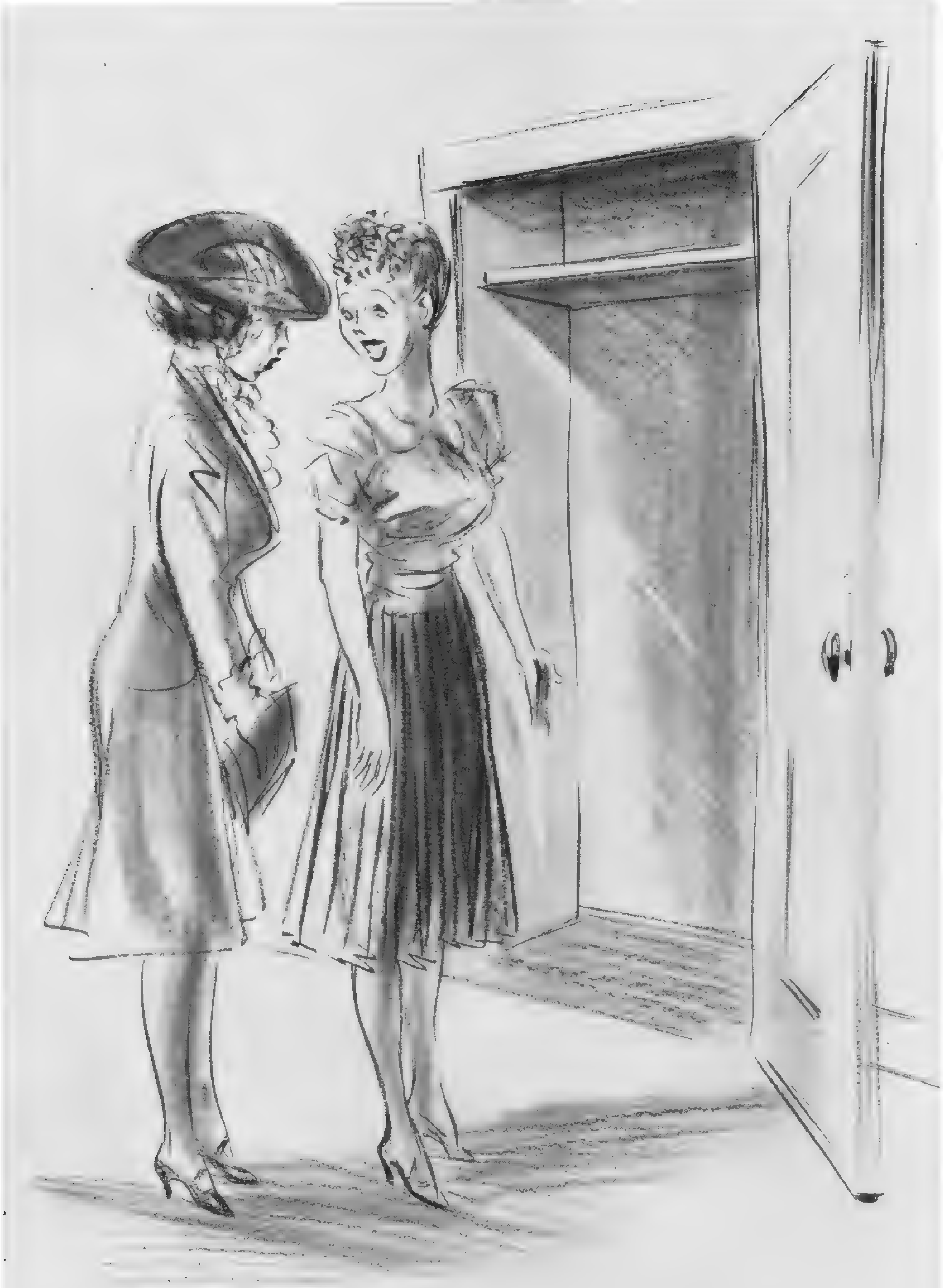

Howard Baer

"We're taking out the shelf and making it into a guest room"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 80-124

contribution. Although the authors make our hero discover his acquittal after two terrible years, they are kind enough to refrain from making him meet his Jocelyn in an enemy ship on the high seas.

Wine for the Vintager, by Elizabeth Perdix (Loker Raley, $2.50) is wine of rare vintage indeed, and of exotic bouquet. The story is strained through the ectoplasm of big blond Sam Caandler. The jacket blurb tells us that Sam is a writer who has ceased to create, and is unhappy about it. It's plain that Sam is unhappy, but so indirect and involved is the style that the cause of his unrest and bitterness is hard to fathom. Miss Perdix' stream of consciousness technique reveals an intelligent, creative mind, but the lucidity of Virginia Woolf is not hers.

As the story struggles on through some exquisite writing, we discover Sam and his half-sister Una week-ending at the home of the Georges. Sam has lost his glasses and his impaired vision further distorts his impressions of the terrible events of that week end. The love passage between Sam and Geo. George seems to take place in a dream.

It has no reason for beginning, and its end is puzzling. The whole novel has the quality of a dream, made dreadful by its feeling of reality. That is a remarkable quality for a novelist to achieve. Miss Perdix proves her mettle. Her wine may be a bit heady for some tastes, but she will never serve cokes.

BRIEFER MENTION:

In 1902 an English stenographer-typist came to do some temporary work in the U. S. Embassy in London—and stayed until 1914. Emily Bax's story, *Miss Bax of the Embassy* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3) lacks the impact of Miss Dodd's *Through Embassy Eyes*, but it is high both in entertainment calories and instruction vitamins.

Miss Bax has an eye for character. Her comments on the ambassadors, councillors, and secretaries under whom she worked, on the visiting great men and firemen and the pushers wanting to be presented at court, and on the odds and ends of diplomatic activity and Anglo-American relations are fresh and piquant.

Best of the detective stories sampled: *Send Another Coffin* by F. G. Presnell (Morrow, $2) and *Murder Gone Minoan* by Clyde B. Clason (Crime Club, $2).

Belles-Lettres: Christopher Morley's *Letters of Askance* (Lippincott, $2.50), a collection of thirty-six personal essays, some grave, some gay. Morley's twelfth collection.

Plays: *Family Portrait*, by Lenore Coffee and William Joyce Cowen (Random House, $2). A skillfully contrived and ironical dramatic sketch of the family of Jesus—mother, five sons, uncles, aunts, hangers-on, money changers—probably making Christianity uncomfortably vital and up-to-date for the 20th century Pharisee. Very much worth looking into . . . *The Little Foxes*, by Lillian Hellman (Random House, $2), concerns intertribal conniving in a Southern family about 1900, with two rapacious brothers seeking to gull each other, and in turn fighting to avoid being swindled by their sister. Northern financier, troubled by being forced to pay high wages of $8 a week to cotton mill workers in Massachusetts, decides to build a mill in the South, where the brothers promise the wage will be $3 a week—less later, when the workers are played against one another. Miss Hellman points out that people like these are (don't look now) everywhere . . . *The American Way*, by George Kaufman and Moss Hart (Random House, $2), may be impressive in the theatre but it reads like a rightwing D.A.R.'s dream of proper entertainment. Sad stuff trying to hide behind the American flag.

The Era of Wonderful Nonsense: A Casebook of the 'Twenties by Laurence Greene (Bobbs-Merrill, $3). Exhuming our newspaper reading: Armistice hoax, Boston Police Strike, the "escape" of Aimee Semple McPherson, royal progress of Queen Marie, career of Al Capone, Charles Ponzi, Hollywood-morals case studies, K.K.K., Leopold-Loeb, Hall Mills, Scopes-Tennessee monkey case, etc. Greene has made it easy for future historians to form a low opinion of the U.S. of the decade. Better than the scissors-and-paste stuff, I liked the author's foreword, miscellaneous comments, and hallelujah, wished there were more of it, less of the other.

The Kingdom of Swing, by Benny Goodman and Irving Kolodin (Stackpole, $2). Warm and appealing story of the Chicago boy who made good among the jitterbugs.

In addition, a supplement to the history of swing music.

Down Wind, by George Digby (Dutton, $3). Further misadventures of the author of *Goose Feathers*, mainly in China and Australia. Digby's personality rubs me the wrong way, and I was angry through most of the book. But maybe you will like these newspaper, shipboard, and rabbit-hunting escapades. As Loren Carroll says in *Conversation, Please* (Bobbs-Merrill), to be reviewed next month: "What's one man's chicken is another man's croquette."

Travel to the northeast: *In New Brunswick We'll Find It* by Lowell Thomas and Rex Barton (Appleton-Century, $2.50). That N.B. is a tourist's and sportman's paradise a few people have known for some years. The authors have discovered and explored it for those who didn't know. They tell their adventures in the seacoast villages and on the forest trails, and work in some historical background. More than 50 photos . . . *Summer Roads to Gaspe*, by Dorothy Childs Hogner (Dutton, $3.50), with drawings by Nils Hogner.

Some may remember their previous book, *Westward, High, Low, and Dry*, record of a trip through the south and west. This one is in the other direction. Gaspe, the peninsula at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, is becoming known to the summer tripper. The Hogners round it out with trips to Newfoundland and Labrador. The Old World lingers on in these parts. The Hogners travel in a friendly and informal manner, pitching camp, being host to the natives. An easy book, with nineteen illustrations and a deal of practical information on price of gas, state of roads, and such.

Travel to the south: The Hon. Alexander W. Weddell, recently appointed Minister to Spain, was Ambassador to the Argentine when he wrote *Introduction to Argentina* (Greystone, $3), a comprehensive cultural and travel guide to the big dictator-republic which cultivates good will and carefully avoids criticism . . . J. H. Plenn's *Mexico Marches* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3) is just what this doctor orders for any tourist headed for Mexico. I don't know a better book for an understanding of the complex situation below the Rio Grande, and as I have been in and out of Mexico for years and have read just about all the books, this is handing Mr. Plenn a bunch of orchids. The oil trouble, the land trouble, Cardenas and other outstanding personalities, the Mexican press, labor, the Church, and other matters are handled in a sane and thorough fashion by a man who knows the country from long living and working in it, and who is candidly biased in favor of Mexico for the Mexicans.

Sucker's Progress, by Herbert Asbury (Dodd, Mead, $3.50), is an informal history of gambling in America "from the colonies to Canfield"—all about faro, craps, poker, lotteries, policy (an old racket), gambling among the pioneers and in the splendid old halls of Broadway. If you know Asbury you know this is well written. It is also excellently bound and illustrated.

Art department: *Woodcuts of New York*, by Hans Alexander Mueller (J. J. Augustin, $1.50). 32 woodcuts which have a glowing quality unusual in this art; also some text. The author, Lynd Ward's teacher, was formerly of Leipzig, now at Columbia . . . *New York in Etchings*, by Anton Schutz (Bard Bros., $3.50). 24 etchings which the jacket says are worth $720, by one of the foremost etchers of architecture, bound loosely, with descriptive text. A beautiful book . . . *Rebels of Art—Manet to Matisse*, by George Slocombe, illustrated with 32 plates and prefaced with a commentary by Murdock Pemberton. Excellent chapters on Manet, the Impressionists, Monet, Pissarro, Cézanne, Renoir, Degas, Van Gogh, Gauguin, *et al.*, and on the background of the art revolution . . . *Eyes on America: The United States as Seen by Her Artists*, with introduction and commentary on the illustrations by W. S. Hall (Studio Publications, $3.50). A book worth having in the home library, because, with its eight plates in color and its 220 reproductions in black and white it is an art museum of its own. Mr. Hall's playful commentaries miss fire too often—influence of the radio and news reel commentator? . . . *Modern Primitive Arts of Mexico, Guatemala, and the Southwest*, by Catherine Oglesby (Whittlesey House, $3), with designs and photographs—an attempt to present to the layman the arts and crafts of the Indians to the southwest.

Poetry: The despair, the fear and hate, the nervousness and pity and oh-for-god's-sake-let's-forget-it that move in on you as you read the paper, listen to the news flashes on the radio, or look out of an L window early on a drizzly morning—all these creep over you again out of Kenneth Fearing's newest book of poems, *Dead Reckoning* (Random House, $1.25).

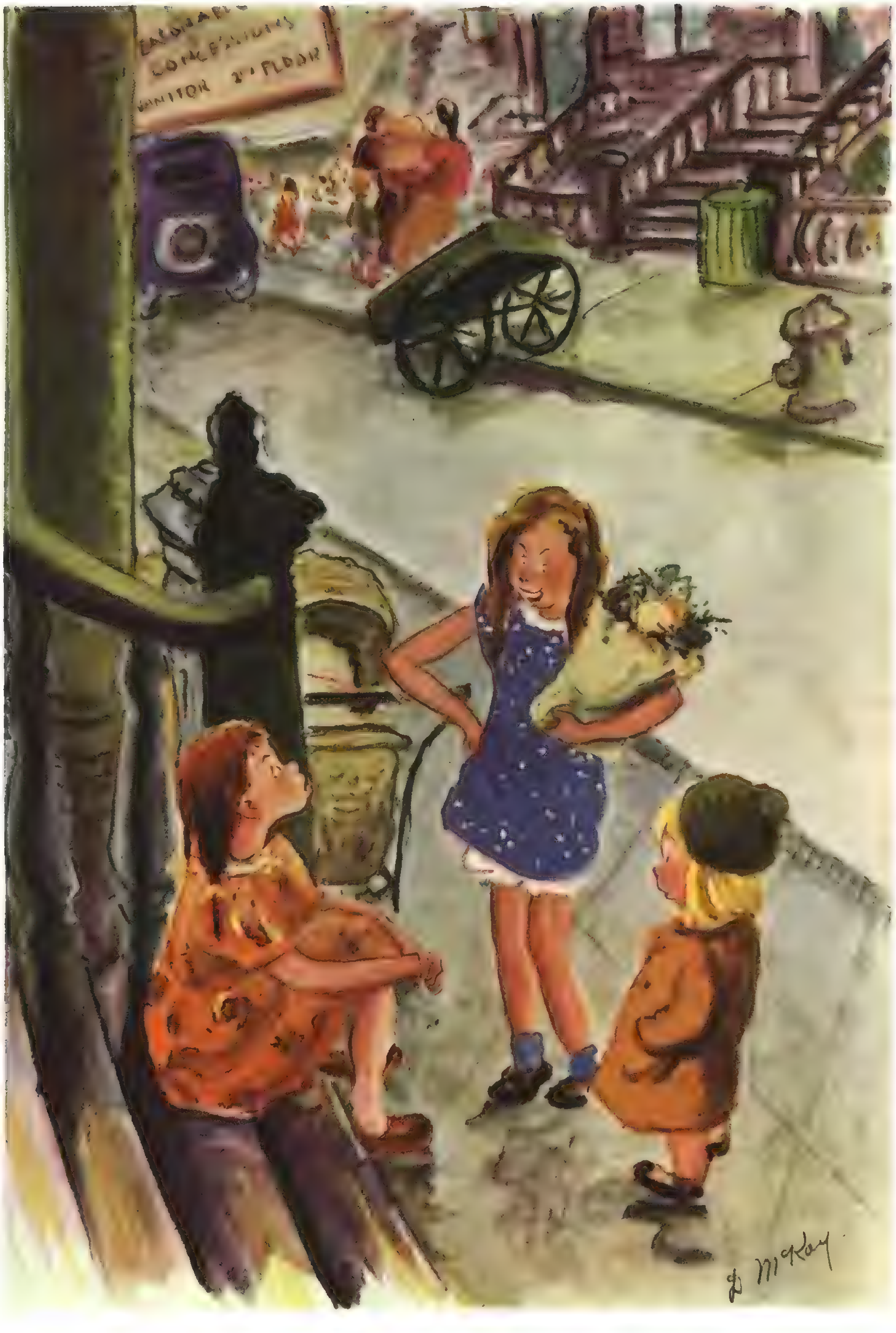
Unlike your morning paper, Fearing's poetry isn't departmentalized into Love, Death, War, and Lighter Things. It's organic—and therefore disturbingly real.

The Wining and Dining Quiz, by Cora, Rose, and Bob Brown (Appleton-Century, $1.75). Esquire readers know Bob Brown. The Brown trio—this is their eighth book on the complexities and pleasures of the table—have done a playful-instructive series of ask-me, spelling-bee, believe-it-or-not, and other quizzes which the sophisticated host and hostess will find full of the unexpected.

Golf, Its Rules and Decisions, by Richard S. Francis (Macmillan, $3). Once there was a game that peasants played with roughly cut stick and a ball. It has now become a complicated affair, with constitution, by-laws, feudal castles and estates (on the communistic fee plan), special uniforms, and a ritual.

This book is the revised edition of a famous analysis of rules. It's designed for beginner and expert, and for quick reference as well as easy reading. New material covers new rules and new interpretations—on handicapping, tournaments, etiquette, clubs and balls, competitions, etc.

It isn't a game; it's a form of social punishment. The book I want to see is a study by a psychologist to find out what makes it popular—with a sequel by a psychiatrist, full of case studies of men who took it up for recreation and broke down under the strain of trying to beat their own scores. #


CONCESSIONS
JANITOR 2D FLOOR
D McKay

"Ah just moved up from the south with mah husband!"

Prime Roast Rib

Continued from page 43

that they wouldn't get angry. They would just lay their silverware down and say, 'You're right, my good man. I don't belong here.' So what did I do? I went around and slapped them on the back and played the fool. It wasn't humor, but it was fun."

As a headwaiter, Luke has worn out two dozen suits. Contrary to the dark rumor, he has never spilled food on anyone. But he cannot afford to publicize himself—the gags fail if too many people are "on."

He never permits photographs, except from the rear. Over-publicity, for example, is killing the act for his son, Vince, who has been ribbing Hollywood in his father's style for eight years. Ribbing and fame just don't go together.

By all odds, Luke's proudest night was that of the annual White House Correspondents' dinner early in the Roosevelt administration.

Present were the President, senators and congressmen, the Washington newspapermen and a choice selection of guests. Scheduled to entertain were Al Jolson and John Charles Thomas. It was truly a happy hunting ground for Luke.

First, remembering the Mayor Cermak shooting episode, he tipped off the plainclothesmen and the President. The rest was gravy.

Just a few feet from the President sat the most florid, asthmatic and paunchy senator in the room. Seeing him signal a waiter for more wine, Luke hurried up importantly, and laid a restraining hand on the waiter's arm.

"Serf to that man no more wine," he ordered, with the air of a mother protecting her child from colic.

The waiter was puzzled at seeing a second headwaiter, but made to leave.

"What's going on?" demanded the senator. "Hey, bring back that wine! Hey!"

"No more wine," soothed Luke. "No more tonight, pleass."

"Whadaya mean, no more tonight? Hey!" he called down the table, "send a waiter up here with some more wine!"

"Go away, go to der kitchen," Luke commanded as the second waiter approached.

"Say, see here, just whodaya think you are?" demanded the florid one, who was beginning to puff a little. "And now just why did you send him away, may I ask?"

"I nefer permit my men to serf too much," explained the headwaiter, still soothingly. "Always you should schtop before it iss too late."

"Are you telling me that I've had too much?" The man was trembling with rage.

"Ven a man hass had enough, he hass enough. You cannot fool me." He gestured with the finality of an umpire.

By this time the senator was as red as a beefsteak. With a glare of eternal hate he slumped back from his tense position. Luke bowed, strode away. A few minutes later he was back again, confiding in his guest's ear.

"Der wrong fork, pleass," he hissed, and walked away. The senator quickly changed forks, and glanced around guiltily. A bit later Luke returned.

"Der wrong fork, pleass."

Once more the senator switched about. But back came the headwaiter. This time he was plainly irked.

"Haf I not said two times already der wrong fork?" he demanded. "Haf you nefer been out in schwell gompany before? Take off your arm from der table. Did you tink it vas a beergarten?"

Completely shriveled, the senator could think of but only one defense.

"Aw, shut up," he snapped. "Beat it."

"Shut up?" Luke screamed. "I should gif you training how to eat ven you are out, und you gif me der shut up? Nefer hass anyone tell me shut up! I quit. I go away for good. I leaf right now." And he fled toward the kitchen.

"Hey! Come back!" begged the fat man desperately. "I didn't mean that."

But it was no use. The injured headwaiter had gone.

An hour later, thoroughly miserable, the senator was introduced to a comedian with a new brand of wit.

The stiffest task Luke was ever given was that of pestering a dozen millionaire industrialists and financiers on vacation at the Iron Mountain, Michigan, summer camp of Bill E. and Al A. Corey, the U. S. Steel and Vanadium Corporation magnates. Luke's part was that of handyman; he was known as "Blib," and he had orders to raise as much hell as he could without his being discovered.

The guests included John D. Ryan of Anaconda Copper, Colonel "Bill" Thompson, and F. D. Woolsey, the New York banker. They had no sooner hung up their hats than Luke very nearly succeeded in burning the camp down. He had been told that he could take a swig of gin for every load of logs he brought in for the fire. When several hours later Woolsey smelled smoke and opened the door to investigate so much of it billowed out on him that he gagged. Logs were strewn everywhere—on the floor, on the tables, and on the chairs.

That is, on all the chairs but one. In it, propped up on cushions like a ruling prince, sat Luke, the empty gin bottle in his hand.

From the moment of introduction, Luke spared no efforts to make clear to the entire party his dissatisfaction with the current social and economic system. As he served their meals, he muttered ominously to himself. When his words were intelligible they were usually:

"Rich swells. Hate them all. Damn bloodsuckers on the rest of us. Hang on our flesh and suck our blood. So dam rich they wear silk shirts. Wait till the workers rise. Just wait. Cut their throats."

This plus the fellow's inordinate desire to fondle knives and shotguns soon had a disturbing effect on the harassed guests. They found objects in their potatoes and soup that ought not to have been there.

Always their towels and socks disappeared at the most crucial moments.

It soon became evident that whatever in the place could be out of commission, was and apparently always would be in just that state.

They warned the Coreys that they were hobnobbing with a half-demented anarchist, and they furnished undeniable proofs of sabotage. But the Brothers Corey just laughed. Blib was imaginative, yes, but he was all right. There was nothing to fear from Blib.

Some of the men finally thought they saw the light, and a few had the temerity to trust themselves alone with their would-be persecutor.

One day Colonel Thompson went riding with him. Blib proceeded to lose his horse and sprain his ankle, whereupon the Colonel had to load him onto his own horse and tortuously pack the groaning handyman six miles back to the camp.

When the smoke of the fire was at last visible above the trees, Blib leapt off the horse with a whoop and ran the rest of the way. On another occasion, John Ryan took him along fishing in the rowboat.

When they had found a good spot Ryan put in his line and waited for a nibble. The nibble came, but just then Blib broke into an Old Country folksong and the fish moved on. This happened each time Ryan began to have some luck, and when the beleagured executive told him heatedly to keep quiet, Blib found that he had been insulted, and refused to row home. The copper king rowed his tormentor to camp that evening, but the moment the boat was tied up he went after the nearest Corey.

"See here, Bill," he nearly cried, "this damn ass of a handyman of yours ruined my day's fishing." And he told him the story.

Just then Blib passed within earshot, hurried over, and spoke in his own defense.

"He tells lies, Mr. Corey, he tells lies. He didn't catch a thing. Not a thing. Not even a shoe. Just sat there and insulted me. Called me names."

Corey looked grave, sent Blib away, and managed to cool Ryan off, who shortly afterward went to his room. He was in the middle of shaving when outside the window he heard a voice:

"Damn aristocrat. Tells lies. Tells lies about me to Mr. Corey. Says I lost his fish. O.K. I fix. Make a bomb like I did in Moscow. Make it tonight. Blow the whole dam place up. Just like back in Russia."

That was enough for Ryan. Within an hour he had packed and gone without even saying "Goodbye," and not until his train was pulling out did Corey and Luke find him and prevail upon him to come back and help go through the act for the others.

All this was a number of years ago, and today Luke is sixty-one. He doesn't have to go after engagements—they come to him.

His greatest happiness is his family, and he revels in the thought that two of his three sons are doctors, and that one of his two daughters is married to a doctor.

And he is so proud of Vince that he always tells the man next to him in the theatre, "That's my boy."

So perhaps it was not too great a tragedy when Luke went to a local gathering at the Monongahela House a few years ago.

The King of Ribbers was having a nice enough time to himself, but it grew just a bit too solemn as the evening wore on, so for a little variety he proceeded to bang squarely into a big, heavy man whose back was toward him.

"Watch out there, wise guy, else I will sock you on the beezer," Luke raged.

The big, heavy man turned slowly around, a sad look on his face. Suddenly he threw himself on Luke's shoulder and began to cry pitifully.

"I no spik em Inglees such good," he wept into Luke's ear. "Mek them to stop from hurt me."

Luke squirmed helplessly. The fellow was standing on his feet and pouring beer down his neck from a point directly behind his right ear.

"Hey!" Luke yelled. "Will you cut it out? What do you think I am?"

"Whoooo!" bellowed the big man. "I got big sorry. 'Scuse, pleass." And with that he seized Luke by the vest, breaking a pocketful of stogies.

"You big ape!" Luke shrieked helplessly. And with that his tormentor stepped back.

"You'd better give Luke a drink," he said quietly to the bartender. "He needs it."

And as the big man handed him his drink, Luke was looking somewhere beyond him. Without a word he lifted his glass and quaffed down.

Oh, well, it had been a swell gag. He wasn't sorry. ##

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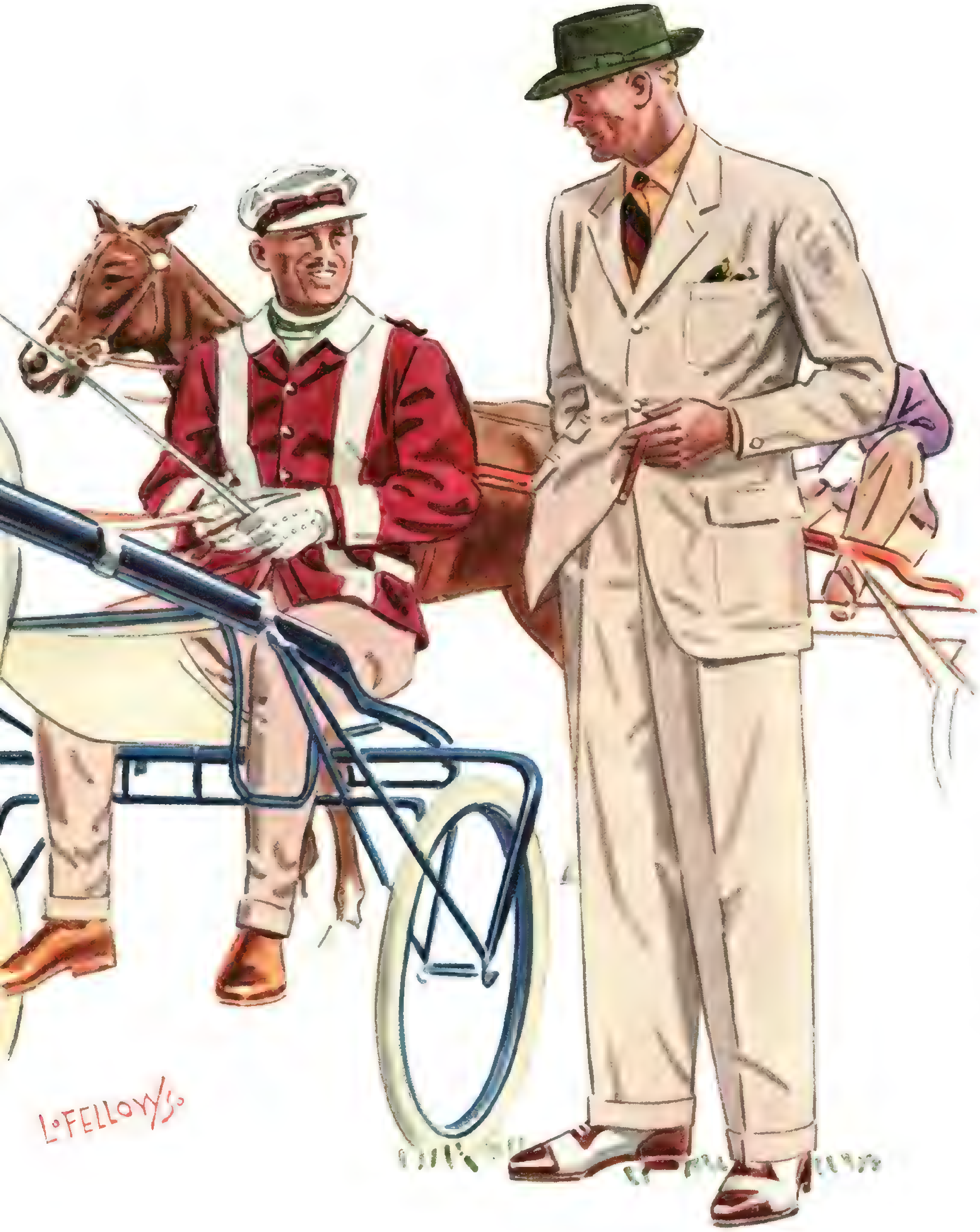


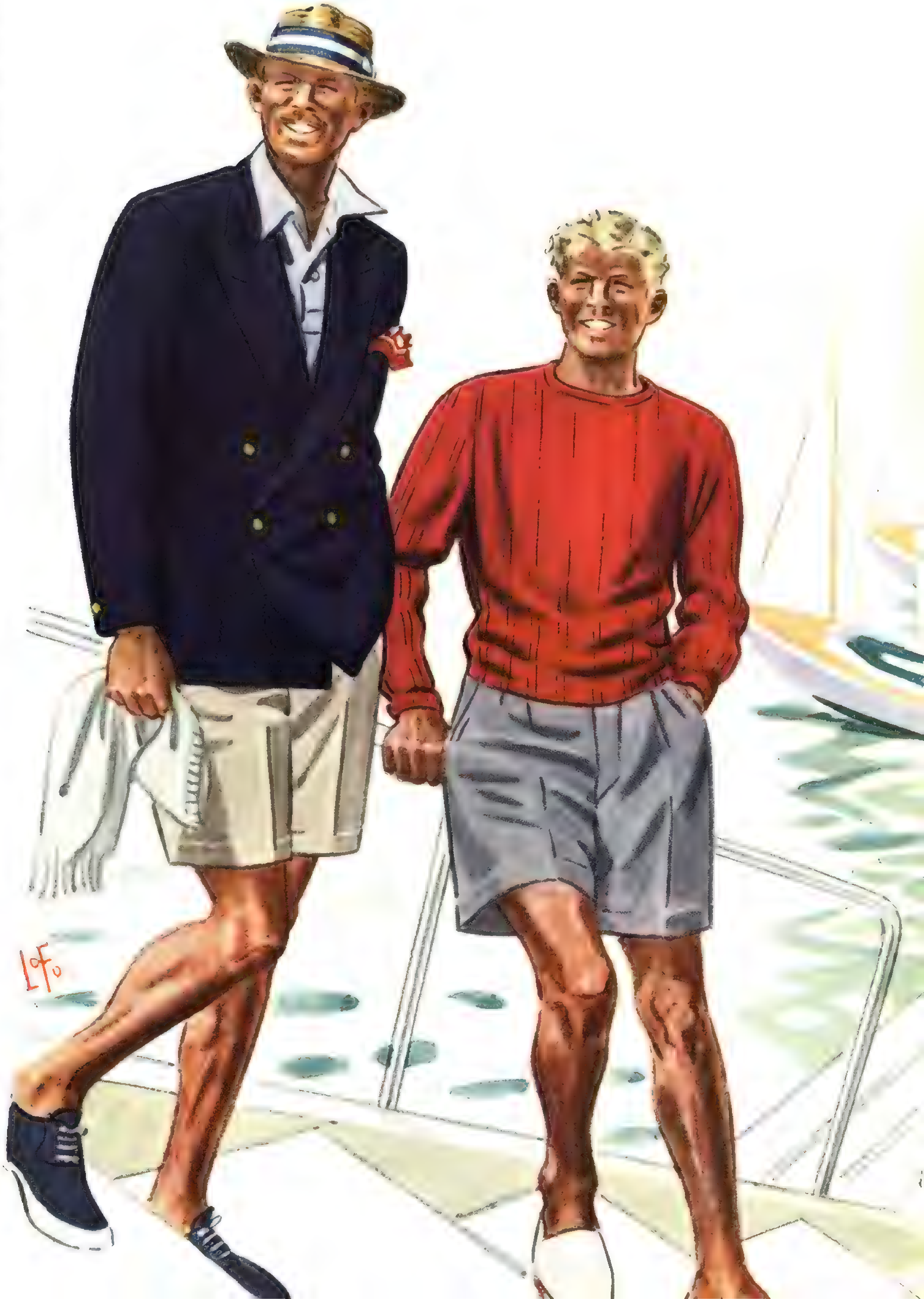
TROTTING races are the latest diversion of society folk down in South Carolina, and in this respect as goes South Carolina, so goes Long Island. This scene might be a slice of the annual Hambletonian, one of the most famous of all sulky races, held each summer at Goshen, New York. Lightweight resort clothing best strikes the sartorial keynote, and this outfit leads off with a stone color linen suit, equally good in tropical worsted, Palm Beach, gabardine or similar summer fabric. The suit is cut in the Paddock model, with the lower button on the waistline. The tan madras shirt with attached widespread collar is worn with a regimental striped tie. Green pork pie hat in lightweight felt and brown and white combination sport shoes complete the outfit. The suit, incidentally, is a practical one for any man, regardless of whether or not he frequents sulky races. In addition to being worn as a complete suit, the jacket may be worn with grey or white flannel trousers, or the trousers with an odd sports jacket—all very cool, all very smart. The entire outfit is ideal for informal week ends, vacation and spectator sports wear, but we hereby go on record as not recommending it for business.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

To Nassau and Back . . .

The dominant trend in beach wear this season, speaking from the fashionable point of view, is best exemplified in the attire of those who journeyed to Nassau and other jumping-off places in the West Indies last winter and came back with a raft of new notions. No sooner did most of the male visitors to the West Indies get acclimated than they also went native in their beach wear. That the items of attire they wore on the scene and later brought back are comfortable, colorful and good-looking, in addition to being highly fashionable, is a point in favor of their eventually wider acceptance in this country. At any rate, here they are. The man at the left wears a double breasted flannel blazer with brass buttons, cream color shorts (these might be gabardine, flannel or lightweight washable fabric), half-sleeve sport shirt in lightweight wool, blue canvas shoes with rubber soles, and native coconut straw hat whose club stripe band, if anybody cares, marks it as definitely this season. The other man wears grey flannel shorts, cabaña red fancy stitch mesh shirt with long sleeves, and white canvas peasant espadrilles with rope soles. Both outfits are appropriate for lounge wear at the beach club and for golf, tennis, fishing and sailing.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Then Came the Russians

Continued from page 34

hunky an' frog an' dago, but this beat all hell.

Sounded like they had a mouthful of buckshot mixed up with a mouthful of oatmeal, and was tryin' to talk while they was eatin' the oatmeal without swallowin' the shot.

"He says 'O.K.'" the new guy says.

"Here," the employment fellow says. "Tell him first there's been a strike. Tell him there's a tough gang of niggers out there waitin' for him, and that they're goin' to keep him from workin' if they can."

The guy turned back to the big bozo. They did a lot more talkin', and ended up with a big grin.

"He says it's O.K. about the niggers," the guy says to Uncle Beall. "An' he wants to know if you could use a lot of fellers just like him."

"Damn right I could!" Uncle Beall says. "Just what I wanted! How many of these guys can I get?"

"He says there's twenty-nine of 'em, just off of a boat from Russia. Siberia. All of 'em want jobs."

Well sir, next morning here they all came, in one big White truck with six wheels.

It was a cold winter day, with the pine needles slippery on the ground, an' the trees makin' that funny squeechy noise they do on a frosty morning. The Russians piled out of the truck and came into the mill, waddlin' like a lot of bears.

The footage was pretty low that day. But these big lummoxes were good-natured, and plenty anxious to learn. They seemed mighty happy to have something to do, and I reckon two-twenty a day sounded like money to them.

When the day was over, the Russians all went down to the cookhouse gobblin' like a bunch of apes. Uncle Beall and I had our own shack above the little valley where the mill and the bunkhouse were, and we watched these big bozos through the window.

There was a well with a handpump on it about a hundred yards from the cookhouse, an' pretty soon here came three or four of the Russians, heading for the water.

Then we saw Jack Wellington. It wasn't near dark yet, and we saw him before the Russians did. Him and a whole outfit of niggers came walking along by the dinkey tracks, kind of slow. The Russians couldn't see them on account of the raised track bed, but Uncle Beall and I could see them all right, and we could see they had something shiny in their hands, too.

As soon as the Russian got to the well and started pumping, the niggers made for 'em! They swished their razors up and down as they ran, thinking maybe they'd be able to scare the Russians like they had the niggers, and the Russians would take off.

But these Russians didn't scare easy. They knew what was going to happen, right now! They got in a circle, back to back, plenty fast, and stood waiting. The blacks came in, their razors going up and down.

The first fellow that hit the Russians went sailing back. These Russians were kicking men. They never used their arms at all, but every time a black dived at their circle, he went back with a boot in his belly or his face. Boy, it was pretty the way the big bozos used their feet. Uncle Beall kept punching me and saying: "Hot damn! Look at that! Hot damn!"

I guess it was the seventh or eighth black that finally dodged a boot, and got into the Russians.

One of them let out a scream. We knew he was razor-cut. A man hollers in a certain way when he's razor-cut, and Uncle Beall and I knew blacks well enough to recognize that holler.

The door of the bunkhouse flew open, and here came the Russians, lickety split! Boy, those guys might be big, but they could *move.* They bore down on the blacks like a lot of mad elephants!

"Come on!" Uncle Beall says. "We got to be there when them bears hit the niggers!"

He pushed a gun into my hand and we lit out.

Uncle Beall begun to holler and cuss like a lunatic halfway down the hill. The Russians already had the niggers then. Some of them ran, but they caught six or eight and held them. They made a circle around them, and we couldn't see what they were doing. The niggers were screaming like the sawmill whistle on Saturday night.

Uncle Beall waved his automatic, and I waved mine, an' cussed the Russians. They all had a-holt of the niggers, three or four to each arm and leg, an' they was goin' to pull them to pieces. I mean take them apart, Mister! They didn't mean anything but business, either!

But they let them go then. I had to laugh at tough old Jack Wellington. His face was the funny yellow a nigger's gets when he's scared to death—like the rind of a rotten watermelon—and the Russians only had to turn him loose, and him and all the others lit out. I mean lit *out,* Mister!

The Russians carried their buddy into the bunkhouse—the one that had been cut bad, right in the beginning of the fight. Uncle Beall and I followed them.

When we opened the door, we could smell these bozos something awful. We found out later on they had their clothes sewed on and only took a bath once or twice in the summertime. It was so cold over there in Siberia, they had to do like that, I guess. It might have been all right in Siberia, but it wasn't in Texas, because they sure did stink.

The fellow that was cut was on the ground, stretched out on a blanket, and the others was gathered around him.

And you know what them others was doin'? Well sir, I hope I die in my tracks if it ain't so! They was settin' around in a circle and cryin' like babies. Yes sir, cryin'! Them big apes. They wasn't a bit ashamed of it, either, not a bit, and didn't even pay any attention to Uncle Beall and me.

The guy that was cut had his arm laid open, and there was a gash in his chest, but it wasn't serious, his guts were still in him, so we left.

The more we thought about these big monkeys settin' around cryin', the funnier it seemed, and we had a durn good laugh before we went to bed.

Uncle Beall liked these Russians fine. They worked like hell, never complained, and thought two-twenty a day was real money. And of course they were as good as insurance against labor troubles and Jack Wellington.

We had plenty of fun with them the first week. They got into all the jams a greenhorn will, an' then some. Boy, we sure did laugh!

Once, eight of them was carryin' a big beam to the quarter-saw. The four at one end turned loose too soon, and knocked the other four down. The timber weighed a thousand pounds if it weighed an ounce, and I thought sure they'd get their necks broke. But they didn't. The beam came down on all of them at once, across the chest and belly. The four that had made the mistake rushed up an' lifted the weight off their buddies, and there wasn't much damage done, except it knocked them all goofy for a while.

Then, by jesus, the same thing happened that happened that night in the bunkhouse! The whole gang of 'em just sets down an cries! I mean they gets right down on the floor and has a good one! I guess they felt sorry for their buddies, but I never saw such a funny sight in my life as them big bozos settin' on the floor cryin'. It got plumb under my skin. I was operatin' the gang saw at the time, and the three levers have to be watched every minute, so I just shut off the current and got behind a partition and rolled on the floor.

When you shut off one saw, it shuts off the whole mill, and pretty soon here came Uncle Beall.

"For God's sake, what's wrong?" he says, lookin' at me rollin' in the dust.

"Look!" I says. "Look there!"

Uncle Beall looked, an' then he took to laughing too, and we got behind a partition and nearly bust.

Some of it wasn't so funny, though.

About three days later, one of these Russians nearly put his foot in it for fair, Mister!

You see, a sawmill is like this: there is a continuous chain that runs all the way through, and the log comes in one end nothing but a log, and goes out the other all squared, quarter-sawed, sectioned and planed. The first big gang saw just cuts off enough of the timber to make the log square. There are four big automatic steel clamps that we call niggers to reach out and turn the thing over. After it passes through this saw, there is a guy that's supposed to lift the end of these side-cuts up over a bar, and guide them out of the moving chain. The main log won't go into the next saw unless these side-cuts are cleared out.

Well, this Russian we had doing the job was a giant. He had a long, black beard, a good-looking map, and arms like a gorilla. The side-cuts weighed anywhere from three hundred to six hundred pounds, and he lifted one end like nothing at all and got it started over the cross beam. But sometimes the side-cuts will get jammed between the main log and the wall of the chain, and then no man in the world could move them, because the main log never weighs less than a couple of tons, and sometimes five or six tons, according to the size of the tree. If this happens, the side-cut man is supposed to signal the sawyer, and the whole mill stops for a minute.

This Russian thought he was plenty good. And he was. For several days the mill hadn't stopped once.

But finally, it happened to him. And when it did, instead of signaling to the sawyer, he jumped down *in* the moving chain, to get a better heave on the sidecut.

I didn't see any of it happen, and neither did the man at the gang-saw. I was on the quarter-saw, which was next along the chain. There's always one hell of a roar going on in a mill, and you got to yell right in a man's ear to make him hear you at all. And the quarter-saw man, with three levers to operate, is busier than a tomcat on a tin roof.

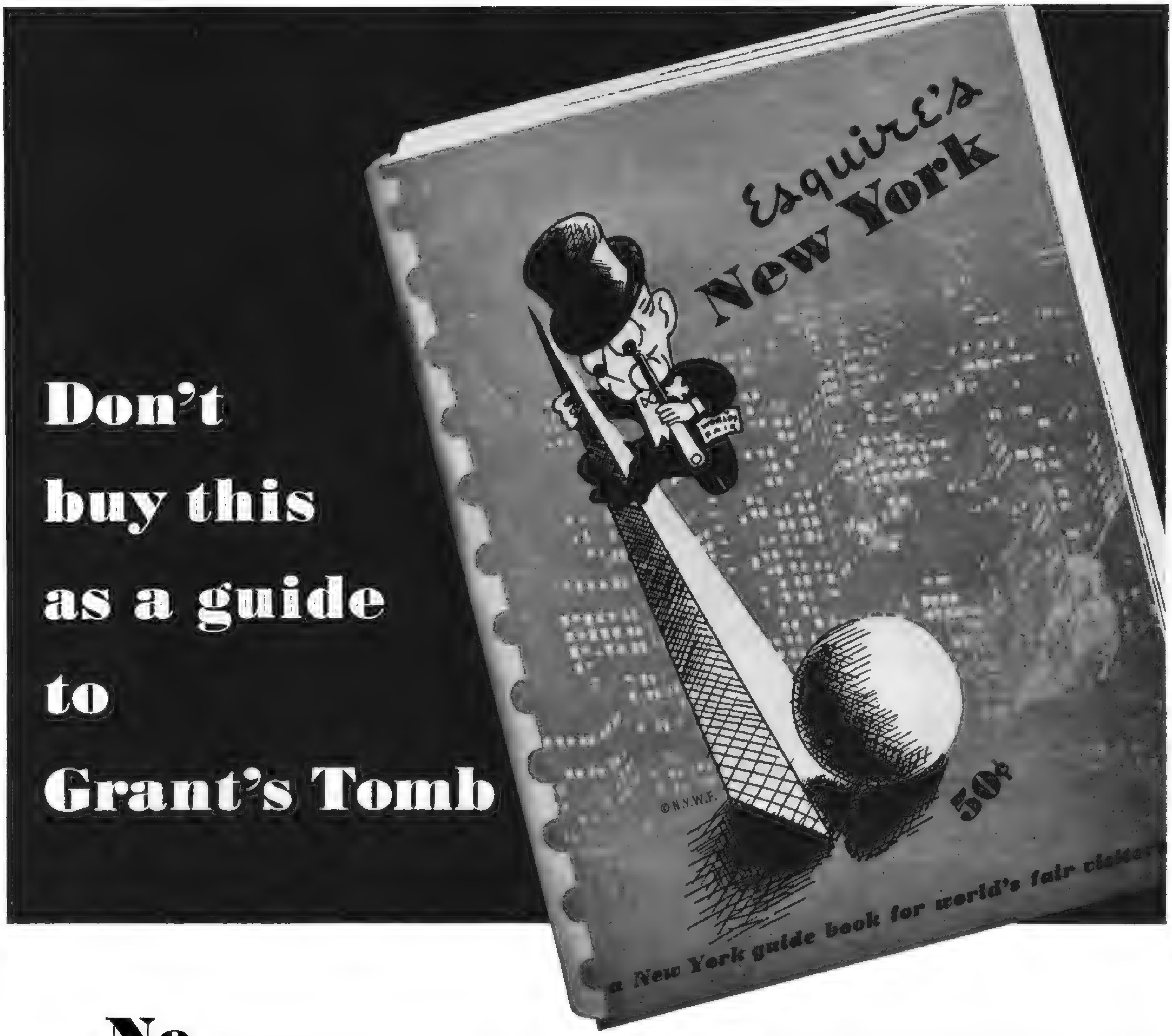
Well, I just happened to see that Russian's head coming out. It was his black beard that caught my eye, I think. The saw was *up,* and if it had come *down,* that Russian would have been sawed in two as clean as a whistle, along with the log.

I stopped the saw. I was sweatin' and shakin' like a leaf when they finally got him out of there. Boy. I never saw a fellow that has been cut in two, but I've heard about it happening, and I guess it ain't a sight you'd forget right away.

Saturday, these Russians wanted their money. Uncle Beall never had paid the niggers till the end of the month. He had a good reason for it, too. They would all go off and get drunk when they got paid, and if they got drunk every week, half the time we'd be shorthanded, because some of 'em wouldn't show up for two or three days.

Uncle Beall tried to explain this to the Russians. But they wouldn't listen. They saw the seven white men that worked in the office getting *their* checks, and they thought they were being crooked. The Russians wanted their money too:

Continued on page 135



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No, sir, if you're all set on that sight-seeing tour through Chinatown, if your heart goes aflutter at the very thought of the Aquarium—if, in short, these are the sort of "sights" that you'll be seeking your way to—well, then, just skip it... for you're in the wrong guide-book.

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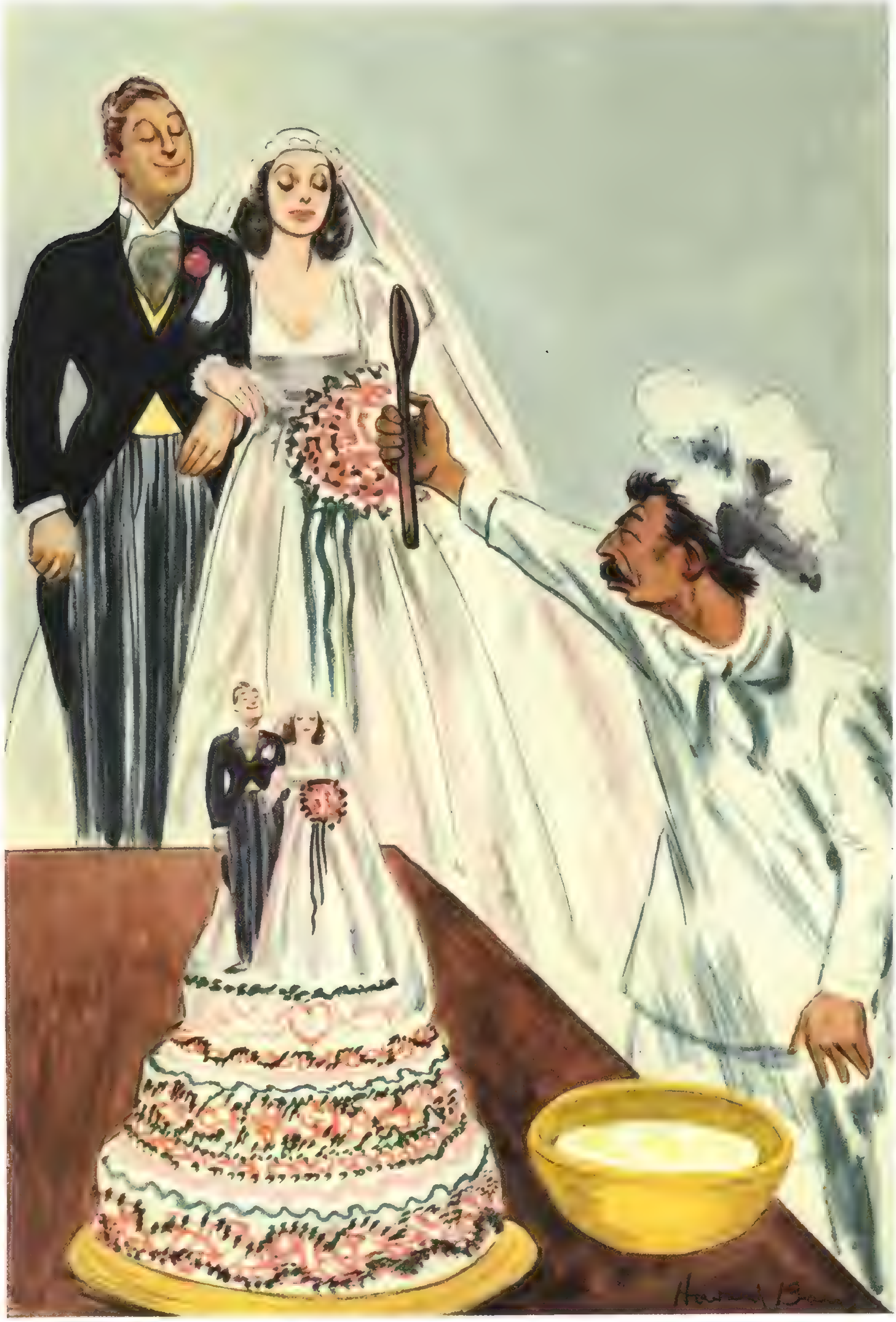
Howard Baer

Then Came the Russians

Continued from pages 34-132

And they didn't mean maybe-so.

You couldn't explain anything to them. They got to spouting the lingo, waving their arms and cussin'—I reckon—and finally Uncle Beall had to pay them off. It looked like they might be going to tear things up.

Well, that was bad. The Russians went off down the dinkey tracks with their dough, and we had to forget about them till Monday.

Monday morning, four men showed up.

Seventeen of them were in jail. Uncle Beall and I got 'em out, and they helped us locate five or six more, who were with some Russian women that had come over with them on the boat. We found them, having one hell of a time. Another bunch had started out walking to the saw mill, twenty miles away, and we came across them on the road. The whole outfit didn't have a dime left.

Uncle Beall wanted to give them plenty hell, but since they couldn't understand a word of English, he couldn't. We decided to get ourselves a Russian who could understand us, and scouted around in Houston until we found one who could talk both English and Russian.

One night our interpreter came up to the shack lookin' kind of mean.

"These guys ain't satisfied down there," he says.

"Hell they ain't! What's wrong now?"

"Well, they say you won't let 'em go to town, and they don't want to go theirselves, because they know they'll get in trouble, but they ain't satisfied out here, either."

"Well, spill it!" Uncle Beall says. "What the hell do they want?"

"They want some women."

"Women? Out here?"

"Sure. They say you send some out. You take it out of their pay, what it costs.

"Well for God's sake! I cain't."

"They say they goin' to quit if you don't," the fellow says, and walks off, unconcerned.

Uncle Beall thought it over. He didn't want the Russians to quit. And it could be done, of course . . .

We watched them from our cabin window, that evening when the sedan-full of dames arrived. Boy, it was good! You never seen such a hard-looking bunch of janes in your life. They wore all the colors of the rainbow, and you could smell the perfume and powder a hundred yards off.

A couple of the Russians stood outside the doorway of the bunkhouse. There was singing goin' on inside—a kind of welcome-song, I reckon. The janes took a squint at the men, and chattered a while among themselves. The men kept motioning to them, and holding the door open. We could hear the Russians laughing.

Still the women held off, and finally one of the Russians grabbed one of them and pulled her inside the door.

In just about half a minute she came busting out of there, and the whole bunch scooted back to the sedan.

One of them came running up the hill to our shack. Uncle Beall opened the door as soon as she knocked.

"What's the trouble?" he says.

She was madder than hell, and breathin' like a stuck pig.

"We ain't goin' in there! What you think we are? It stinks in there! It smells like a ...., if you want to know! Them ain't men! They're hogs! What do you mean by calling us out here, you . . . ."

Uncle Beall took it and smiled. The jane didn't leave until she was good and done. Then she went runnin' down the hill again, her fanny wigglin' like it was mad too.

They got in their sedan and drove off. The last we seen of 'em, they were still leaning out the windows on both sides an' cussin' us.

The Russians were plenty insulted. The interpreter told us they didn't like it at all. These finicky hussies, who objected to a little good, honest dirt on a working man! Who did they think they were, anyhow?

That night, they had a big powwow. They growled and yelled and argued. We thought sure as hell they were going to quit.

Finally, one of them came up and borrowed five dollars from Uncle Beall, and left.

Next morning early, before whistle-time, here came the Russian back, with two taxi-loads of women. Russian women! Great big dames with faces like Eskimos, dressed in the same kind of black clothes the men wore.

Everything went fine after that. There were only twelve women in the bunkhouse with thirty men, but you never heard a bit of quarreling. The women got to making some stuff out of sour rice mash, and every Saturday night they'd all get drunk and sing and whoop and dance all around the piney woods.

All of this happened about ten years ago, you see. Uncle Beall is dead now. Died just when I was turning twenty-eight. From pneumonia, which he caught going out one night to shut the draft in the boiler, after a wind came up, so it wouldn't burn so much coal.

Yes. I own the mill now, and have for a long time. I can't face the world and be as chinchy as Uncle Beall, though, so I hire all white men, and pay the regular wages. But it's not as much fun, at that. Maybe Uncle Beall had that part of it figured out, too. Sometimes I think anything for a little fun.

And holy jesus, sometimes I think about them Russians, and even now I'll bust out laughing.

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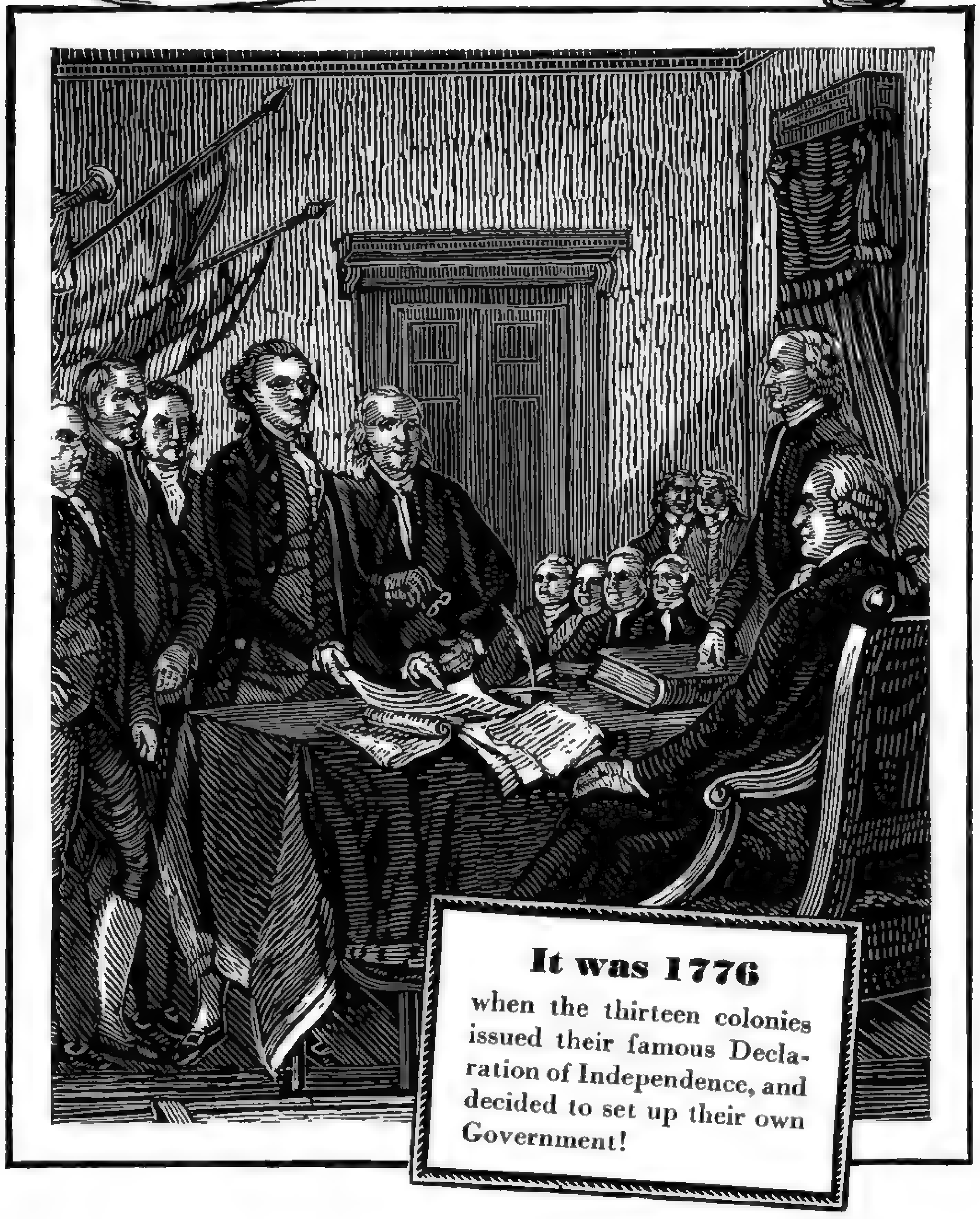

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On the Record

Continued from page 82

ageno (Gerhard Hüsch) has little voice, but his *parlando* is good: he knows and lives his part. Pamina (Tiana Lemnitz), except for a few unsteady tones not exactly on the line, is excellent. Her voice is fresh, beautiful, and full of understanding of what she is singing. Only Elisabeth Rethberg, of the Paminas I have heard, was better. Sarastro (Wilhelm Strienz) understands least his part. His voice is beautiful, more baritone than bass, and it sounds as if he were pushing it down. The Queen of the Night (Erna Berger) has neither the quality nor the right timbre for the role. Nor, for that matter, has any soprano I ever heard. Mozart asks not only flights in altissimo to F, but the power and ferocity of a dramatic soprano. In the Queen's great aria, Frau Berger sounds like a soubrette, a Papagena with the wrong music. Her coloratura and high staccati passages are accurate, that is, she hits all the notes; but so far as conveying their meaning is concerned, she might as well be singing *Pop Goes the Weasel* with variations.

In spite of these shortcomings, you'd have to beat the bushes to get internationally famous singers who would do better. Nothing but impeccable execution and inspired artistry can serve Mozart. The slightest deviation from perfection is at once obvious to the definitely hard-of-hearing. That is the principal reason, as we told you, that Mozart isn't being sung on the street corners. ⌗

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Preludes—Book I; (Debussy); Walter Gieseking, pianist.	Set No. 352
Sonata No. 21 in C major (Beethoven); Walter Gieseking, pianist.	Set No. 358
Symphony No. 31 in D major, K. 297 ("Paris"); (Mozart); Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.	Set No. 360
Concerto No. 24 in C minor (Mozart); Casadesus conducting Paris Orchestra.	Set No. 356
Hamlet; Maurice Evans and Company.	Set No. 340

(BRUNSWICK)

Three Little Fishies; Kay Kyser.	8358
Little Skipper; Horace Heidt and Musical Knights.	8348
'Tain't What You Do; Harry James.	8337
Tears From My Ink Well; Kay Kyser.	8353
Ciribiribin; Harry James.	8327

(VOCALION)

Three Little Fishies; Red Norvo.	4785
If I Could Be With You; Count Basie.	4748
'Tain't What You Do; Jimmy Lunceford.	4582
Little Skipper; Al Donahue.	4736
The Moon Is a Silver Dollar; The Champagne Music of Lawrence Welk.	4681

RCA Manufacturing Company, Camden

(VICTOR)

Prelude, Liebesnacht, Liebestod, from *Tristan and Isolde;* (Wagner); Leopold Stokowski conducting Philadelphia Orchestra.	M-508
1812 Overture (Tschaikowsky); Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston "Pops" Orchestra.	M-515
Overture, from *The Magic Flute* (Mozart); Arturo Toscanini conducting British Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra.	15190
Jalousie (Jealousy)—*Tango Tzigane* (Gade); *Amor Brujo—Ritual Dance of Fire* (DeFalla); Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston "Pops" Orchestra.	12160
La Donna e Mobile, from *Rigoletto* (Verdi); *Recondita Armonia,* from *Tosca* (Puccini); Jussi Bjoerling, tenor.	4372

And the Angels Sing; Sent for You Yesterday; Benny Goodman	26170
Heaven Can Wait; You Taught Me to Love Again; Tommy Dorsey.	26154
God Bless America; The Star-Spangled Banner; Kate Smith.	26198
Sing a Song of Sunbeams; Hang Your Heart on a Hickory Limb; Gray Gordon.	26193
I Get Along Without You Very Well; The Masquerade Is Over; Larry Clinton.	26151

Musicraft Records, Inc., N.Y.

(MUSICRAFT)

Passacaglia in C minor; (Bach); Carl Weinrich, organ.	Album No. 10
A Harpsichord Recital; Ralph Kirkpatrick.	Album No. 25
From the American Songbag; Carl Sandburg.	Album No. 11
The Cradle Will Rock; Mark Blitzstein.	Album No. 18
Negro Sinful Songs; Lead Belly	Album No. 31

Decca Records, Inc., N.Y.

(DECCA)

Hold Tight, Hold Tight; Billy Boy; Andrews Sisters; Jimmy Dorsey.	2214
Beer Barrel Polka (Roll Out the Barrel); The New Okey Dokey Polka; Jolly Jack Robel.	2384
Heaven Can Wait; Sunrise Serenade; Glen Gray.	2321
That Sly Old Gentleman; Hang Your Heart On a Hickory Limb; Bing Crosby with John Scott Trotter.	2360
If I Didn't Care; Knock Kneed Sal; Ink Spots.	2286

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 79

the one-room school a kid who is going to be a lawyer recited "the quality of mercy" speech in a flat, hurrying voice, yet with a kind of pained sincerity, a wish to convey the meaning of the words, underneath his incompetence. And another kid, the banker's son, does some tricks with numbers; and a kid makes a drawing of the church on the blackboard, and our kid plays his harmonica.

And afterward the sheriff, fat, kindly, deeply sympathetic, talks to him and he admits he took some money, too, when he stole the harmonica. So he is sent off on a train to the "training farm" in Massillon, saying good-bye to his childhood sweetheart, and planning to learn to be a telegrapher.

Then it's a series of jails. He's grown up, and in a county jail somewhere he punches a trusty who picks on the weak prisoners. And in another jail he punches—well, that's the pattern. And then he's the pitcher on the prison ball team, and then another term is over, and he and a couple of buddies step into the outside and head for a lunchwagon.

What'll they do with themselves? Three laconic men, friends, with the deep controlled bitterness and the self-knowledge of men who have kept themselves from going stir-crazy. They wander around town; eat, find a dance-joint and some broads; and the next day our fellow has an idea he'd like to go home, to the old town. The other fellows figure they might as well tag along. They ride in a boxcar, tell each other lazy tales.

Back home, Wallace Ford finds the house he lived in as a kid—Negroes live there now. His old man is dead; his mother was carried off to the crazy house, the Negro woman tells him. And in this picture there is for almost the first time in pictures a normal treatment of a Negro scene: no mammy-talk, no coon-comedy; just people who know how life is, talking to each other here. The woman offers to let him sleep in his old room, but he won't hang around town; he goes to see his old school teacher, before he blows. She has lost her job. He goes to see his classmate, now running the town bank, a conceited young stuffed shirt full of plans for growth and expansion. The banker offers the fellow help, maybe a job, "I can't fix you up here but I have connections"; but the jailbird asks only one thing—her job back for the old school teacher.

And then he and his buddies blow town. Back in the city he goes to look up his childhood sweetheart, now supposed to be a stage star. She's in a burlesque. They hit it up together, their admitted failures meeting, glowing in the produced honesty toward each other. There's a scene where they just sit together in an eat joint, hardly five words exchanged; he fusses with the salt-shaker; and they know all about each other, about all those years.

The other two boys get impatient and want to stick up a restaurant. He runs out to stop them and gets caught in the mess; they shoot a couple of people, one of them gets shot; he gets stuck with the crime and there follows the shabby, run-of-the-mill trial, just a small-time crook getting sent to the chair.

Now the kid that was going to become a lawyer is a lawyer in some small town in Illinois, no world-beater, a collection and insurance and small quarrel type of lawyer. He reads how his one-time school chum is in a jam, and offers his services. So he's the defense lawyer. He makes a plea for mercy. It's one of the most heart-rending things ever filmed, this incompetent's plea. Just like his recitation of Shakespeare at that school graduation. The words stumble out, heart-felt, pure, all he can do is plead for a friend, a kid that pulled a fishhook out of his finger once; and obviously it's no good for a jury; no reason for clemency, no facts, nothing but a sentimental plea of an incompetent. The prosecuting attorney just passes it by, a shabby, bored city attorney offhandedly calling for the death penalty in a small time shooting.

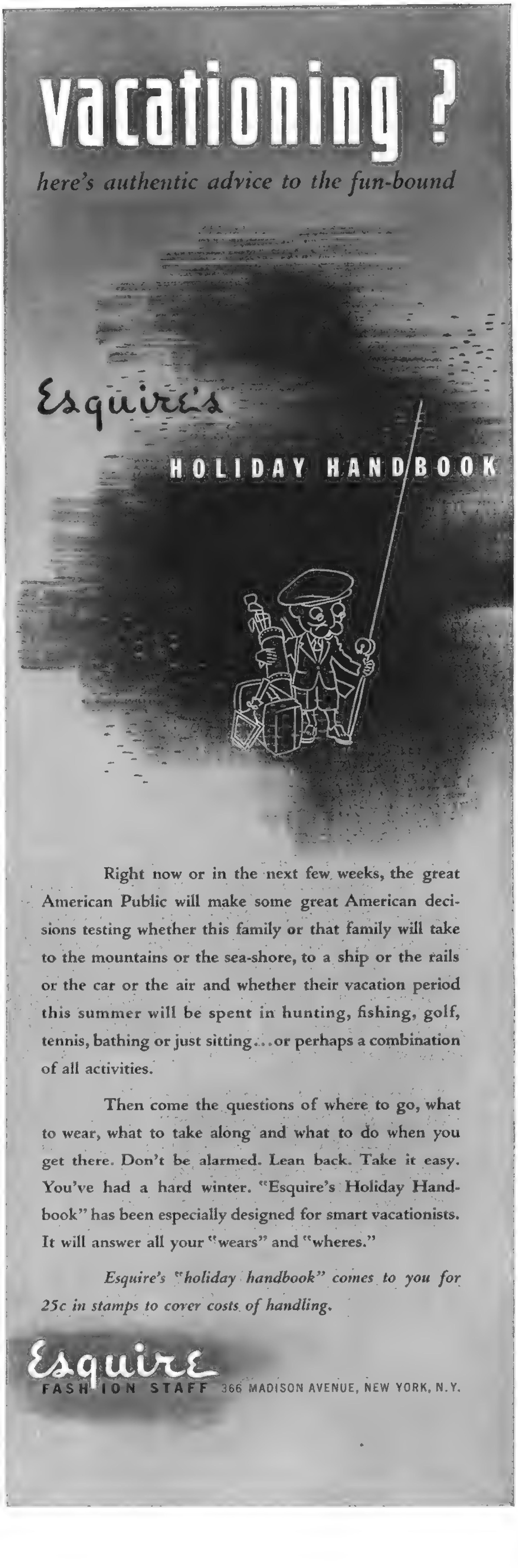
That's all there is to it. Well, there's the escape from the death house, the chase, the escape to the old school house. Meanwhile the small-town banker has thought of a cute way to show off his importance—he has invited his classmates to a reunion. They come; the little lawyer and the burlesque actress and the was-going-to-be-artist; and the celebration is heavy and forced, and at last the burlesque girl cuts loose and tells off the banker. What did he do for their schoolfellow? Did he help him when he needed help?

That's the picture. There's a melodramatic finish when the escaped criminal breaks in on the reunion, and then leaves it to walk into a bunch of guns. But the whole picture is in that angle: who helped the boy?

What's unusual about that? All that's unusual is that this is a complete reversal of the Hollywood point of view about American life. It's a complete denial of the success-story standard, it's humanity and friendship set up as the highest good in the world, in place of all our fake success values.

There have been pictures before in which small-town bankers and even big-city bankers were shown up as stuffed shirts. But this is no vindictive satire. Sure, the smug banker's wife reminds him that he succeeded beyond his schoolfellows because he had force of character as well as an inheritance; it's hardly satire. It's just true. And the picture doesn't say society made this kid a criminal as importantly as it says, in the last analysis, the good people are the ones who remain loyal to friends. As for

Continued on page 138


vacationing ?

here's authentic advice to the fun-bound

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 79-137

the messed-up life this kid had: we don't even know if it was crime.

This is no slum-clearance propaganda. It's just a picture about the little people admitting they're little people. It's a picture about America when we're not boasting. It is contained altogether in the lunch-counter scene between the lawyer and the burlesque girl, just before the big trial. I'm no trial lawyer he says. Yah I'm a lawyer. Sell a little insurance, handle little collection cases.

That's what came of the American dream of bigness. And this film is important because it reveals the dignity and the beauty in these people who never got big; who learned to live in their own measure. It's not a film of failure because it shows that they were good people who found the human values in life, when they grew out of the dream of bigness.

It's hard to describe just how the thing is done, for it is the very casual nature of the film that becomes outstanding. All these settings—jails, honky-tonks, cheap hotel rooms, are the familiar trappings of crime films; by what magic can we see them freshly? Yet here we see them not as they are in films but as they are in reality; the pipes crossing the walls of the made-over hotel rooms; the signs stuck around the beer joints. And as the film progresses one has a feeling that the producer gains rather than loses by using a stale plot, and standard hokum situations. For he turns myth into reality.

The same thing happened in a great poetic film called *Winterset.* There too all the conventional plot situations of the gangster film were used in a work of art; the photoplay, by now, is conventionalized to the extent that crime-plots are symbols to us as king-plots were symbols in the days of Elizabethan drama; and we can see reality best through these conventions.

Certainly *Back Door To Heaven* has flaws. It never loses the quickie atmosphere. It sentimentalizes. At points, it is over-drab, as in the hag make-up of the boy's mother. But all these are minor matters compared to the great fact that the film has a new, and true, point of view on American life.

Will people like it? I believe they would like such films if they saw enough of them. As the pioneer, this will disturb some, bore others, annoy many. They won't know what it is; they won't know how to take it. An annoyed woman sitting behind me said of Wallace Ford, "Why don't he let you see his face?" Because portraying a habitual criminal he acted like one: eyes down, eyes averted; slow jail-walk; monotonous voice. A friend with me said after the show, "Why it was just an ordinary cheap movie, only worse than usual, it was so slow." But added, "Funny, though, I couldn't stop watching it. It held my attention."

Someone else who saw it said, "Why do they have to make pictures about the ugly and drab side of life? I go to the movies for entertainment." Needless to point out that all crime pictures deal with the drab side of life. They become "entertaining" when the criminal lives in riches.

A greal deal is being said now about films with a social point of view. We are dancing on the rooftops because Hollywood is making films like *Juarez* and *Confessions of a Nazi Spy.* It's great that Hollywood has at last opened up to what's going on in the world. *Juarez* is great, but still it is remote and a kind of formal film; *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* is great, but still it is like newspaper reality in that it deals with events which, though they may affect our lives, are not in our immediate experience.

The next step toward a true art of the films is in dealing honestly with our own intimate attitudes toward our fellow-beings: with our own way of living. As a step toward the liberation of films, *Back Door To Heaven* is fully as important as the other two pictures. It must not go unrecognized.

WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD

Good	Bad
Back Door To Heaven	
An underpublicized film about a small-town small-time criminal, distinguished by producer Wm. Howard's astonishingly un-Hollywood view of American life. And by the best dialogue of the year, thanks to John Bright and Robert Tasker.	Needed more change-of-pace in the early half of the film. Goes to the extreme of understatement in style.
Hotel Imperial	
The jinx-picture that cost Paramount two million, a jinx to the last. Might be shown as a take-off on old style war pictures and Marlene Dietrich.	The story, the direction, the acting, the sets, the dialogue, Isa Miranda.
Invitation to Happiness	
Fred MacMurray as a prize-fighter who feels inferior to his rich wife and their smart child. He wins his self-respect by losing his fear of defeat. Ruggles is amusing as his trainer.	Stale situation, dragged out. The kid is a mama's boy who will be resented by male audiences.

WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD (*Continued*)

Good	Bad
Confessions of a Nazi Spy	
Powerful and perfect. Releases the films from bondage. Weaves the documentary method into the fiction photoplay in a way that doubles the drama and convincingness of the story. Anatole Litvak's direction fast, slick; it bangs ahead like a streamline train. The script by John Wexley and Milton Krims will be a model for all future politicalized photoplays. Francis Lederer and Paul Lukas wash away all the sweet-boys they've played in the past, with solid three-dimensional performances. Film is remarkable because it has no mustache twirling kaiser-villains. On the other side are people, real, and sympathetically presented people; we see why they must do what they do.	Nothing.
Juarez	
Muni's classic performance as the Indian who was Mexico's Lincoln. Brian Aherne's winning performance as the unhappy Emperor Maximilian. Distinguished and heavy in manner, the film has great power in the Juarez and peon scenes and in its direct preachment for democracy. The characterizations are complex in contrast to cinema's usual flat creatures. History's villains, and heroes too, are shown as beings molded by time and necessity—a depth of conception astounding for Hollywood. Cinema is mature.	Split between court romance and revolution, the story lacks unity. Direction is flat, even bad in such scenes as the presentation of the boy heir to the throne. Cutting is spotty—many needed scenes omitted, many useless things included. But it must be remembered this film is being criticized on a level with literature or art, attained by only three or four films each year.
Rose of Washington Square	
Alice Faye singing the old Fanny Brice songs—especially her soft, burning rendition of *My Man*. Al Jolson as Al Jolson singing his mammy songs.	Makes us feel old.
Some Like It Hot	
Bob Hope is rapidly becoming the screen's foremost smooth comedian. He can time a stale gag so well you laugh anyway. Gene Krupa's band does a few swell hot numbers. His jungle drums are just as good as jungle drums.	Cheesy story, lackadaisically developed.
Tell No Tales	
Easy entertainment of the reporter-detective variety with a dash of Alfred Hitchcock imitation in Leslie Fenton's direction. Melvyn Douglas continues his pleasant comeback; Louise Platt, a thin gal, manages to make a thin role fat; and Theresa Harris, a young Negro girl, does a hit-scene as a grieving widow.	Routine plot, tends to cheapen the appeal of so effective an actor as Melvyn Douglas. But it seems like they all have to put in time on one of these reporter epics, from Muni to young John Garfield.
It's a Wonderful World	
During one long hilarious sequence James Stewart disguises himself in a pair of very strong glasses which cause him to reach for things in the wrong places. A simple but rather original gag that knocks them in the aisles. Of such stuff is film fortune made. An expert cast makes this merry chase and catch piece of clowning seem sophisticated but it's slapstick under the crust.	Screwball comedy epoch is over, and after you've laughed this one off you come up wondering what you were laughing at. That's when you know it's over.
Only Angels Have Wings	
Howard Hawks produces another of those terse, tense air epics. Swell sloppy South American bananaland background. Swell crisp performances by Cary Grant and Jean Arthur, the leads who are topped by Thomas Mitchell as the fat old-timer and by Richard Barthelmess who makes a more than terrific comeback as a character actor in this film. He plays a flyer with a blot on his past; of course erases the blot by a heroic bit of flying in a burning ship before the film ends; but romantic Dick is now a man of deep power and fine character control; would be a wonderful match for Fay Bainter in something.	The first crash is great, but then planes land on mountain peaks and take off in canyons and fly loads of nitroglycerine and nothing ever goes up and comes down whole; in fact this picture should set aviation back about 20 years in the popular mind. At the end of the film those pilots who are not dead are walking around with their arms in slings, their mitts in bandages, their necks broken. The clipped speech and tough-guy dialogue so effective in the first half of the film become affected as the epic goes on, and on.

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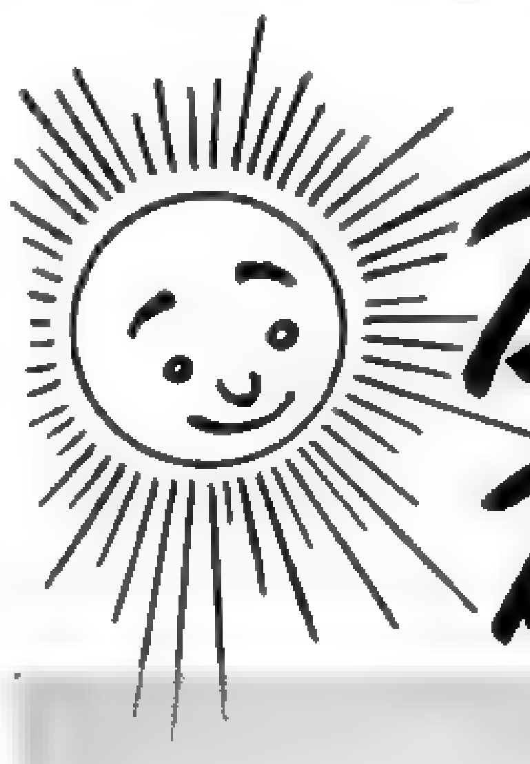

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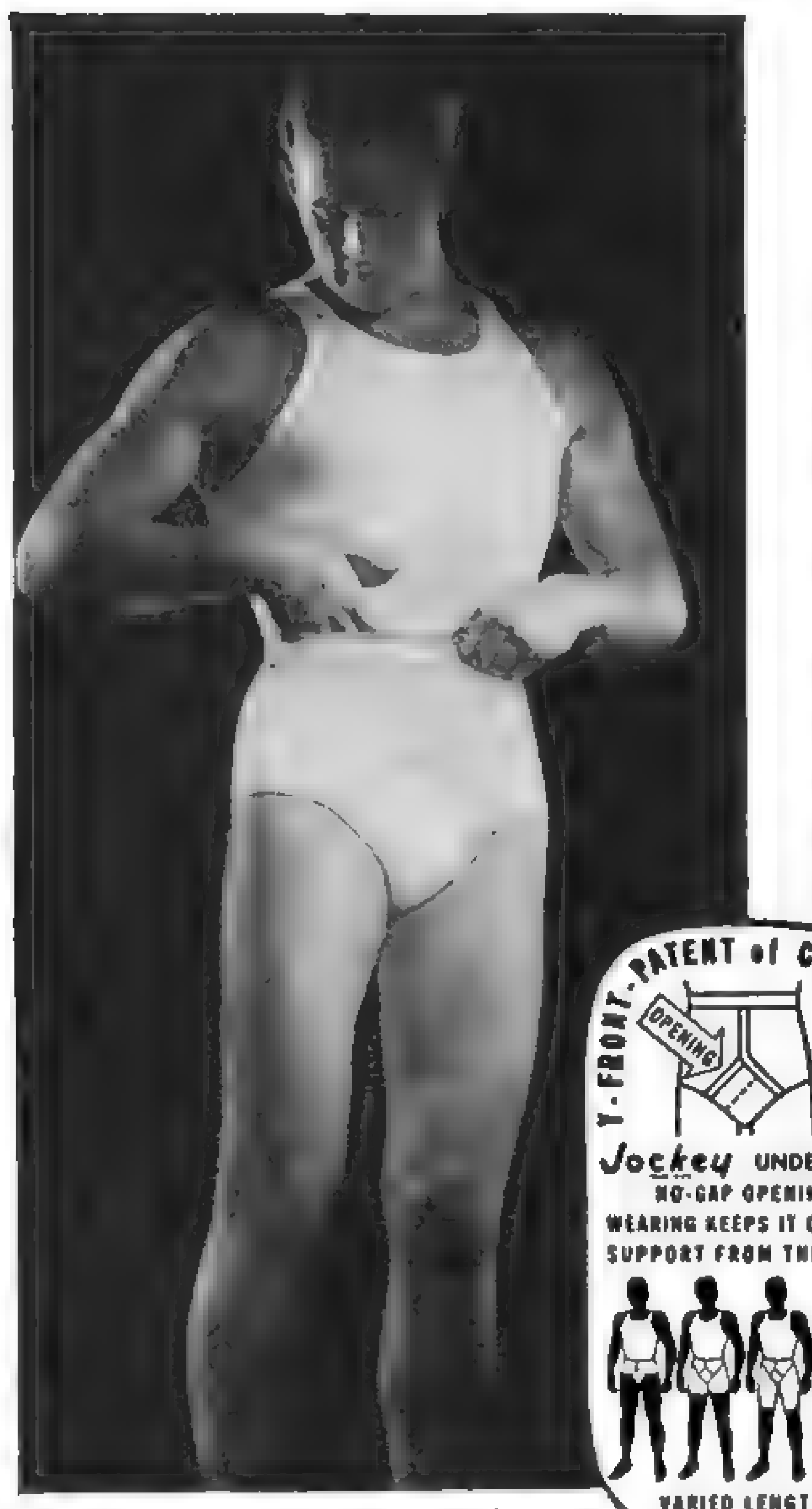
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Women I've Fought With

Continued from page 21

On every one of those points she was perfection itself. But she had her own particularly potent set of aggravations.

Time and People led the list. They were inextricably involved with each other. The Grand Central would just about hold all the people Elinor knew—but it would be a tight squeeze. You can't object to a woman knowing a lot of people. It wouldn't do you much good if you did. You can object to her wasting time on a lot of second-raters. That won't do you much good either but, as a point of view, it holds water. I spent fruitless hours, without end, trying to convince Elinor she spent a lot of her life talking to people whose talk was a sure cure for insomnia. She agreed—and went right on doing it. I also suggested that you can't spread yourself over so many people and have enough left for the ones who count. This got some acceptance too—but the habit was too deep-seated to be cured in two years.

Here's the way it worked out. A good share of the time we were together was spent trying to think up credible excuses for her *not* going to places she'd said she'd go, with people she'd said she'd go with.

It was a little like having a love affair on the stage of the Hippodrome with a capacity house and the curtain down. You knew they were there even though you didn't see them. The murmurs of the waiting rabble penetrated the most cavernous seclusion. You were alone but not apart. And you never knew when the schedule-makers might miscalculate and the curtain would go up. It produced a certain frenzied quality in our love-making. Love got sandwiched in. It had to be managed and scheduled with the adroitness of a concert star's farewell tour. As tour manager I found my irritation overcoming my libido.

In the early stages I was hopeful. Elinor always saw through the phonies—in time. But she needed a lot of time. Her discrimination had to have a lot of nurturing before it began to flower. And new daisies always sprang up to take the place of those who passed on. The turnover was not only terrific, it was interminable.

I wasn't.

And then there was the theatre. Elinor knew practically everyone in the New York theatre. She rarely missed an opening. But I eventually came to the conclusion that it was the idea of the theatre rather than the thing itself which drew her. When she talked theatre she didn't talk ideas. She talked gossip. She preserved an incredible naïveté about the theatre and actors and actresses. They were all touched with star dust for her.

Eventually she usually found herself out. But a brand new enthusiasm had sprung full born by that time. You see, Elinor's initial reactions were all emotional. They started at a sprinting pace while her logic, her basic sense of good values, stumbled along in the rear at a slow walk. If Elinor hadn't been such a gifted emotional self-starter, she'd have been unbeatable.

And these were things you couldn't discuss with her until they were passé. Obviously, there wasn't much point in discussing them then. But when the hex of a new person or a new show or a new anything was on Elinor there was no conversation about it. You agreed or you battled. Elinor thought that to admit any weakness in her point of view was to sacrifice the respect of whomever she was talking to. Any discussion with her was immediately a highly personal thing. You never got any "distance" and long view on the thing you were talking about.

In her occasional relaxed moments I tried to show her the difference between discussion and harangues. It would take nicely for the first few minutes but it always ended in her rolling up the heavy guns and letting fly. After a few abortive attempts like that you resign yourself to the inevitable—that is if you have any sense.

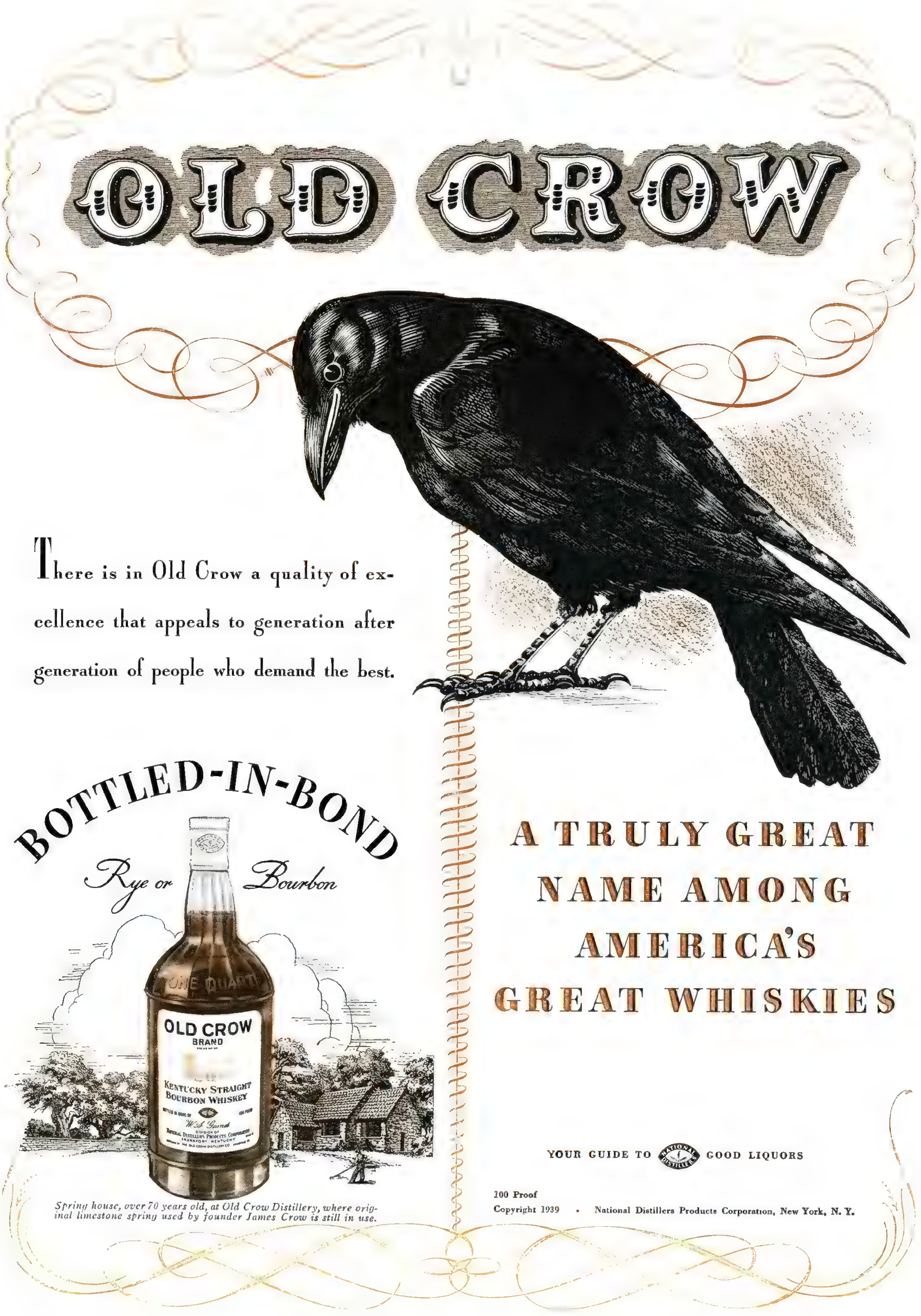
There was also the business of "doing something." Elinor seemed to feel that if we spent more than two nights in a row at home, people would point us out on the street as crusty, crumbling creatures of a forgotten era.

God knows the charms of the fireside can pall. But for a man and woman to get the most out of each other they must establish a certain common rhythm—a certain indefinable attachment that grows out of a succession of little things enjoyed together. And to do that you must have stretches of complete peace experienced alone with each other. That is what knits your minds and your hearts as well as your bodies. In that way you grow into each other. Whatever you give up for that is worth it—if it takes.

And you can't do it in bars and movies or at other people's houses over the week ends. Elinor knew that—but she couldn't ever seem to get around to doing anything about it.

Her life has been so full of other people she's given herself no time to lead her own. But one day Elinor will start thinking about her life as a pattern, not just by bits and pieces. And when she does—well, you see, there's this about Elinor. She beats you two ways. She wins the fights and then she laughs at herself and at you for having had them. And whether she's loving you or hating you, or just being a good guy, you get the works. You haven't a chance, of course. You just can't fall out of love with a woman like that.

Elinor isn't married. But that's all going to be changed. Guess who? ⧺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Have You Had Your Serial Today?

Continued from page 50

broadcasting station.) Humor is snobbish. The only wealthy humorous character is charmingly eccentric, and possesses a heart of gold. Copies of this in gold wash can unquestionably be obtained by listeners for a nominal sum.

For typical results: an improbable adventure story, improbably titled but probably popular. Kitty (she's pretty) suffers from the prevalent amnesia. Supposedly brought up in a Dublin orphanage, she is in reality a titled heiress. I long for the distant day when Kitty loses her amnesia and with it, I trust, the thick brogue which she acquired in the Dublin orphanage where she was not brought up.

Another aerial super-romance is characterized as "the story of the eternal struggle between the home wife and her husband's business helper." It is distinguished by two outstanding qualities. The main characters are all handsome beyond belief, and John is moral beyond mere human credibility.

During a blizzard last winter he reached an all-time high for virtue. His beautiful (but scheming) assistant, Annette Rogers, stayed in the department store whence all but John had fled. But did John accept the inevitable? No.

Going manfully to the sport goods department he found two pairs of snow shoes, forced a pair on Annette, and delivered her reluctantly unsullied to her home. Then he plodded through miles of blizzard to fall, almost dead of cold, at his own doorstep. I regret to report that he was saved; surely no more appropriate death ever menaced a man.

Then there is still another one called "the story of an orphan girl left at the cabin door of two old miners, who raised her from childhood in a little Colorado mining town, and who in young womanhood married England's richest and handsomest lord. The story then asks the question: Can this girl from a little Colorado mining town find happiness as the wife of a wealthy and titled Englishman?"

This universal problem intimately affects the lives of all American girls left on the doorstep of two old miners who, etc.

Last but not least, there's a simple tale of good simple people, simplest of all people—Dr. Bob. This story has only a faithful old housekeeper, a faithful dog, a few faithful friends, and Dr. Bob. Of him it can be said that there is no situation so novel he cannot find a platitude to cover it. True, he is confronted by few novel situations, but I know we could trust him. For did he not say of Christmas (I quote inaccurately, I fear): "Ah Christmas, Christmas! I remember so many now—and each one so different. Yet somehow they are all the same."?

Ah Dr. Bob! Ah radio serials! I remember so many now—and each one so different. Yet somehow...

The Censor Marches On . . . III

Continued from page 59

Poetry: Dante's *La Divina Commedia* and *De Monarchia*, Shelley's *Queen Mab*, Rossetti's *Poems*, Baudelaire's *Fleurs de Mal*, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, and Swinburne's *Poems and Ballades*.

Philosophy: The Books of Confucius, Montaigne's *Essays*, Descartes' *Meditations*, Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Lois*, Swedenborg's *Principia*, Diderot's *L'Encyclopedie*, Rousseau's writings and Kant's Philosophy.

Science: Roger Bacon's *Opus Majus*, *Opus Minus* and *Opus Tertium*, Galileo's study of the Ptolemaic and Copernican theories, Francis Bacon's works, and Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

Politics and Economics: Machiavelli's *The Prince*, Jefferson's pamphlets, Paine's political writings, and John Stuart Mill's works.

Religion: Savonarola's books, Erasmus' *Ecomium Moviae* and Greek Testament, Luther's pamphlets, Tyndale's New Testament, the Koran, Calvin's writings.

The Bible itself has not escaped unscathed. Versions of it were suppressed by Emperor Justinian, the Synod of Canterbury, Cardinal Wolsey, the Inquisition, and Queen Mary.

A special license is still required in Scotland for Bibles and prayer books.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The contemporary record of censorship is no better. It is shot through with inconsistencies and absurdities.

Sleeveless Errand was banned in England; it appeared without any trouble here. Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* was uncensored in the English edition; bowdlerizing cut down the American version from 320 to 291 pages. New York critics hailed Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour* as a fine, gripping play; Marc Connelly's *Green Pastures* won the Pulitzer Prize; England proscribed both.

Ovid's *Art of Love*, although freely circulated in this country, was for many years barred at the customs. *Stag at Eve* went unscathed through the mails, but shocked the sensibilities of customs inspectors. *The Harmonious Development of Women's Bodies* reversed the process; it was officially approved at the customs, and denied the mails.

The New York State Board of Regents upheld the ban of the censors on *The Birth of A Baby*, and lifted the ban on *Damaged Lives*.

Time and again hypersensitive Boston has cracked down on books and plays that have been acclaimed in New York. But while

Continued on page 144

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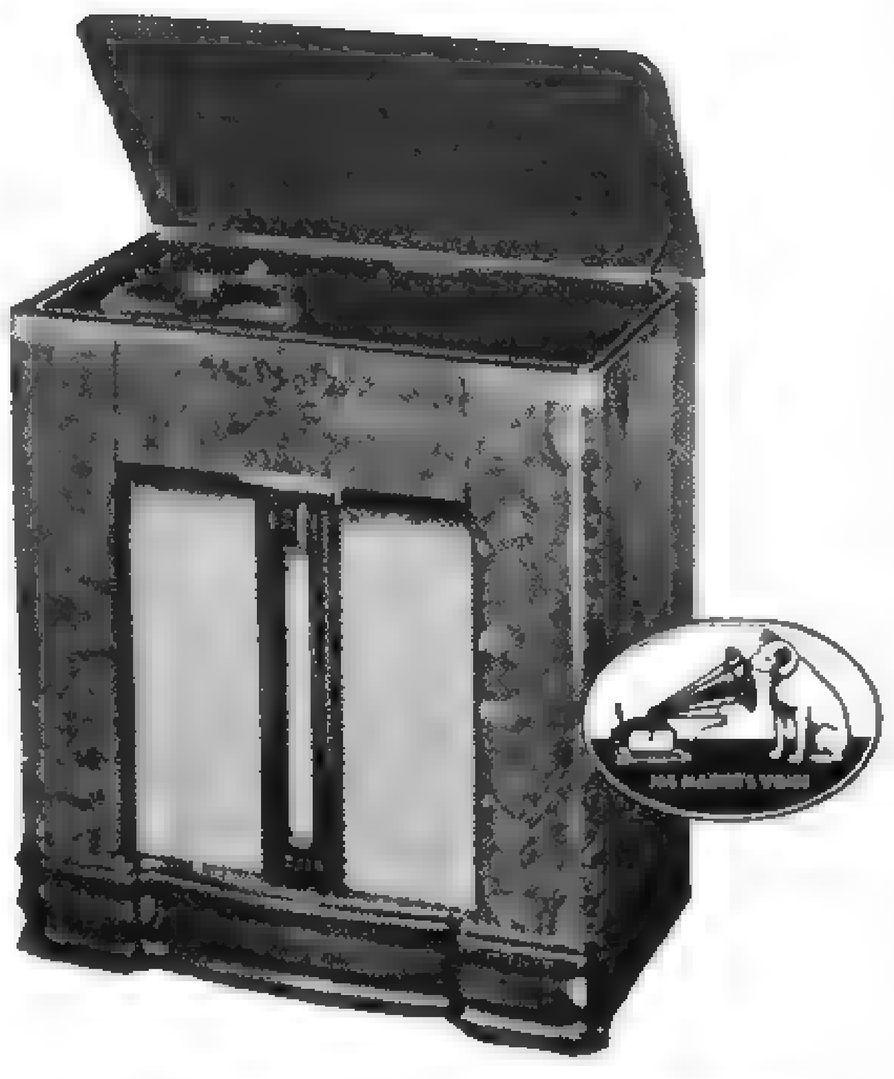

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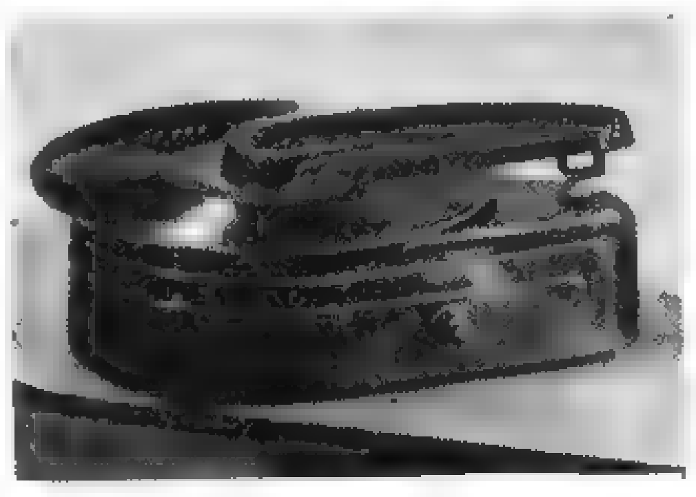

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The Censor Marches On . . . III

Continued from pages 59-142

it has persistently harassed the legitimate drama, it has given free rein to rowdy burlesque. And Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*, which prompted Magistrate Bushel in New York to unburden himself of a spirited diatribe, did not cause so much as a ripple in the stronghold of decency.

THE BOOMERANG

If censorship attacked only the indubitably offensive and succeeded in rooting it out, much of the opposition to it would crumble despite the charge of inconsistency.

The plain fact, however, is that censorship does not suppress. It merely drives material underground, encourages illicit trade, raises prices, and whets prurient curiosity. And often as not it publicizes on a large scale the very thing it seeks to extirpate.

Joyce's *Ulysses* was booklegged for many years; hardly a literate tourist returned from Paris without smuggling it in. It is estimated that some twenty to thirty thousand copies were sold this way, most of them copies of pirated versions that paid no royalties to Joyce.

In the halcyon pre-1929 days quite an industry grew up for the exploitation of erotica. Esoteric items dealing with sexual practices and abnormalities, as well as titles long hunted by the censors, were privately printed, richly bound, and sold at exorbitant prices through devious channels to "collectors." After a while the business became so good that the publishers grew bold, came out in the open, and advertised their wares in reputable newspapers and magazines. The censor fought the industry vigorously, never realizing that it was a creature of his own making.

Pornography thrives on suppression. Let alone, it barely subsists. The obscenity laws of France are extremely lax, and yet its citizenry seems impervious to smut, and the trade in objectionable matter is confined principally to tourists.

In any event, there seems to be a real question whether, as a matter of human psychology, censorship or any other method of prophylaxis can cast out obscenity.

BEATING THE DRUM

When *The Well of Loneliness* first came up in the Magistrate's Court, the attorney for the defendants asked for a week's adjournment to enable him to prepare his case. Mr. Sumner, as complainant and *alter ego* for the District Attorney, voiced his opposition.

"What's the basis for your objection, Mr. Sumner?" the Judge asked.

Mr. Sumner jabbed his forefinger accusingly in the direction of the attorney. "He doesn't need any time. He could try the case now if he had to. He wants a week to whoop things up in the papers. That's what he's after—publicity!"

The defense lawyer turned blandly to the vice-secretary. "But we don't need any more publicity, Mr. Sumner," he said, smiling. "You've given us plenty."

Later developments proved him right. Without benefit of Mr. Sumner's co-operation, the book might have sold a few thousand copies; as it was, the sales ran over a quarter-million. There was even a *de luxe* Victory Edition in two volumes, boxed, at twenty-five dollars a set.

It was Roger Bacon's fourteen dungeon years, occasioned by the censor's displeasure, that gave the initial impetus to his *Opus Majus*. Galileo was first brought to the attention of his contemporaries by the Inquisition, which spread his ideas by attacking them. The more Verlaine was flayed for indecency, the more notorious his work became. From the very outset Voltaire and Rabelais flourished on suppression. Before Baudelaire was tried for obscenity only his comparatively innocuous poems were in circulation. At the trial the most lurid ones were put in evidence; thereafter every publisher, aware of the immunity attaching to the printing of evidence, printed the trial testimony in full, and there were made available to the public unexpurgated editions which would not otherwise have been attempted. It was an attack of bigots that turned public attention on Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and Hardy's *Jude The Obscure*.

Comstock's attack on Daly's production of Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* caused such a stir that orchestra seats sold for fifteen dollars and balcony seats for ten on the opening night.

When *Candide* was stopped at the customs in 1929, the *Detroit Free Press* wrote: "The seizure will advertise the existence of the work to thousands of salacious-minded young people who had never heard of it. There will be a rush on the libraries for the unsatisfying expurgated copies they stock. The failure of some enterprising publisher to bring out and bootleg a new edition will be surprising. The very class of citizenry which the law is designed to protect from its own mental weakness is harmed by a stupid misapplication of the law."

Unmolested, *Yes, My Darling Daughter* would have had the uneventful career of an average movie. As a result of the censors' to-do, the Strand Theatre in New York, where it was first scheduled to be shown, was mobbed; two stock companies instead of one gave the play in Brooklyn; and Alfred de Liagre, Jr., the impresario of the original production, was moved to consider a Broadway revival. #

The People vs. Abe Lathan, Colored

Continued from page 27

oldest son, Henry, stood in Ramsey Clark's office, hat in hand. The lawyer looked at the Negro and frowned. He chewed his pencil for a while, then swung around in his chair and looked out the window into the courthouse square. Presently he turned around and looked at Uncle Abe's son.

"I don't want the case," he said. "I don't want to touch it."

The boy stared at him helplessly. It was the third lawyer he had gone to see that morning, and all of them had refused to take his father's case.

"There's no money in it," Ramsey Clark said, still frowning. "I'd never get a dime out of you niggers if I took this case. And, besides, I don't want to represent any more niggers at court. Better lawyers than me have been ruined that way. I don't want to get the reputation of being a 'nigger lawyer.' "

Henry shifted the weight of his body from one foot to the other and bit his lips. He did not know what to say. He stood in the middle of the room trying to think of a way to get help for his father.

"My father never said he was going to kill Mr. Luther," Henry protested. "He's always been on friendly terms with Mr. Luther. None of us have ever given Mr. Luther any trouble. Anybody will tell you that. All the other tenants on Mr. Luther's place will tell you my father has always stood up for Mr. Luther. He never said he would try to hurt Mr. Luther in any way."

The lawyer waved for him to stop. He had heard all he wanted to listen to.

"I told you I wouldn't touch the case," he said angrily, snatching up papers and slamming them down on his desk. "I don't want to go into court and waste my time arguing a case that won't make any difference one way or the other, anyway. It's a good thing for you niggers to get a turn on the 'gang every once in a while. It doesn't make any difference whether Abe Lathan threatened Mr. Bolick, or whether he didn't threaten him. Abe Lathan said he wasn't going to move off the farm after Mr. Bolick had told him to, didn't he? Well, that's enough to convict him in court. When the case comes up for trial, that's all the judge will want to hear. He'll be sent to the 'gang quicker than a flea can hop. No lawyer is going to spend a lot of time preparing a case when he knows how it's going to end. If there was money in it, it might be different. But you niggers don't have a thin dime to pay me with. No, I don't want the case. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

Henry backed out of Ramsey Clark's office and went to the jail. He secured permission to see his father for five minutes.

Uncle Abe was sitting on his bunk in the cage looking through the bars when Henry entered. The jailer came and stood behind him at the cage door.

"Did you see a lawyer and tell him I never said anything like that to Mr. Luther?" Uncle Abe asked the first thing.

Henry looked at his father, but it was difficult for him to answer. He shook his head, dropping his gaze until he could see only the floor.

"You tried, didn't you, Henry?" Uncle Abe asked.

Henry nodded.

"But when you told the lawyers how I never said a mean thing about Mr. Luther, or his daddy before him, in all my whole life, didn't they say they would help me get out of jail?"

Henry shook his head.

"What did the lawyers say, Henry? When you told them how respectful I've always been to Mr. Luther, and how I've always worked hard for him all my life, and never mentioned to him about the shares, didn't they say they would help me then?"

Henry looked up at his father, moving his head sideways in order to see him between the bars of the cage. He had to swallow hard several times before he could speak at all.

"I've already been to see three lawyers," he said finally. "All of them said they couldn't do anything about it, and to just go ahead and let it come up for trial. They said there wasn't anything they could do, because the judge would give you a term on the 'gang, anyway."

He stopped for a moment, looking down at his father's feet through the bars.

"If you want me to, I'll go see if I can try to find some other lawyers to take the case. But it won't do much good. They just won't do anything."

Uncle Abe sat down on his bunk and looked at the floor. He could not understand why none of the lawyers would help him.

Presently he looked up through the bars at his son. His eyes were fast filling with tears that he could not control.

"Why did the lawyers say the judge would give me a term on the 'gang, anyway, Henry?" he asked.

Henry gripped the bars, thinking about all the years he had seen his father and mother working in the cotton fields for Luther Bolick and being paid in rations, a few clothes, and a house to live in, and nothing more.

"Why did they say that, Henry?" his father insisted.

"I reckon because we are colored folks," Henry said at last. "I don't know why else they would say things like that."

The jailer moved up behind Henry, prodding him with his stick. "Hurry along," the jailer kept saying. "Time's up! Time's up!" Henry walked down the hall between the rows of cages towards the door that led to the street. He did not look back. #

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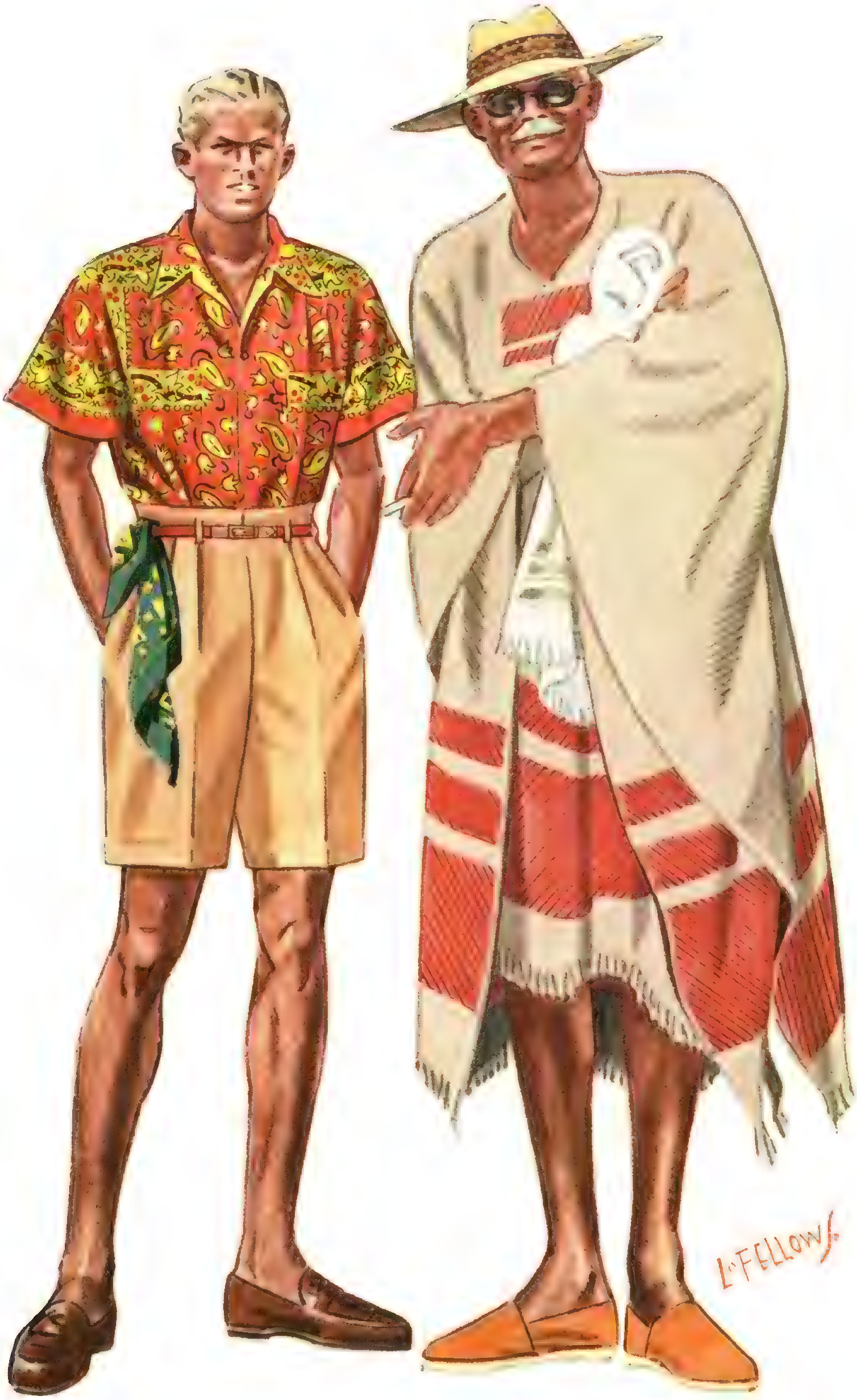
The two beach outfits here virtually represent a league of nations, and you can check off the members of this international get-together as they flit by. The keystone of the outfit at the left are the British Colonial shorts of tan gabardine. Then there are the polished Norwegian peasant slippers and a cotton bandanna beach shirt with open front and half sleeves, first seen in the British West Indies. This last number is actually made of three large cotton handkerchiefs cut and sewn together. Papa, on the right, wears a native straw hat from Jamaica in open weave with puggree band, French peasant espadrilles of rust color linen with rope soles and a Mexican poncho of toweling fabric which has assumed an all-embracing role in this covenant of beach clothes. Once you get past the first gasp, you'll have to acknowledge that this glorified poncho is really a practical, as well as fetching, item of beach wear. It may be worn as a robe or used as a blanket on which to lie when sun-bathing, or it may revert to first principles and be utilized as an oversize towel for after swimming. Under the poncho, Papa wears, or should wear, a pair of knit swim trunks. Junior is appropriately, as well as internationally, attired for golf, tennis, fishing and sailing, in addition to incidental lounging around the beach club.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Entente cordiale . . .



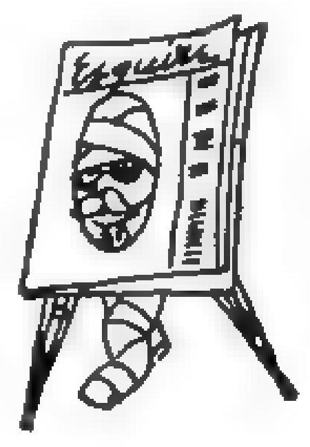
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 6

ONE MAN'S AMEN

For once your author, anonymous, has written an article of merit, *Why I Am Faithful to My Wife*. You are to be sincerely congratulated.

Tonight, alone in an hotel, two thousand miles from home, wife and children, I read the article and it really hit home. I too am afraid of being caught. I, too, am in any's, shall I say, spot. But, Esqui, I am glad of it. I've stuck it twelve years and through it all, I really believe, I've got a lot more out of life, than my fellow males, who overcome fear and follow the traditionally masculine prerogative of philandering.



Now, Dear Esqui, please do me and thousands of other any's a favor. Give us at least one decent story or article a month. We snicker at your sophisticated tinsel, smile at your lush illustrations, absorb your serious articles; follow your mandates on masculine attire, but damn it Esqui, please give us one little ray of hope for decent, American manhood. We're trying to raise our offspring to honest, intelligent, American manhood and womanhood. Put the twist on the right side, Esqui. Don't kill our sense of humor, or make us plaster saints. But do try to uplift our American homes with frank discussion sans the shrouds of yesterday's mysticism. But, withall, a clear incentive for keeping our homes the basis of our Democratic nation.

Sincerely,
An American,
One man with a family
Minneapolis, Minn.

ADD TO "DOUS" LIST

In reply to James Lowry, who writes in the May Esquire, I should like to add one further "dous" to his list—I leave the rhyme making to him.

Never having considered the matter deeply, I was only conscious of five such words, the four commonest and one other—nefandous. Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary gives as its meaning "bad to execration, abominable" and the etymology as "Lat: ne, (not), fondus, fari (to speak)"

I hope that my completion of the "round dozen" will be of service to him, if only to increase his vocabulary!

Yours faithfully,
Yorkshire, England "Puddick"

CASE HISTORY

After reading the article in the June publication of Esquire, I am compelled to answer, not in the defense of my sex but to verify Mr. Horton's statements. The article was amusing and on the whole, true.

In brief, I am a college girl and consider myself attractive and intelligent. Being three thousand miles from home nine months out of the year, I bank heavily on correspondence to hold the ties of friendship.

My expectations are not unreasonable. On the contrary, I find it more interesting to comment on statements and opinions rather than vice-versa. Particularly so because when some one does refer to one of my statements I am at a loss since I don't remember what I said. I never comment on the weather save to explain ill humor by saying that it has been raining for two weeks or to justify my exuberance on a lovely spring day. An answering remark would seem a little ridiculous to me. Filling my letters with lists of my activities bores me, unless the incident was amusing or of special interest to the person I am writing to.

A week to ten days is the reasonable amount of time for an answer. If boys exceed that period I rarely make open complaints such as your example, but I do make a few barbed remarks.

The only time I ever looked at a postmark was to see how long it took for the letter to get to me.

I never date personal and semi-formal letters (that isn't a principle, it is merely negligence on my part). If the surroundings and circumstances seem significant I mention it in the letter.

My stationery is white or blue, generally airmail paper or heavy vellum. I'd rather spend my money for a bottle of perfume than a bottle of ink other than the accepted blue or black.

I admit the crime of not numbering my pages and oddity in order. No punctuation and leaving out words are my only claims to illiteracy.

Post scripts are not strictly a feminine habit. In general post scripts are intended to be humorous. If I am writing to a man at his office, I don't use post scripts on the envelopes.

Your examples of irrelevance were a little exaggerated, but I also admit that the accusation is correct. When I am writing, one idea leads to another, and if I must put it down right then and there I put it in parentheses, if it is too irrelevant to the subject on hand.

I have asked a man for money once, and that was over the rim of a cocktail glass and I paid it back two days later. I have tried to maneuver an invitation to a prom or big event via letters but that was because I wasn't on hand to bait the unsuspecting male in person.

What amazes me is that you men see us for what we are, and yet you go right on pampering and humoring us. That is why I can read the article under discussion and laugh rather than be alarmed.

I would prefer to ask a man for candy or an appealing wooly dog in a window in person because then he doesn't have a written testimonial of my deceit and greed.

I save every letter I get from men and women. It amuses me to reread them in due time and if they aren't amusing I throw them away. I have never considered using them as a sword over my fiancé's or husband's head. That is a problem of the future. It is a foregone conclusion that other men besides the husband have desired a woman so why make an issue of it?

I have never counted the number of words in a telegram. The number is not important. The thought behind the telegram is.

I never knew a traveling man.

A night or day letter says more and is practically a telegram. Extra pocket money is necessary to a man so why shouldn't he kill two birds with one stone. Because I enjoy writing, the length of my letters is usually from four to six pages. If it is shorter I make some excuse. This letter hasn't proved anything, but it makes me feel better.

Yours sincerely,
An Average College Girl
Oakland, Calif.

ITEM OF WONDER

My Gosh! Do women *actually* make such imbeciles of themselves as Thomas D. Horton describes in his first article?

If they do—I, a woman, am ready to hide my face in shame! I'll admit I do *sometimes* date my letters, Wednesday, 7:30 P.M., or A.M., but so help me, I never have any reason for fond recollections "under *the* apple tree!" How nuts!! What man wants to be reminded of the time he made a fool of himself?

As for scented stationery—I think it's crude, and smells to high heaven—for myself, I prefer plain, unadulterated, white linen paper. The plainer the better.

If I were a man and a dippy dame added a P.S. on the outside of an envelope addressed to me—well, *I'd* send her a *wire*, oh yes! One she'd be *very* unhappy to receive!

Personally, if women continue to make such breaches of etiquette, Mr. Farley is going to notice a marked decline in masculine correspondence, and I can't say as I blame the poor guys!

Peoria, Ill. "Mickey"

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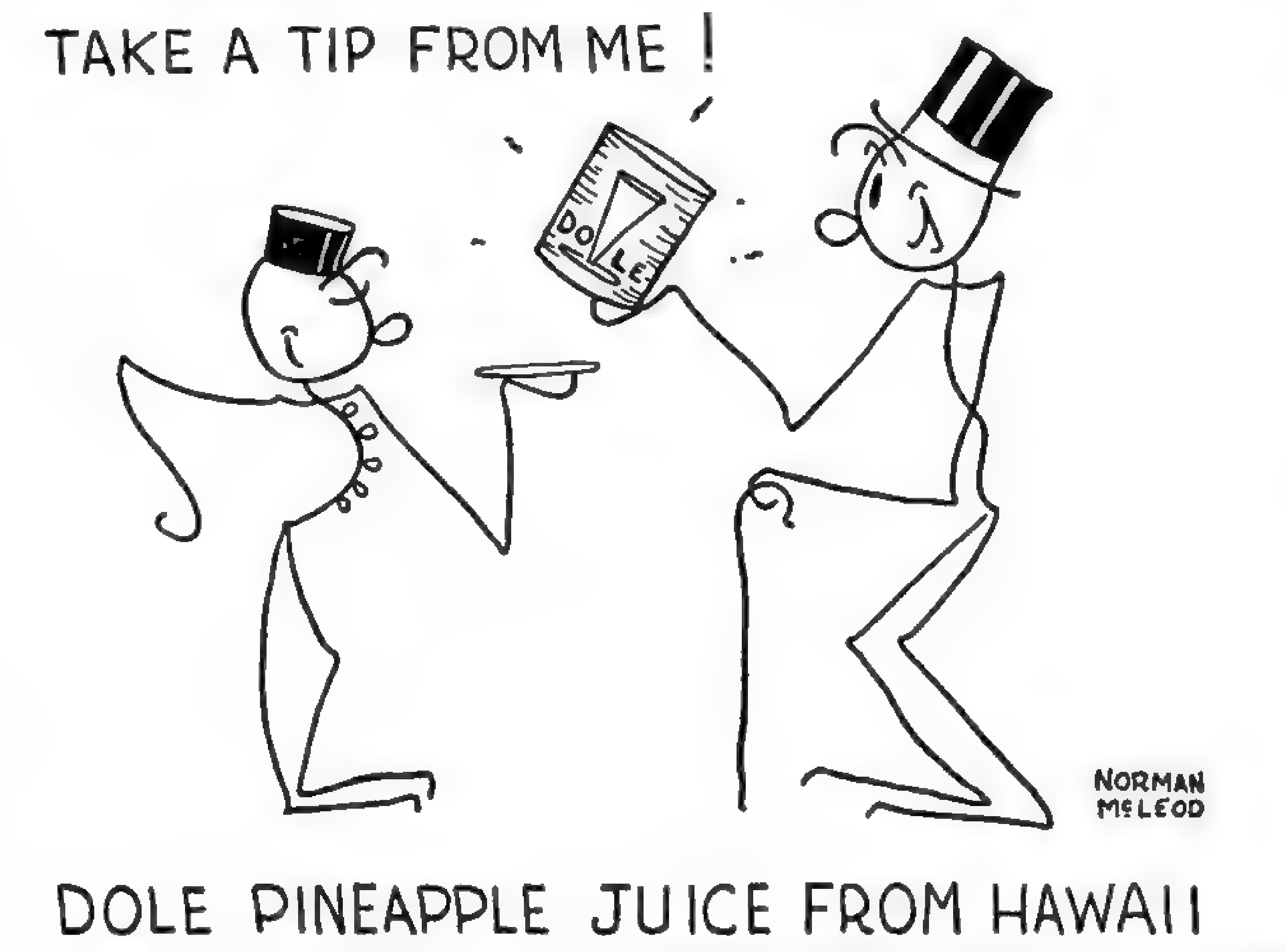
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IF THEY'RE Optiks THEY'RE TESTED

Hoosier Hot Spell

Continued from page 57

wonder it's so terrible! You just sit around all day and talk about it! You don't even think about anything else!"

"There isn't anything else to think about," I ventured; but her blue eyes, wide open now and turned upon me, finished the withering process where the heat had left off.

"You just sit there!" Ellen exclaimed. "Or lie there! We're going to do something and forget the heat!"

"What, for instance?" I asked.

She sighed.

"Well, swim."

I rolled over on my back and smiled up at her victoriously.

"The flood washed away Sandy Point last spring," I said. "So the river's out! Anyhow, it would be too muddy. And if you think I'm going into one of those lukewarm concrete swimming pools . . ."

"Then, tennis!"

The word made me collapse on the floor.

"Oh, no, darling!" I groaned.

"A hundred and five in the shade," father put in.

But Ellen ignored us both. Her eyes were flashing. Her chin was determined. Even in my state of complete collapse, I observed that it was a very pretty chin.

"We're going to play tennis, *or else!*" she said.

Now, I am not "henpecked"—to borrow one of my grandfather's words—but there is a long tradition in my family that whenever a woman speaks with her head cocked to one side, it's time for the menfolks to listen. Without realizing it, Ellen was making capital of that tradition, and I stood up. I knew that if I didn't stand up, she might take the next train back to New England and I might never see her again. Anyhow, on this occasion, I was her host as well as her husband. And there is also a long tradition of hospitality in Southern Indiana.

"Well . . ." I said.

Ellen's voice changed suddenly. She was almost pleading.

"If we don't do something, I'll go crazy!"

"And if we *do* do something, honey," I said, "they'll be digging two new graves in the family plot at Oak Hill."

But I went upstairs, which was like climbing into an oven, and put on white ducks and tennis shoes.

We walked over to the Stanley Hall courts. They are only three blocks from the house, but the distance seemed like three miles. On the way, we passed nobody, except a few Negroes, who can stand the heat better than white people because they cast darker and cooler shadows. The poplar leaves weren't even shivering, and the asphalt streets were deeply rutted by the little traffic that had gone over them. They were like streams of molten lava flowing down a mountainside.

"We're crazy," I said, when we reached the courts. They were empty, blazing in the sun, and the iron cranks on the sagging nets were so hot you couldn't touch them. But Ellen was adamant.

"It will do us good," she said, swinging her racket joyfully.

The rest of what happened is rather vague in my memory. There was a ball—a red one—that kept coming back across a net much too often for comfort. There was a score of five-one, I believe, Ellen's favor. Then there were two balls, then three, then millions of them—all red. After that, there was the caretaker taking care of us in the cellar of Stanley Hall School until my father could arrive to take us home in the car. Then there was a room, with drawn shades. It was my old boyhood room. I am sure of that, because for days I stared at a Boy Scout flag draped above the desk—it was the Bob White patrol—and wished that I'd been a better Boy Scout in my youth. There was, also, the occasional slamming of a screen door downstairs and my father's voice.

"Hundred and one . . . Hundred and four . . . Down to a hundred . . . Up again . . . Hundred and seven . . ."

That was all.

I did not see Ellen for a week. It was too hot for two invalids to be in the same room. I did not miss her a great deal, and, afterwards, she confessed that she had not missed me at all. We were both too busy hanging on to our respective beds, which had developed the dangerous habit of climbing up the walls and clinging to the ceilings and turning somersaults.

There is no justice in nature. Ellen recovered first. On the seventh day, she came into my room. She was very thin and shaky and had completely lost her suntan, so carefully acquired in Rhode Island in June. But, at least, she was able to walk.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Well," I said, "I *have* felt better."

She sat down at the bedside and began to stroke my temples with cool fingers.

"It's a hundred and three on the front porch today," she said.

For a long while after that, we didn't say anything. She just sat there, absently rubbing my forehead, and I was filled with remorse for having brought her out, even on a visit, to a country and climate and customs that she could never adjust herself to.

Finally, I raised myself a little on one elbow.

"As soon as this room quits swimming around, honey," I said, "we'll go back to New England."

But she didn't seem to hear me. I could see that something was absorbing all her attention.

"It was ninety-three at midnight last night," she said, shaking her head in disapproval, and yet with a certain pride, as if the heat were a personal victory. "I got up and looked." ⌗

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They Jump Right Into the Boat!

Continued from page 67

secluded boat landing, where I could see exactly what happened. And this is what I saw: First, the boys nailed four sticks upright on one side of the boat, and stretched a minnow-seine across them. To each upright they fastened a piece of trace-chain about five feet long, which hung down into the water—supposedly to prevent the bass from swimming under the boat. A lantern was set on a box in the middle of the boat, just high enough so that the shadow of the gunwale fell on the water about five feet distant. Shortly after nightfall they started out, and I followed in another boat, unwilling to be too intimately associated with lawbreakers, but very anxious to see what was going on. They pushed the boat along close to the weedy shore, with the side of the boat to which the net was attached toward the river, and the bow pointed out at an angle of about forty-five degrees. As the boat moved slowly along, the boy in the stern slapped the weed patches with a long cane fishpole.

And by all the gods, believe it or not, the bass actually did begin to jump! Some of them appeared to jump at least ten feet high! They didn't all leave the water just at the edge of the shadow, as I had been told they would; they didn't all jump into the boat, or even in that direction, but they certainly did jump—plenty of them. Some leaped clear over the boat, minnow-seine and all, but quite a number struck the seine and fell back into the boat, and once in they seemed quite unable to jump out again. I do not know how many fish those young scoundrels caught that night, but they must have strung at least a dozen fine bass while I looked on. And I didn't stay long, either, but went thoughtfully and sadly back to the hotel alone.

One of the strange things about this bass-jumping business is the fact that it is so little known outside of the Ozark country. Tell the story in New York or Los Angeles or even in Kansas City, and seasoned fishermen will laugh in your face.

I published a brief article on the subject in *Forest and Stream*, back in 1928, and was denounced and ridiculed from one end of the country to the other. Some people really became quite excited about it. An anonymous gentleman from Georgia wrote the editor that I was not only "the God damndest liar ever heard of," but also "a scoundrel, son-of-a-bitch *and* bastard!" It was a very interesting letter. I have often wondered why he italicized the conjunction.

A few local fishermen rallied to my defense. Dr. J. H. Young, Galena, Missouri, said that he had often seen fish goosed on the James and White Rivers, adding that some rivermen made a regular business of taking bass in this manner. Nancy Clemens, who writes feature stories for the *Kansas City Star*, wrote me that she knew many hillmen in Missouri and northern Arkansas who jumped bass whenever the water was too muddy for other methods of fishing. Mr. R. V. Downey of St. Louis testified that a three-and-one-half-pound bass jumped into his boat as he was rowing up to a dock on the Lake of the Ozarks.

Mrs. George Potter, of St. Louis, wrote to *Field and Stream* about her experience, the time she and her husband were fishing and a two-and-one-half-pound bass had leaped into the boat. "People certainly gave us the ha-ha when we told this story," she concluded.

The Fishing Editor was an experienced angler named Seth Briggs, who should have known better, but he printed Mrs. Potter's letter with the following comment: "The experience is certainly unusual and, while entirely possible, it is one of those things that are very apt to cause people to say a few slighting things about one's integrity."

May Kennedy McCord, of Springfield, Missouri, wrote as follows: "Surely, in the months of July and August, when the water is a bit murky, we go 'jumping.' Everyone is excited because the old river rats know it's a good night for 'goosin' 'em in.' We take a lantern or pine torch, or flashlight these modern days, and paddle along, holding the light down near the water at the edge of the boat. It seems to scare the fish and they jump. Nine times out of ten they land in the boat. Sometimes they go over. In an hour we often jump in ten big bass. One time a three-pounder hit me in the back, and almost knocked the breath out of me! My cousin was gored in the temple by the fins of a big bass which leaped over but didn't land in the boat. I never attempt to tell these stories any more. I have never found anybody that will believe them, except people who were raised in the Ozarks." Mrs. McCord's husband says that this is all true, except that nine times out of ten the bass *miss* the boat or jump clear over it, so that the method is not quite so deadly as Mrs. McCord would have us believe.

It is bad enough, without any exaggeration. Had I not seen the thing for myself I should never have realized the deadly effectiveness of goosing as a method of killing game fish. It is still practiced extensively in many parts of the Ozark region, but old rivermen tell me that the practice is less common than it was ten years ago. Local fishermen seem to feel that a growing appreciation of the ethics of sportsmanship will soon eliminate goosing altogether. Let us hope that this optimism is justified, for the wonderful fishing waters of the Ozark country will certainly be seriously depleted unless this unsportsmanlike method of killing bass goes out of fashion. #

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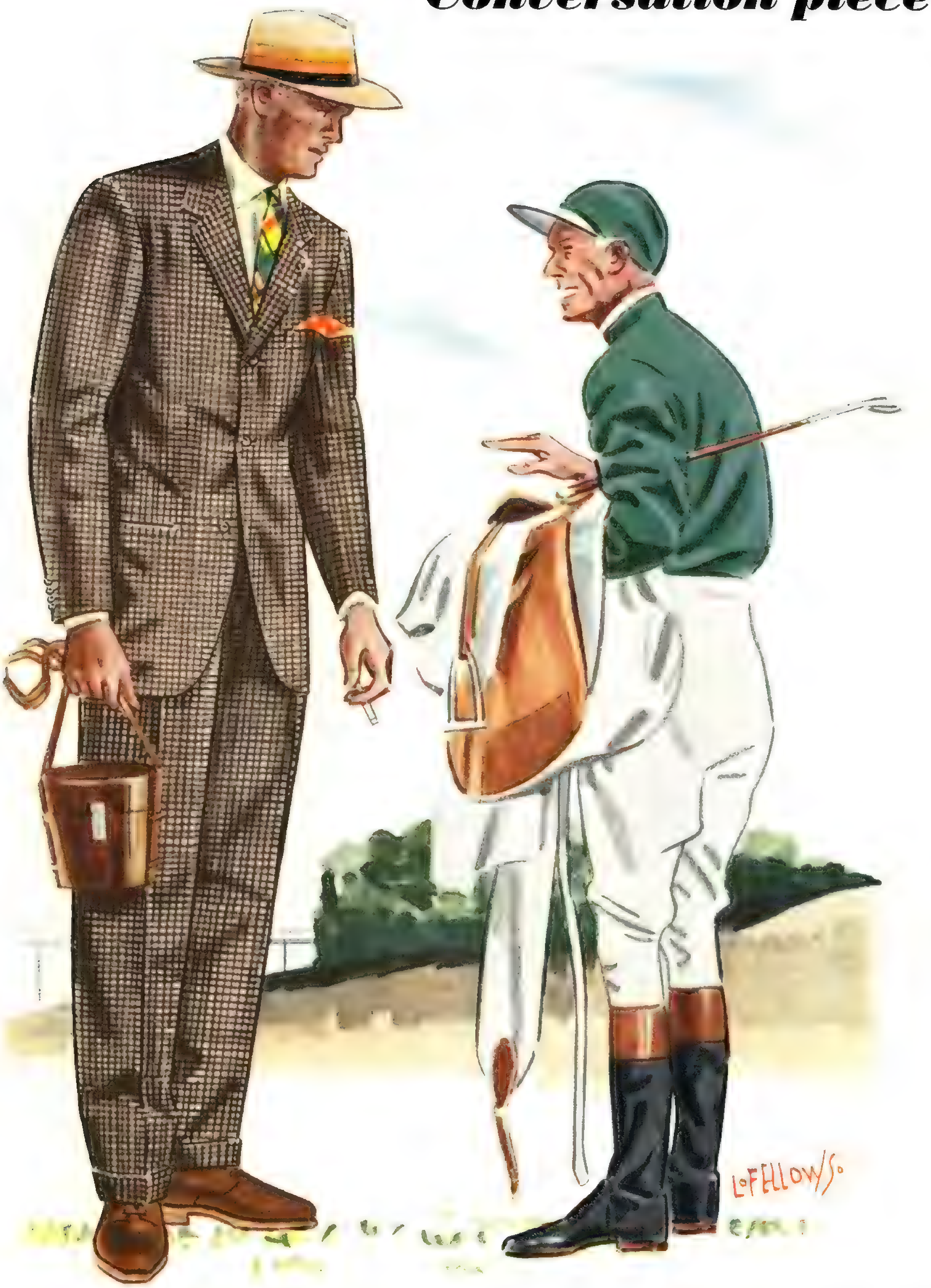

YOU can figure out your own lyrics for the theme song, ours but to tell you that here's a weather-tested summer outfit that virtually has to be cool. The setting is the fashionable summer race track at Saratoga, drawing a smart crowd from all over the country. Comfortable clothes here are not merely desirable but almost a necessity, so it's as good a place as any to try out happy ideas on keeping cool. The suit shown is an eight-ounce tropical worsted, one of the best fabrics known to mankind for outwitting a malevolent sun. It is made up in a single breasted three-button notched lapel model in a pincheck pattern. An ivory color shirt with cutaway collar attached and India Madras tie combine well with the suit, and unlined reverse calf shoes with crepe soles make a tangible contribution to comfort. The wide brim Jippi Jappa hat with regimental striped band is appropriate for spectator wear, although a sennit straw or panama hat should be substituted for town wear. Incidentally, there is no waistcoat to be found within miles of this scene.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Time for Thinking

Continued from page 85

run again until by chance she had completed the circle of her wanderings.

When she returned Tue was warm and stirring slightly and she knew he would wake again. His grandfather's body had gone. Tracks of the jackals all round explained how. She had washed Tue's head and picked splinters of bone out of the bloody mass and washed it again as an animal licks its sores. She somehow had found sufficient roots and an occasional small animal just to keep herself alive.

As he gradually grew more conscious, and for longer periods, a bigger demand was made on her in the way of finding food. He began to feel hungry. At the same time needles of ice began to run out from the banks into the river and Tue knew that this was what he had always feared. He was glad Moie was with him. It wouldn't be so awful waiting for the unknown.

On a terrace above them the black mouth of a cave began to fascinate him. Perhaps monsters lived there and would come out when the world was held fast in the trap of ice. He didn't know. He could only faintly remember the dim legends of horror told long ago by his grandfather. While Moie was away, nearly all day now, searching for the increasingly scanty food he would gaze fearfully fascinated at the black hole. The horror might come while he was alone.

One evening Moie returned elated. Her arms were full of mussels she had found in an unfrozen bend of the river. But more important she had been in the cave. She had dared to go in by herself and there was nothing there. It took her days to persuade Tue that they should shelter there from the wind. It took more days for him weakly to climb, with her assistance, up to the terrace.

There was less wind in the cave. Moie gathered grass and dead leaves to pile under and over them and they piled up the mussel shells to help keep the cold out. Tue waited the unknown. As he grew stronger his whole mind was filled with this fear and his body was filled with a hungry ache and the pain of the cold. Fear and pain were his whole world.

The snow came down and blotted out the world that Tue knew in a strange featureless white. At first Tue thought this was the terror. He and Moie were frightened and lay together in the cave in awful expectation. But hunger finally drove Moie out and they became less afraid.

A herd of mammoth lumbered into the valley. Tue watched them. He remembered having seen one before. They had found it decaying one spring when they were following the ice back. He watched them crossing the river on the ice, unable to do anything. They were too big and dangerous for Moie to attack single-handed. The last one was crossing when the ice broke, imprisoning it. The others tried in vain to pull it out. Finally they gave up their efforts and lumbered on leaving it screaming. For days it screamed and for nights. Then it became still and Moie went down to come back with huge hunks of flesh. It was so cold that they now had an endless supply of food.

It got colder and much colder. Tue was fortunate now to be able to move about again. His struggling journeys down to the mammoth with Moie warmed him a little and partially kept away his fears. He helped her to pile stones with the shells to form a bigger and higher wall across the mouth of the cave. This work gave him some consolation, it was a barrier to some extent against the cold and, deep in his mind, he felt it was also a barrier against the unknown.

Tue was working on the barrier, while Moie went down for meat. He was loath to leave the work even for food. His hands were cold and clumsy. A stone slipped and brought others down with a clatter. One, a shining yellow metallic lump struck another sharply. A quick spark flew and fell among the dry grass and leaves. A stray breath of wind through a cranny blew a flame. Tue was so startled he stepped back in fright, stumbled over the new loose stones and fell. His forehead, where the new-grown skin pulped and pulsed over its boneless cavity, struck hard against the stones. Tue lay unconscious while the flames spread and wandered into the recesses of the cave.

Later, Moie found him thus. She pulled him away to safety and then herself felt a fear of this new living thing that flickered and leaped. Gradually she lost her fear and enjoyed the warmth. Waiting patiently for Tue to awaken, she observed that it fed on sticks and dry grass. She played with it as once she had played with a baby animal, feeding it with that which it devoured.

Tue recovered and learned to like the fire and to keep it fed. Life was now very pleasant. There were ample food and warmth. The terror fled out of the back of his mind. His aches went and he found he had nothing to do for hours. As never before he could just sit or lie in peace and absence of pain. Slowly he began to notice things which he had never noticed before.

Every morning a new sun was born to travel across to die in the evening. The warmth of the fire brought life back to the water which the cold had frozen to death. These were two great discoveries which filled his mind with problems, and time flew by.

With the coming of warmer weather, when the ice began to retreat, the returning bison herd surprised Tue. He expected his people would be returning and didn't know whether he was pleased or sorry. It would be a great triumph

Continued at top of page 152

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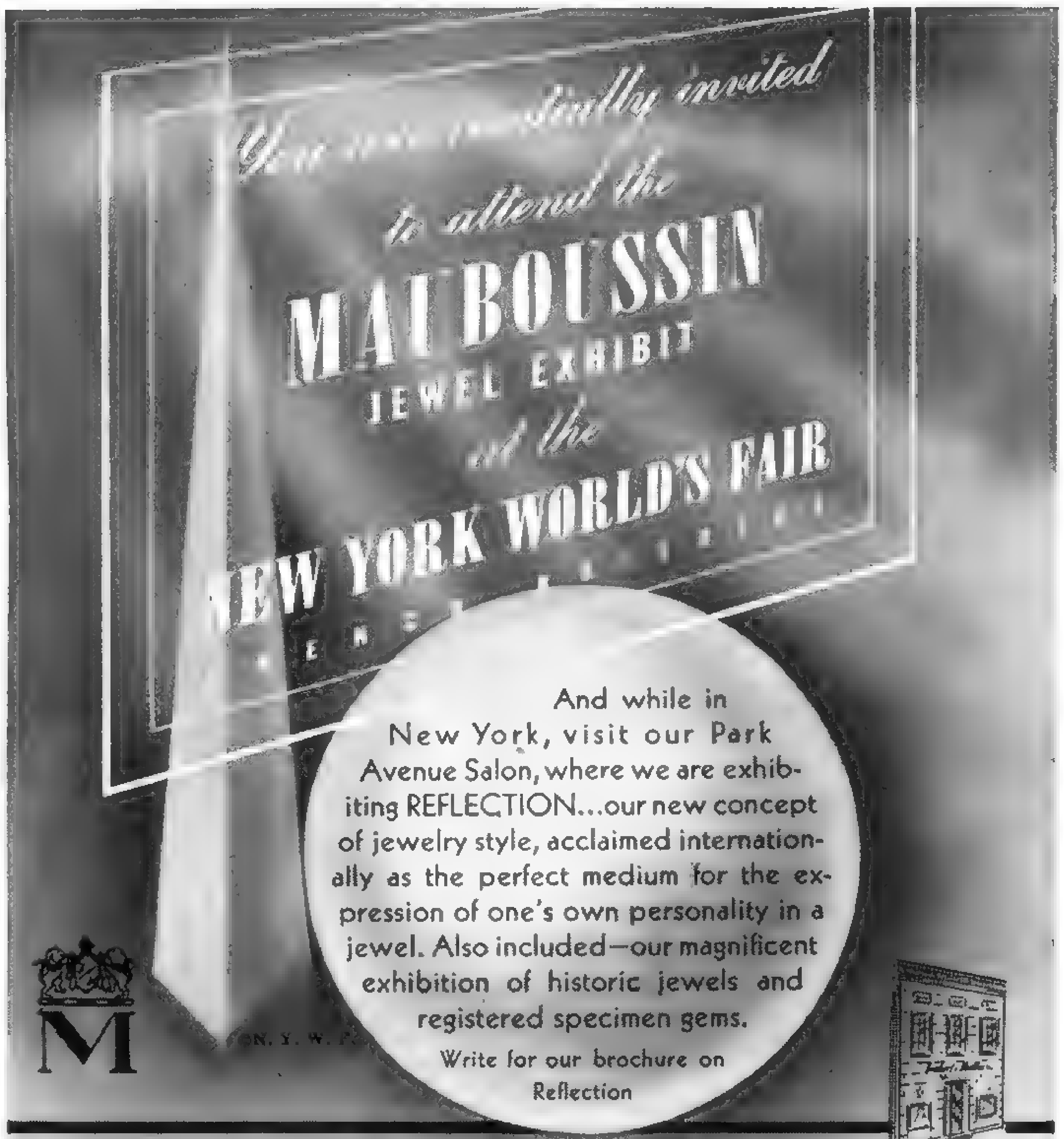

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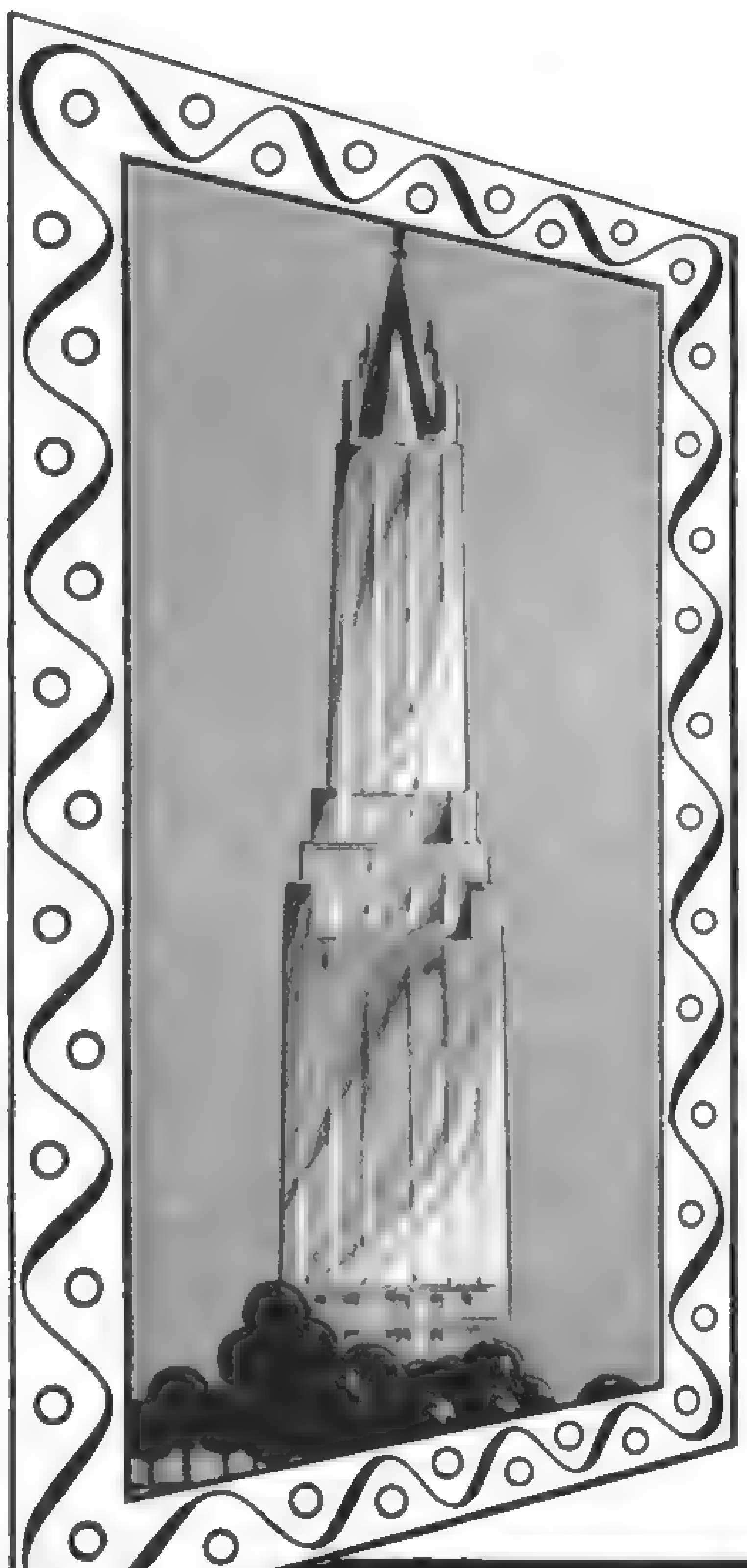

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FIFTH AVENUE..."WHERE THE PARK BEGINS" EUGENE VOIT, Manager

Time for Thinking

Continued from pages 85-151

to show them his discovery, he would be a greater man than his brothers and his cousins; he would show them that never again would they have to dread always lest the ice catch them. Then again he would rather keep his pleasure to himself and Moie, ever to remain thus.

The bison passed on and his people did not come. Tue was disappointed and felt very alone. More so now that Moie could not go with him so often or so far. She was complaining that her legs were tired and her body growing heavy. He would leave her and wander all day catching food, now that the mammoth carcass had been washed away in the flooding river, and gathering sticks to feed the fire. It was not necessary for him to take all day doing this but he wanted to get away from her, from the sight of her distorted body and the sound of her whimpering moans.

Returning one night he found Moie dead. She lay still and cold and he knew she was not asleep. All night he sat looking at her and wondering in his loneliness. He thought of the birth of the daily sun, of the fire awakening the cold-killed water, of the trees that lived again in the spring warmth.

In the morning he climbed down from the terrace to the big wood along the river. All day he carried sticks and more sticks up onto the terrace, piling them into a huge mound. For three days he did this.

As the sun was born on the fourth day he lit the huge pile of wood. It seemed to him the proper time. The fire blazed up quickly and fiercely. He lifted Moie and laid her on the top. In doing so, he burnt his arms but did not notice it. Then he squatted on his haunches and watched and waited. He waited for he knew not what.

Through the day the fire burned. Moie did not stir, and Tue squatted waiting. As the sun died in the evening a cold breath of wind stirred him. He realized the fire was out. Moie had gone. Tue was alone and afraid. Stiffly he scrambled to his feet and fled away from the dead and the ashes of Moie, into the blackness of the night. ⧺

Trouble in Hell

Continued from page 33

was trouble in Hell. And this was no little trouble that could be disposed of lightly.

The dark lean figure of the great Ramses rose in his tall yellow and golden splendor. He held the mace of office before him, as though it were the scepter of all the great empires that his own eyes had seen rise, run their maddening course and then decline. This scepter he held as though it were the badge of experience of all the kingdoms of the world.

His lips moved and he spoke. "Let us pause for a moment. And let us find out at first hand who these two can be. Kings and Emperors have stormed through our gate with loud, violent and defiant threats but all have, in a short while, been humbled and crushed with fear. But you say these two are unpunishable. Call them before us and let them speak."

One of the uniformed attendants went through the hall to inform the card players that their immediate presence was requested.

"Just one second," said one dealing out a card with a snap. "I need but a single trick and then I've got him."

"Well," said the other, "it looks like your game," and throwing down his cards they both rose and followed the attendant into the building.

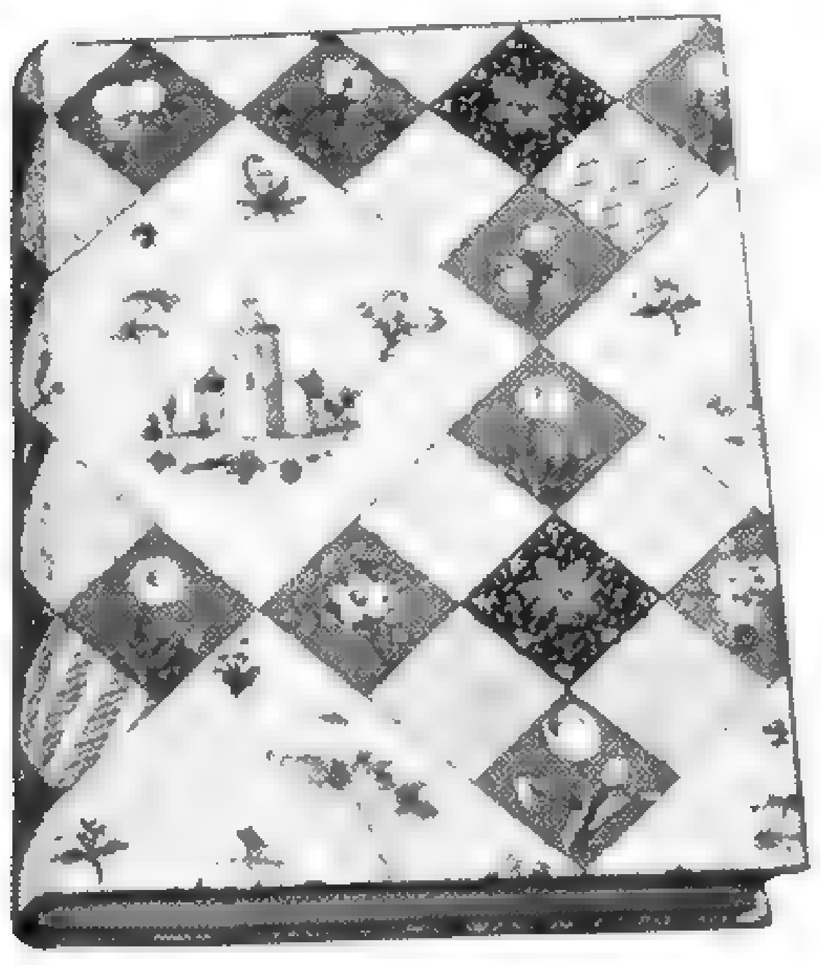
They were led to the platform and the great Ramses himself stepped down from his high seat and came forward to greet them and to ask them if they would kindly say a few words to the assembled convention.

"I am not a good speechmaker," said one, "and because of that I'd better speak first and then, Hugo, you can speak after me and give them a good finish."

His companion agreed, and as soon as the great Ramses returned to his seat, the little man came forward and addressed the audience.

"First of all, gentlemen, I am just nobody. I am even less than nobody and we are glad you give us this opportunity to apologize to you publicly for being the cause of so much attention and bringing on so much trouble. This was not intentional. And we are sincerely sorry. Every heart knows its own bitterness and it would not be possible for us to pretend something that we did not feel. If we seem indifferent to all the threatening things about us please do not think we are putting on airs or a stiff front for we are truly not. We only hope you will forgive us being here, for we are so happy I can't even begin to tell you how happy we are. But my friend Hugo who will also say a few words to you will confirm what I say. We are terribly happy to be here with you and we cannot thank you enough for all your kindness to us. We want to work and anything you give us to do we will gladly do. We will work faithfully at anything only please don't send us away."

He paused for a moment and then continued. "As I told you before I am just a plain nobody. I am thirty-five years old. I left a wife and two children behind me. I am a clarinet player in a small band. We had steady work in a Munich restaurant and we made a little extra money playing for dances and weddings occasionally. The violinist was our leader and he is a square fellow, but I heard recently that he is also in trouble.



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But my trouble was different. I wanted all the restaurant musicians in Munich to get together and make a little club like we used to have when I first began to play the clarinet. One thing led to another, you have the whole record on your file. And to make a long story short I was arrested and now here I am before you. I am nobody. I am only a clarinet player from a second-class restaurant. I have lived my life like most people after the War—not good, not bad. Please excuse us; we mean no harm to anyone."

He bowed humbly and took a chair at the extreme right of the platform. Now it was the turn of his companion who rose and addressed the convention.

"We are before you and we apologize for our condition. My friend has just told you that he is a clarinet player from a Munich restaurant. He says he is nobody; well I want to tell you that he may be very obscure but underneath he is a fine fellow. We have been together for the past year. We were close together, as intimate as any two people could be and I know what I am talking about. When he asks you to forgive us he really means it."

He looked about the hall and with great calmness and deliberation continued. "My own story is also very simple. My people gave me an education and when I came out of college I went to work for a publisher. We published books and music. I am now thirty-eight years old. I have a wife and we have one boy thirteen years old. Five years ago I became the editor of one of the magazines published by our firm. We made it a strict rule to print nothing that had to do with politics. A year ago I was arrested. The authorities had been watching our publication for some months and while there was not a single line they could point to, still they did not like the tone of what we published. The tone was enough. My father spent a fortune on lawyers but we had no public trial. Since I was arrested a year ago I have not even had a letter from my wife. Nor did I have a visit from anyone I knew."

The hall was still and his voice was clear and strong.

"Gentlemen. I say to you again. Please forgive us our condition. My friend and I have spent the last year in a concentration camp. We have been through everything. At first we tried to be model prisoners but that was not possible. It is all unspeakable. We have prayed, time and time again, that death might liberate us. But it took a long time to die. The human body gets used to the worst things very quickly. It took us a whole year to die. But at length they got the last gasp out of us and we were liberated. That is why we seemed to arrive here so joyfully. We intended no disrespect but . . A year ago we were arrested and it took the whole year to take the last of our breath away. Please forgive our condition but we have had such fine things done to us that these little flames and sulphur pits and the other things seem so mild and so tame. And we are so happy to be here where one can breathe clean air. Please also excuse our happiness. You have no idea what we have been through."

His words rang with great earnestness and his eyes were hollow and moist when he came down from the platform.

These two were dismissed with thanks from the chair. They went back to one of the benches, in the shade, and once more began shuffling the cards.

"Ah! It's wonderful to be here," said one.

"These are good people. They are really gentlemen and have behind them the tradition of fine old culture."

In the meantime the convention heard a fiery oration from the clever Prince Machiavelli. He stated that our engineering was antiquated and, if the methods were at fault, we should go to the place where these recent two came from and take lessons in procedure and means of torture. He stated also that people who were unpunishable should not be admitted because it ruined the morale of the others. And finally he presented a plan more diabolical than anything that had been so far presented. He suggested that the clarinet player and the magazine editor be given back their mortal lives and returned to their jobs in Munich.

"Yes!" he cried. "Let them be arrested again and sent once more to the camp. They who have risen from the dead will again walk amongst them calmly and fearlessly. And they will say boldly: 'Good. Kill us again if you like. But we will return to you. Hell will keep its promise and send us back, even a hundred times. You will not be rid of us so easily.' This is what they will say. And these words will encourage the others in the camps. And the idea that these souls are deathless will soon change everything. The great changes come through the spirit."

Another plan was presented which would work upon the entire race and develop that national trait that is already so strong; the great German talent for tactlessness. This need only be pushed a little further to bring down in ruin the whole national edifice.

Two or three other plans were also presented and these will all be voted upon at the next meeting. In the meantime the clarinet player and the little editor are enjoying the climate, they are enjoying the food and the beer; they apologize to everyone and beg forgiveness from even the smallest and meanest imp. They are truly humble and truly happy.

Dear friends: It is with official permission that I am allowed to send you this report. I will send you another account as soon as the convention votes on the various plans presented. In the meantime, because of my activity on the committee, my boiling in oil has been suspended. #

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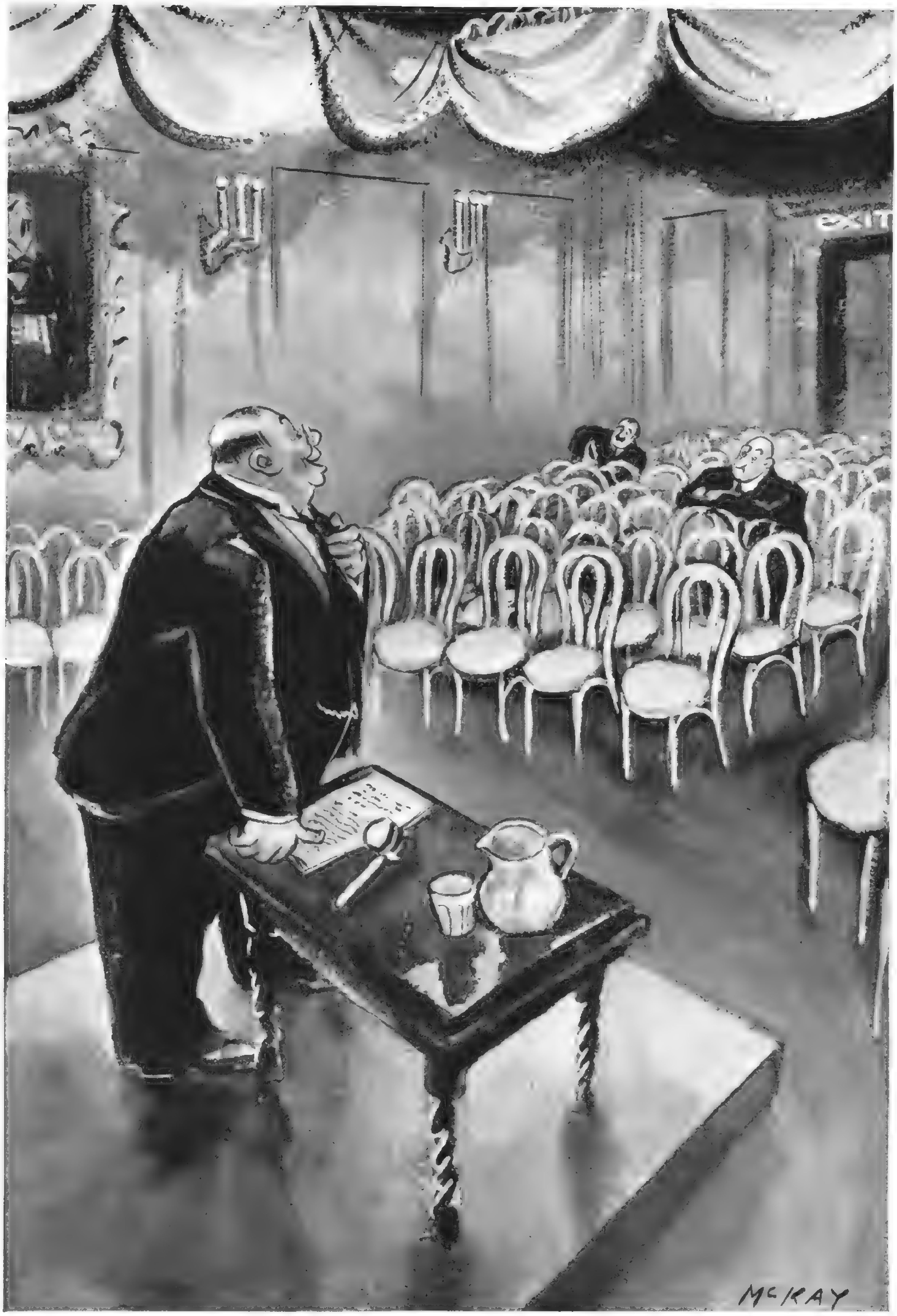

". . . An' on behalf of the Club I want to thank you, Mr. Kitchin, for making this week's attendance twice as big as last week's"

Trial in the Jungle

Continued from page 62

picked up a large gourd and hastily carried it outside. The smell, as she passed, nearly knocked me down. A moment later I discovered the reason why the owner of the house didn't need his house any longer.

He was dead. He had been dead a long time. What remained of him lay in a canoe which was raised five feet above the ground on posts stuck in front of the house. He had been lying there for fifteen days decomposing in the tropical sun and rain. The whitened woman who had taken the pungent gourd from the house was a widow and the gourd contained a ghastly relic—the liquid drippings of her husband's decomposition, drip, drip, dripping from a small hole which had been drilled up through the bottom of the canoe.

We moved out of the house as fast as our wabbly legs would let us. We went down to the river. My wife dug hastily into her canister for a bottle of perfume and we both poured attar of gardenia over our heads and clothing. "Whew!" my wife gasped. "I could drink a Bay Rum cocktail—to get the taste out of my mouth—if we had any Bay Rum! I feel weak. I think I'll turn in!"

But the chief came down to the hastily-slung camp and was very angry. We had done something terrible, he insisted. He looked at me as though I had been a naughty child. There was no greater discourtesy, he told Duffi to tell me, than the discourtesy to the dead. Zoolai, the dead man, had been a great man in the village. He had five wives. All his wives were well fed. His five wives had produced thirty-seven boy children. Yes, Zoolai's spirit was very strong and hovered over the village now. People from afar had gathered to honor Zoolai's spirit.

I felt like telling Duffi to tell him that I didn't know how strong his spirit might be but that his smell was terrific, but I thought better of it. "We mean no discourtesy," I said, instead, "But we are weak people—and can't stand strong smells."

No greater honor could have been shown us, the chief argued, than that of allowing us to spend the night in Zoolai's house, close beside Zoolai's body. It was an honor no other white man had ever had! It came to us only because the *Granman*, chief of chiefs, had sent word down the river for each village chief to receive us with friendly courtesy. The *Granman* would be very angry to hear of our discourtesy. A full report would have to be sent him.

Our *Djuka* paddlers stood around looking at us unhappily. My actions, I judged, had cast some reflection on them. They punctuated each of the chief's brittle sentences with "*Dasso, Mombai! Dasso!*" That is so, Mombai! That is so!—or, idiomatically, you tell him, Mombai! You tell him! Drums began throbbing in the jungle-entombed village, pulsing louder and louder, angrier and angrier through the darkening forest. The night blackened. The cook had hastily chopped off the tops of many tins and prepared a tableful of food, but neither my wife nor I had any appetite.

The chief stood around getting angrier and angrier. We had done something terrible, he kept insisting. What was I going to do to make matters right? The *Djuka* gods might not be patient with me much longer.

"Well, Duffi," I said to the anxious interpreter. "I guess the only thing I can do is to go back to the village!" I told him to tell the chief that my wife had been taken ill. She'd stay in camp. But I'd go back to Zoolai's house—to make peace with Zoolai's spirit.

Chief Mombai listened to Duffi's explanation, as did all the paddlers, with great solemnity. "*Dasso!*" he grunted finally. "*Dasso!*"

I tightened my belt. When I was a boy I used to spend many exciting days hunting polecats on a Virginia farm, armed only with a midget rifle and some of my grandmother's best clothespins. It was not an unusual sight, in those days, to see me coming in over the hill at sunset with a bundle of black and white fur over my shoulder and a clothespin over my nose. But now I had no clothespin. I reached into the medical kit and put some aromatic ammonia capsules in my pocket.

Back in the village I was motioned to a small carved ceremonial stool in the center of several score *Djuka* men, all dressed for the occasion in brightly colored cotton togas, tied over one shoulder like Roman gladiators. On the opposite side of the funeral bier more than two hundred women and wide-eyed children were huddled.

Four bright flames danced under the dead man's canoe casket, from bottleneck gourds full of rancid coconut oil. Six drummers squatted over log drums as though they were riding hobby horses. With fingers, palms, and fists they beat the taut goatskin—beat a rhythmic staccato that rose and died away, quickened and slowed, changed rhythm spontaneously in a drum language every jungle man and woman seemed to understand, and sway to.

I had seen black drummers in many places but never before had I seen drummers move all their fingers over resonant parchment as though they were playing piano keys. These were master drummers, Ashanti drum masters to whom the art had been handed down by generations of drum experts. Their primitive art made the hair bristle up the back of my neck. The sight of the five whitewashed widows who began walking around and around the putrefying body was ghostly. I turned

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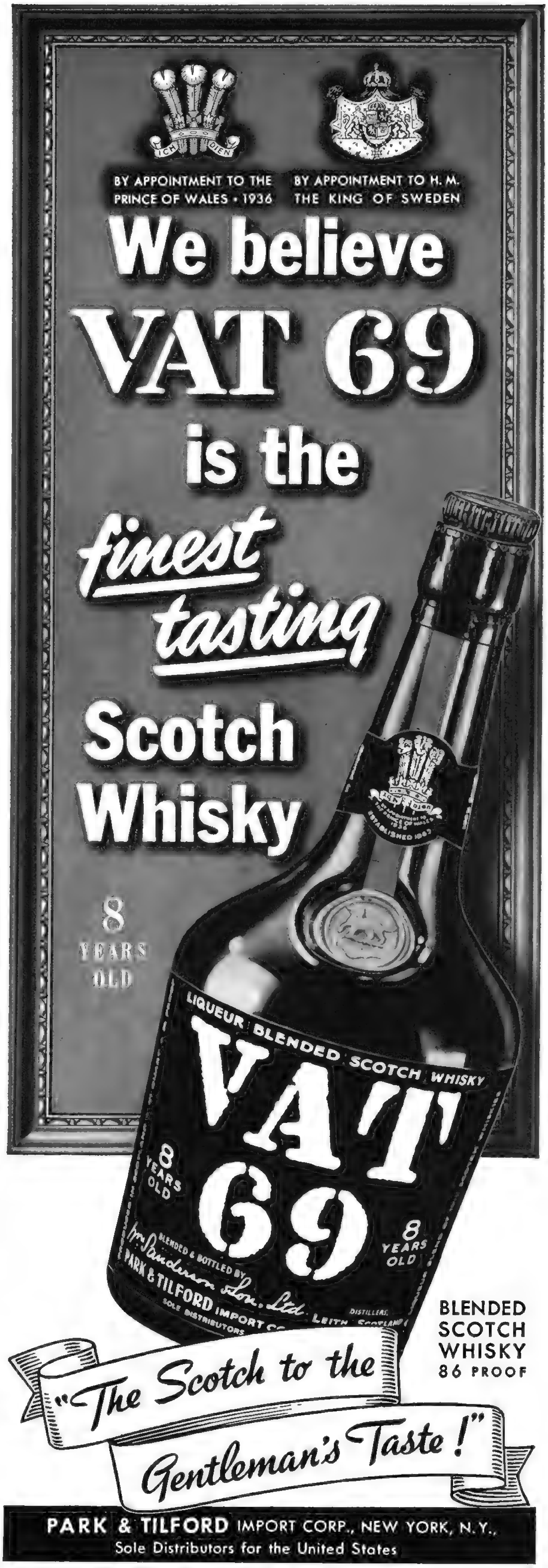
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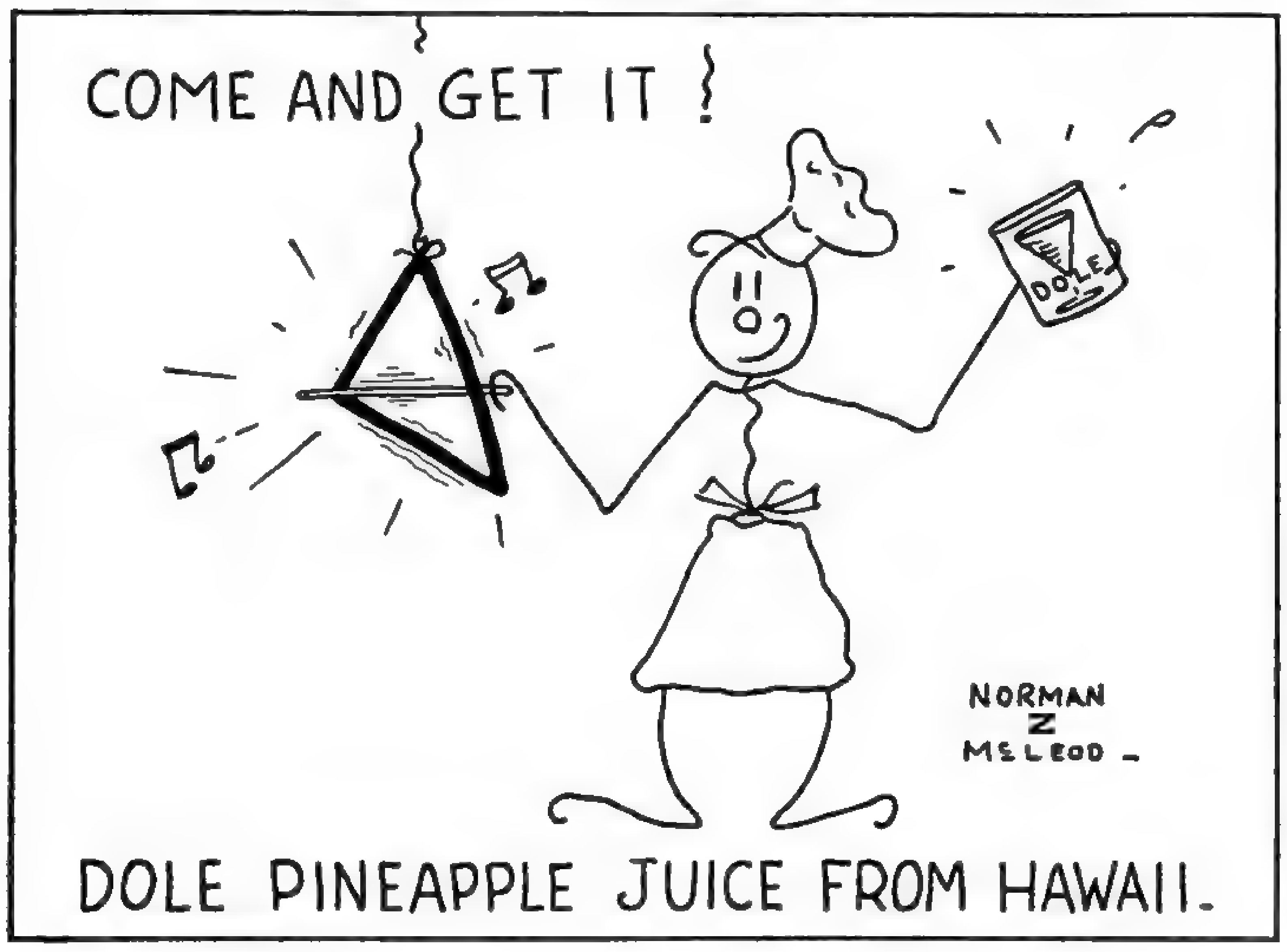

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DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII.

Trial in the Jungle

Continued from pages 62-155

my eyes quickly from them. How could human beings, I marveled, survive in such filth and increase in numbers when all over the world other people were dying because they flaunted lesser rules of sanitation.

Four nude *Djukas*, painted from head to feet with white paste made by mixing wood ashes with palm oil, came dancing through the firelit village towards the bier. They lifted the canoe from its posts and put it on their heads. The villagers rocked back and forth in cadence with the booming drums. The whitened figures pranced off into the village with their burden, dancing first up to one household doorway and then another. Then they returned to the assembled men and swung the canoe over one man's head and then another. Each man, as the canoe overshadowed him sat as stiff as an ebony image.

"They look for the man who killed him!" Duffi whispered.

Man, I was to learn, never dies naturally. Something, or someone, has murdered him. Someone has worked evil magic against him, wished him dead, and killed him. If one by one human friends, acquaintances, or enemies are eliminated from the ranks of potential killers—because the jelly-like mass in the canoe coffin does not slop over the rim upon any guilty head or doorsill—then inanimate objects have to be searched out night after night by his relatives. His wives and friends cannot enter his *manshousi*, or treasure house in which, during his lifetime, he accumulated his earthly treasures, until the man or thing which caused his death has been discovered. So again this night Zoolai's remains were being carried around, swung here and there through the weird and pagan ceremony of enemy finding.

Suddenly someone in the shadows pointed a glistening black arm at me, and I heard a sharp command which included the word *bahkra*—white man. I froze as the dancing pallbearers came unsteadily toward me with their awful burden.

They pranced around me, swinging the canoe back and forth over my head. I held my breath as its shadow stopped over me, prayed that none of the carriers would inadvertently, or purposely, slip and let the vile-smelling slop spill over on me.

"*Da bahkra no killi?*" the women wailed, dancing around. "Did the white man kill him?" they asked. The men stomped their hard flat feet on the resounding earth.

"*Bahkra no killi!*" a voice, the voice of the chief, began droning after what seemed an aged nightmare. "The white man didn't kill him!"

I took out the ammonia capsule and smelled myself out of the vile stench. The chief came forward, stood over me, nodded approvingly. I could go back now to my camp on the river, he said. Zoolai's spirit, by not spilling on me, had proven me innocent of his death. During the night the villagers would continue to search for the guilty one, but there were things, the chief suggested, that I, a weak white man, wouldn't like to see. The guilty one might be discovered.

I got up from the stool. But before I left the firelight a woman's voice began yelling, "*Da bahkra muyére! Ola bahkra muyére!*" Other women took up the chorus. "The white man's woman! What about the white man's woman?"

"They're telling the men to take the coffin down and hold it over The Mistress," Duffi exclaimed. "Quick! We better get there first!"

We ran over the trail as fast as my flashlight could pick out ruts and boot-clutching roots. I hastened to the tent, grabbed my shotgun. "Whew!" Alice groaned sleepily, "You've brought that horrible smell back with you. Please put those clothes in the river . . . I've used up almost a bottle of perfume!"

"Shhhh!" I cautioned. "There may be a little trouble. Stay in the tent. Tie the flap strings when I go out. Don't put your head out, no matter what happens!"

I grabbed my hunting light, clamped it on the gun barrel, held it ready to flash its brilliant light down the trail. The drums boomed now frantically. Men and women were yelling, screaming. The bedlam was coming nearer. Far down the trail I saw the dancing flames of torches. The drums seemed to increase in primitive, inhumane madness—and suddenly the jungle was drowned in a wild cacophony of human fury. I waited, as tense as I have ever been in my life.

But with equal suddenness the noise died down, the drums became quieter, the beats slower. The distant torches became smaller and smaller until finally they were invisible. A deathly quiet settled over the forest.

I sat waiting for whatever might happen—but nothing happened. There were only the big fireflies and the metallic crickets and, here and there, the splash of a cannibal fish as it jumped momentarily out of the water at a low-flying river bat.

The night passed sleeplessly. At dawn the paddlers came smiling out of the trail and began preparing the canoes for another day of river travel. They acted as though nothing unusual had happened. I stood it as long as I could and then I said: "What happened to the villagers last night? They started coming this way with Zoolai's body—and then they stopped and turned back. What happened?"

"*Zoolai spiriti ponti we!*" one of the *Djukas* grunted in talky-talky. "Zoolai's spirit pointed the murderer out to us!"

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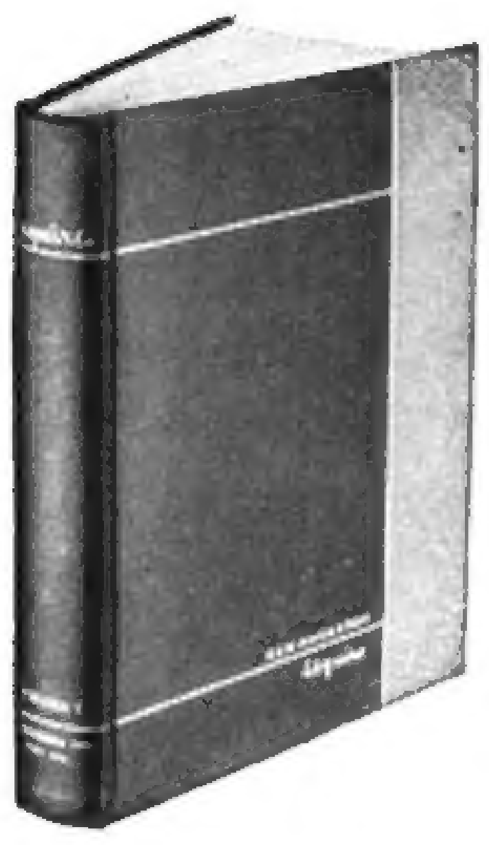

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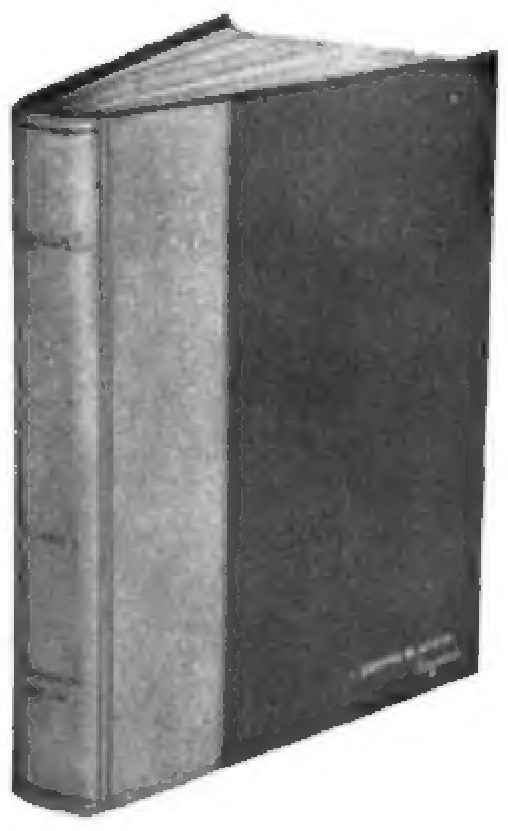

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to you?" I repeated. "Who was it?"

The village chief came into the clearing. A woman accompanied him, bearing a big bunch of ripe bananas on her head. He came to say good trip, he said—to wish us only happy spirits. The bananas, he told Duffi, were a friendship present for us.

"Ask him who it was," I said. "Who killed Zoolai?"

"He says it was the frog!"

"The *what?*" I asked, unable to believe his translation was correct.

"The frog, *gappo!*" he repeated. "He says that, just as they were coming to bring Zoolai's remains down the trail—to let him look at The Mistress—one of the bearers stumbled on a root and Zoolai's remains spilled over—spilled over on a big frog that was sitting guiltily beside the trail. They are boiling the frog now in Zoolai's juice!"

Well, as I said in the beginning, adventure is where you find it—but the like of that adventure I hope I'll never find again! ⧺

What They Call Sportsmanship

Continued from page 19

Tennant girdle" in Fifth Avenue department stores. It means chances to—but why go on? Miss Alice in Wonderland must know all this far better than anyone. When she calls this sort of thing sport she insults the intelligence of her readers.

To return to that match at Wimbledon. Afterward my feeling was that Miss Jacobs might have been wiser had she retired after her injury, thus saving us all a rather painful half-hour. But she chose to continue, as was her right in a free country, for this, remember, was England in June before Mr. Chamberlain was turning both cheeks to Mr. Hitler. Mind you, I'm not defending Mrs. Moody. Nor would she want me to, doubtless preferring some friend nearer Wimbledon in that role. I'm simply saying Mrs. Moody's attitude on the court and her attitude toward the system are consistent and highly intelligent as things stand in the world at present. Hers is a 1939 approach to a 1939 problem. We live in a realistic epoch in which young men and women champions demand something more for their talents than silver cups, the smiles of old men with badges and three banquets and speeches yearly.

Mrs. Moody never pretends. If I read her attitude correctly, she says in effect something like this. "Athletics today are tough. I wish to win. Victory is important. To win you must be hardboiled. Gestures of sympathy which would deceive and gladden the hearts of the childish British public might be pretty, but they would upset my concentration. Once my concentration is gone, my strongest weapon is broken. I'm out here in this court for one thing; victory. If Helen Jacobs can't stand on her pins, that's her misfortune. My job is to get the ball over the net once oftener than she does." Game, set and match, Mrs. Moody 6-4, 6-0. Thanks very much. And thank *you*, Helen . . .

There will be a short pause for station announcement.

Now if all this annoys you, if you begin to bristle as you read these lines, be sure of one thing. Your approach to sport is Edwardian. You prefer not to believe. You are an ostrich. You are still living, athletically speaking, in the dear departed days when Walter J. Travis was national golf champion, when Larned and the two Wrenns were defending the Davis Cup. When Yale and Harvard were without benefit of Athletic Directors, Graduate Managers, Public Relations Departments, head coaches, assistant coaches, trainers, rubbers, doctors, and all the rest of the mob who batten off commercialized athletics today. In other words, when football still had some vague resemblance to a game, when amateurs like Joshua Crane and Edgar Wrightington were fumblingly and unsuccessfully trying to coach the Crimson, when Walter Camp was the god, the Zeus, the All-Highest of football.

Today we ask only one thing of our athletic heroes and heroines: the impossible. That's all. We merely ask them to possess at one and the same time characteristics which are quite incompatible: to be generous, to be sweet, attractive, sensitive citizens of the world. And at the same time to be winners. To be victorious in a rough and tough racket. In a survival-of-the-fittest-with-rules. That's what we send boys and girls into. Then we wonder why, after a few years' climbing over other folk's prostrate bodies, they are unsuitable for human intercourse. Watch the lines in the faces of the champions at twenty-five or thirty. Observe the selfish mouths, the hard lips, the cruel eyes. We've done it, you and I, and all the rest of the moronic American sports public, ever demanding, always insisting on more and more thrills, bigger and bigger records.

It occurs to me that so far I've only mentioned two sports, and those both of the elite; tennis and football. The same thing is to be found in the sports of the mob, in games like professional hockey and prize-fighting. The crowd claims it loves the speed, the thrill of ice hockey, but what it really goes for is to see the men mixing it up with their sticks. That's what brings them to their feet. So in prize-fighting. It isn't the element of sport, the science and skill of the boxer that attracts most spectators, it's the hope of seeing a man knocked out, the human lust for blood.

When Joe Louis dropped Max Schmeling a year ago in the first round of their bout in New York, everyone spoke of the Negro's savage attack and attributed it to his dislike of the German. When he met his friend, John Henry Lewis

Continued on page 158

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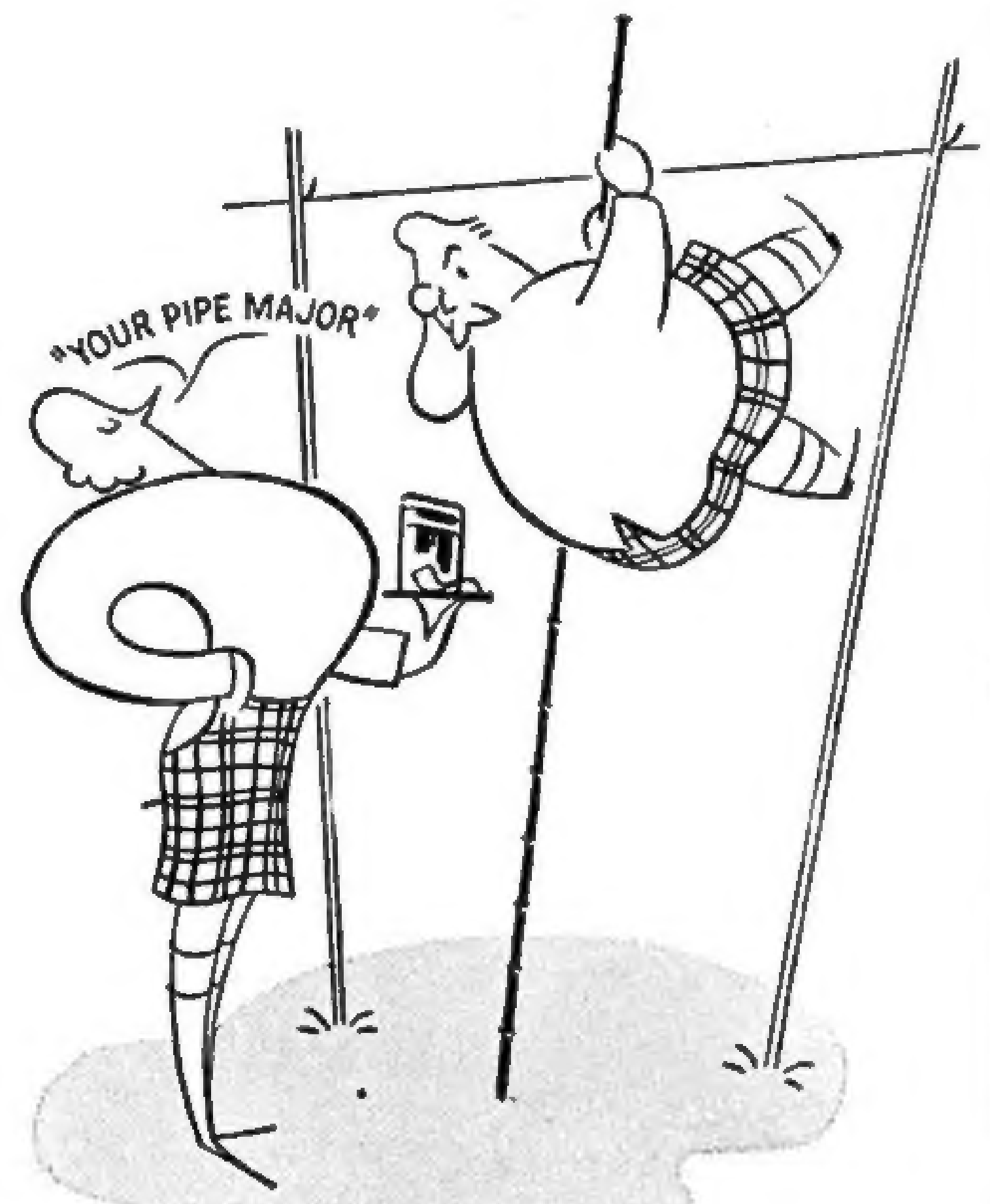

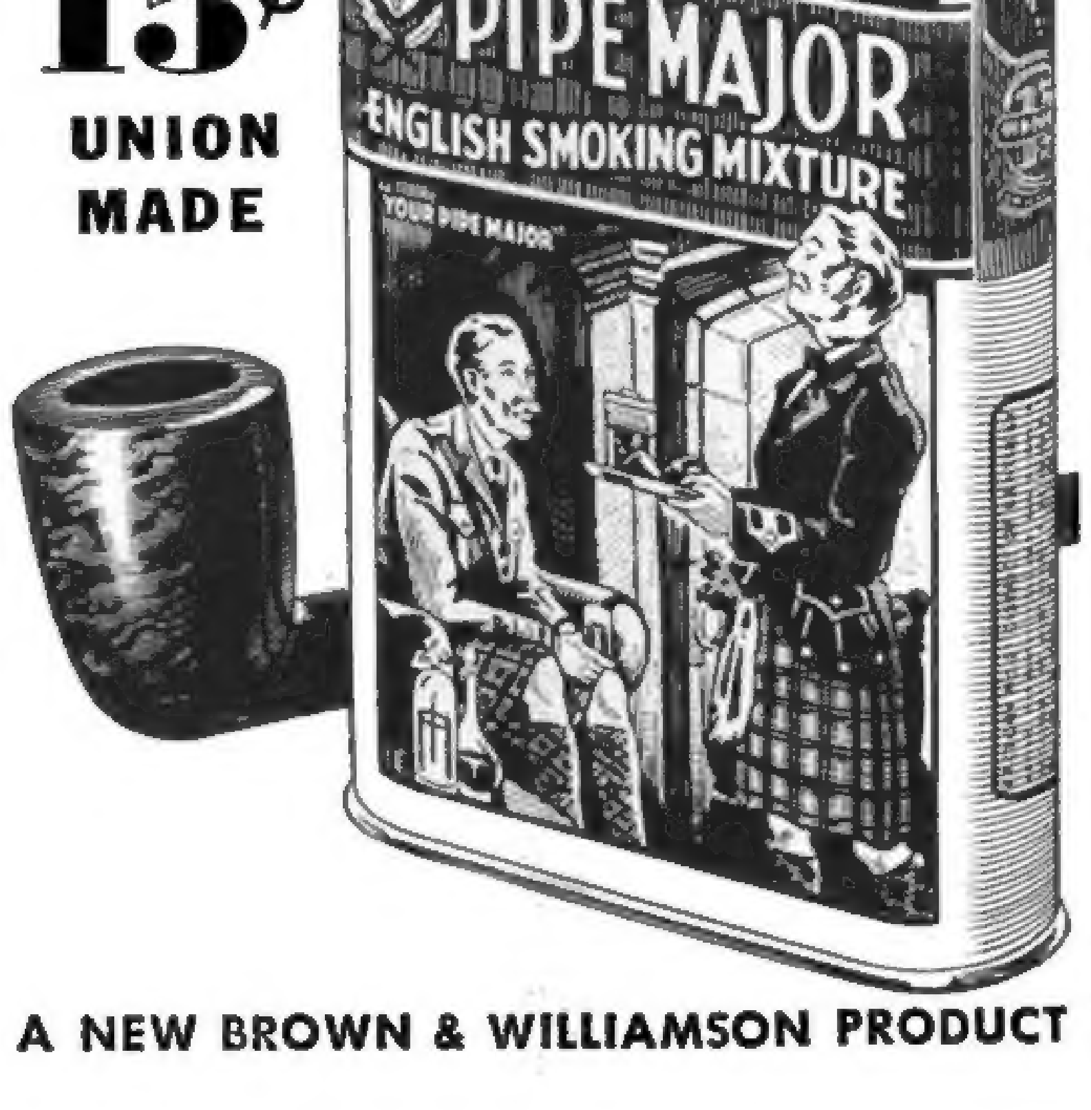

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What They Call Sportsmanship

Continued from pages 19-157

in January of this year, the experts wondered whether the champion would "carry" his friend along for a few rounds. Actually, he murdered him in less than one round, taking only twenty-five seconds more than he did to finish Schmeling. There's no such thing as friendship in big time sport today, too much is at stake. And it doesn't matter whether the sport is tennis or tiddlywinks or prize-fighting, either.

"What is a fight," asks Richards Vidmer, "except an exhibition of savagery?" What indeed? Mr. Vidmer, the boxing expert of the *New York Tribune* tells about a girl who after the Louis-Lewis bout remarked that she didn't like Joe Louis. "He's so cruelly cold, like something out of a jungle. He has no heart at all."

"To which," says Mr. Vidmer correctly, "I would say that's just what makes a great fighter. After all he isn't supposed to be a violinist or a ballet dancer or a Don Juan. He's supposed to be a prize-fighter. And his cruel, vicious performance in the ring is what it should be. It's all very well to talk about the science of self defense, but the fight fans don't get much satisfaction watching a couple of Fancy Dans in a toe dance. They want something as close to murder as legally possible." Certainly. Let's admit this frankly as Mr. Vidmer does and stop talking about sport and sportsmanship.

What is sportsmanship? Ever think it over? Sportsmanship is generosity, that's all. Fair play, yes, decent treatment for the other man, by all means. But chiefly, it's generosity. Let me assure you if you are not already aware of it that generosity has little place in the prize ring or the gridiron today. Of course there are incidents which seem to belie this. The throwing of points in a Davis Cup match, that false and completely untrue gesture. (I never saw Mrs. Moody make it.) The pulling to his feet of a fallen opponent on the football field. Yes, occasionally one does see these things. What you do not see are the dented tin cups in the locker room as the men take their trousers off after a big game. What you never hear are the remarks in the Ladies' Dressing Room when the match is over, and the term "bitch" refers to either or both contestants.

Generosity? Don't be funny. How on earth can generosity flourish in an atmosphere of greed and extreme selfishness? And how can a great athlete win, save by asserting his personality, by using his will power to break up the other man's game? This goes for them all. Do you imagine this sort of thing makes for real generosity?

If sportsmanship really existed, would it be necessary today to have seven or eight men to regulate a match of football, and fourteen officials on the court to supervise a tennis game between a couple of twenty-two-year-old boys? Ostensibly these men are there to judge, to pass on the rules, to settle technical questions that may arise. Actually, they are there because there isn't any sportsmanship between the various contestants. How can there be when so much is at stake? The important thing in every branch of athletics today is victory. That's what counts.

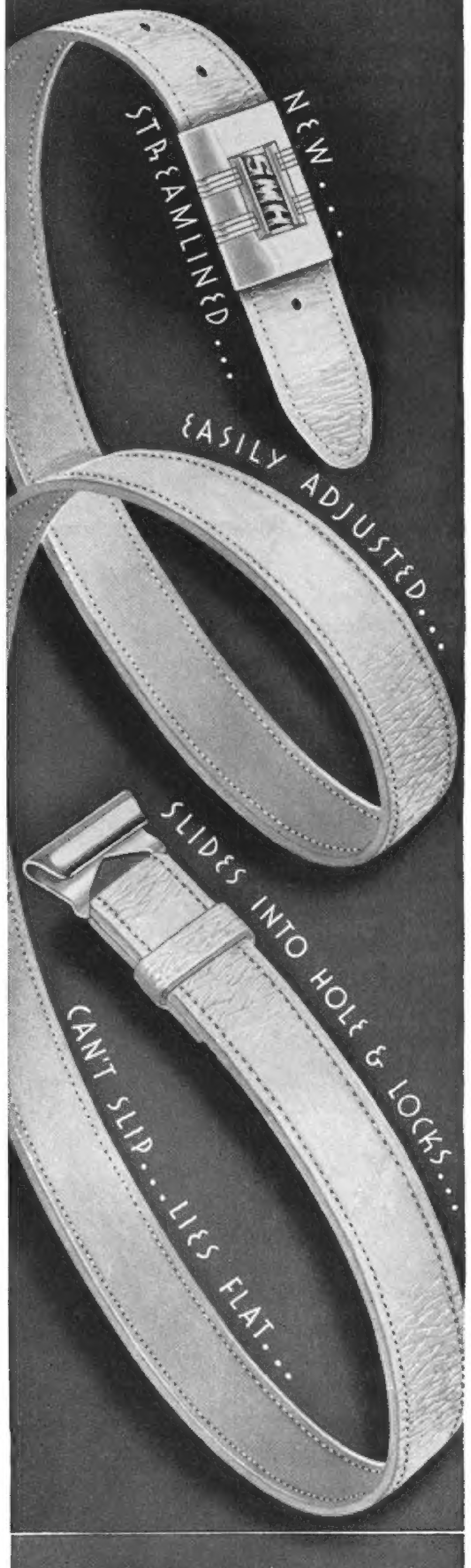
An illustration of real sportsmanship happened in my sight last summer. At a baseball game, played by two amateur teams there was a green second baseman, on one side. A runner on first started for second, and the baseman took the wrong side of the bag so that the runner had either to spike the man or slide in such a way he would risk breaking his own leg. He chose the latter course and did break his leg. In college or professional ball the baseman would have been spiked. Why not?

Today when equal meets equal in big time athletics, sportsmanship doesn't exist save on the surface. As soon expect asparagus to grow in Death Valley. "Sportsmanship," say the football coaches. "Forget it. Go in there and fight. Fight, you men. What the hell are you doing, playing ring-around-a-rosy? For Christ's sake, block, will you? Sportsmanship . . . just forget that Sunday School stuff, get in there and fight."

In this connection it's interesting to note that modern football games have become completely pageantized, with the bands on the field almost as important as the players. Time was when the bands were composed of a dozen feeble musicians who helped the student singing. Today in many universities there is almost no singing by the undergraduates, but a show put on by a couple of hundred professionalized musical performers for the entertainment of the customers, musicians who have been bought to come to college exactly like the players. The average undergraduate has no more connection with his band than with his eleven.

Yet sometimes I wonder whether, after all, the ostriches aren't right. Because the fact is (and why bring that up?) that the goofy, sappy American sports public adores the fictions with which since childhood it has surrounded its famous athletes. It likes to believe that our football players are starry-eyed Sir Galahads spurred on by the cause of sound learning and inspired by the zeal for an education. The American public has become so conditioned to all sorts of athletic humbuggery that it prefers to pretend the thing it knows at heart is a racket, is really good clean sport between chivalrous and sportsmanlike adversaries; that the Wimbledon Amazons are virgins who toil not neither do they spin, who live without work or worry. Or money, either. What rot it all is. Will someone please open a window? ++

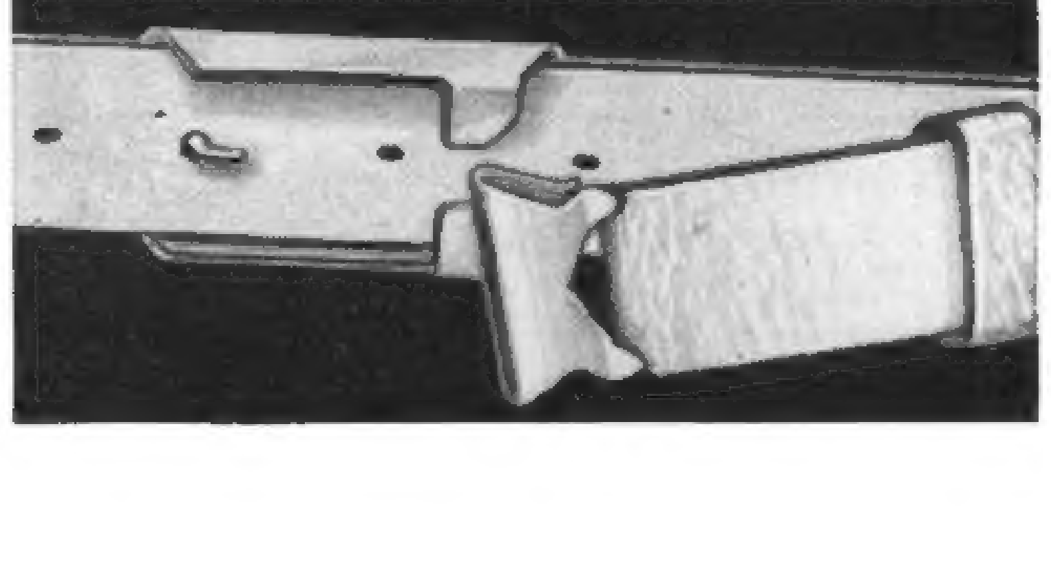
SWANK
HOLE-IN-ONE
BELT FOR SUMMER WEAR

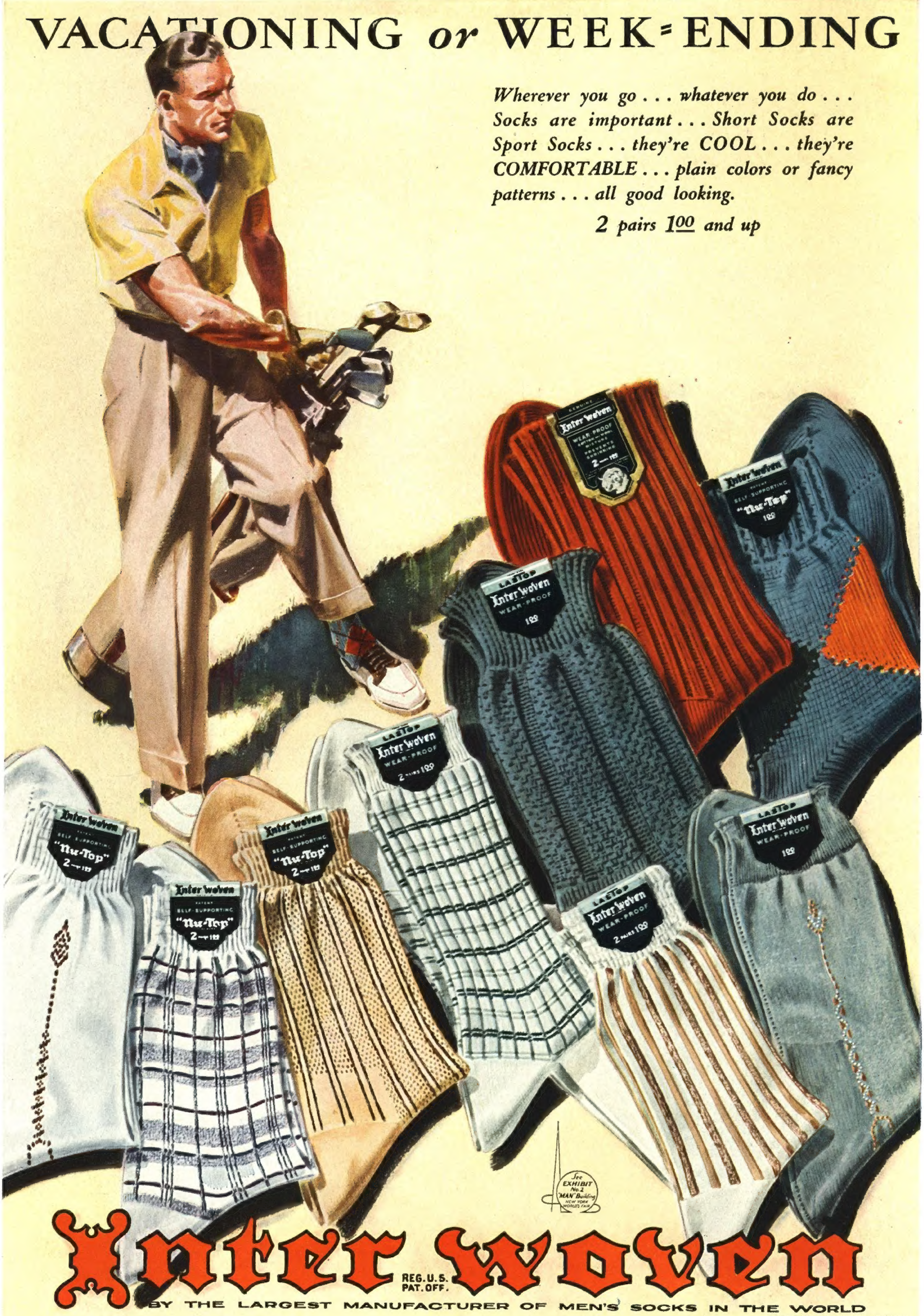


In addition to the convenience of its patented buckle, this new SWANK belt has the streamlined narrow style that makes it ideal for wear with summer clothing and slacks. At better jewelers', department stores or men's shops, in genuine calfskin or pigskin belt with white or yellow gold finish buckle as shown $2...belt with single initial buckle in gold finish $1.

SWANK PRODUCTS, INC • Attleboro, Mass.

ADJUSTS TO YOUR SIZE...HOOKS ON IN A JIFFY
REAR VIEW SHOWING HOOK-ON FEATURE




Interwoven
Wear-Proof
Lastop
Self-Supporting
"Nu-Top"
2 pairs 1.00
See EXHIBIT No. 2 "MAN" Building NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

VACATIONING *or* WEEK-ENDING

Wherever you go . . . whatever you do . . . Socks are important . . . Short Socks are Sport Socks . . . they're COOL . . . they're COMFORTABLE . . . plain colors or fancy patterns . . . all good looking.

2 pairs 1.00 and up

Interwoven REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S SOCKS IN THE WORLD

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SEEING IS BELIEVING!

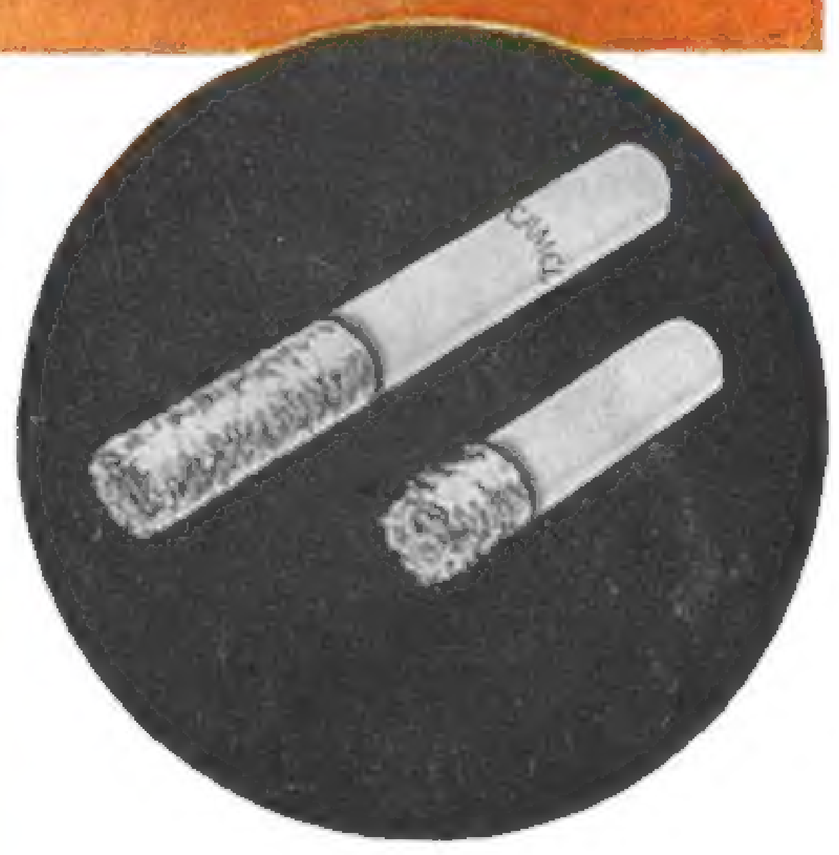
Now...circus folks, too, are comparing cigarettes this strikingly convincing way...

"JUST watch 'em burn," is the advice smart smokers are giving on cigarettes these days. At the right, aerial ace Everett White of the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey circus proves that one leading cigarette burns *slower* than other brands. The famous star of the high trapeze, Ed Rooney, observes that the winning brand is C-A-M-E-L! Camel's big advantage is in its *costlier tobaccos,* expertly blended in a cigarette made to burn *slowly, completely!*

Recently, a group of scientists made this interesting laboratory test on a bigger scale. 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands were tested impartially. CAMELS BURNED 25% *SLOWER* THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—SLOWER THAN *ANY* OF THEM. (Camels were remarkably consistent. Cigarettes of some brands smoked *twice* as fast as others right from the same pack.) IN THE SAME TEST, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* THAN THE AVERAGE TIME FOR ALL THE OTHER BRANDS.

Camel *is* the cigarette of *costlier tobaccos*...always slow-burning, cool, mild, with a delightful taste!

Everyone watches Everett White, the daring aerialist *(center),* intently, as Camels win in his cigarette test. He remarks: "Camel smokers *know* Camels smoke COOLER and MILDER. And any smoker can see one reason *why!* Look how much *slower* that Camel burns! And, say, notice how the Camel ash *stays on!"*



CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Camel's *slower burning* (compared to the average time of the 15 other brands tested) gives you the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!* You *economize* while enjoying smoking pleasure at its best!

SMOKING IS BELIEVING!

IF you feel that life owes you a little more fun, try a cigarette made with *costlier tobaccos*...a Camel! See how Camel's delightful fragrance and taste can brighten you up. Camels are amazingly mild. Cool ...easy on your throat...really a matchless blend.

Camels have more tobacco by weight than the average of the 15 other brands tested. Besides, by burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—Camels give you the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

Camels give you even *more* for your money when you count in Camel's finer, more expensive tobaccos. Buy shrewdly! Buy Camels... America's first choice for a luxury smoke *every* smoker can afford!

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CAMEL...THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY